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Nov. 22, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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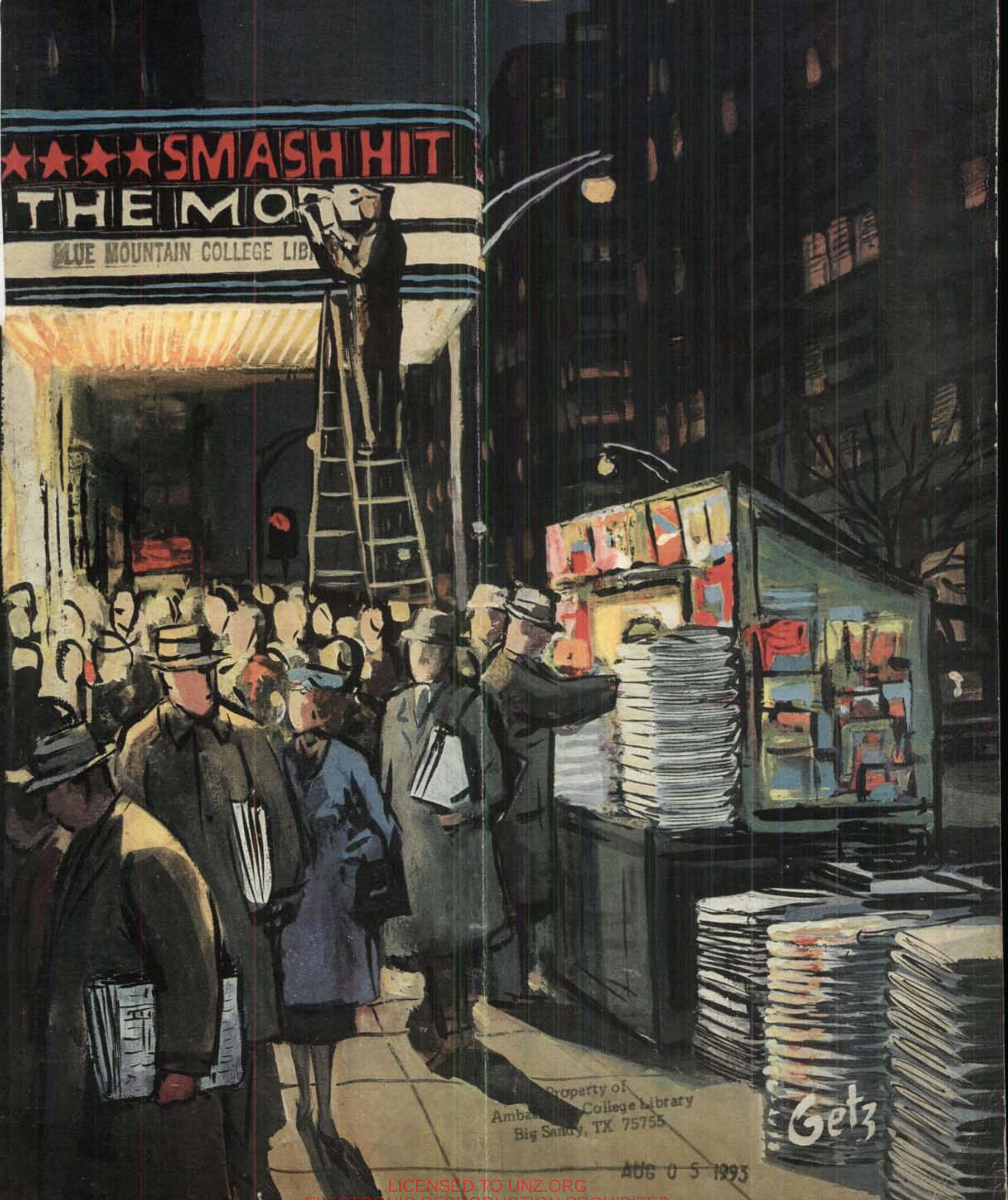

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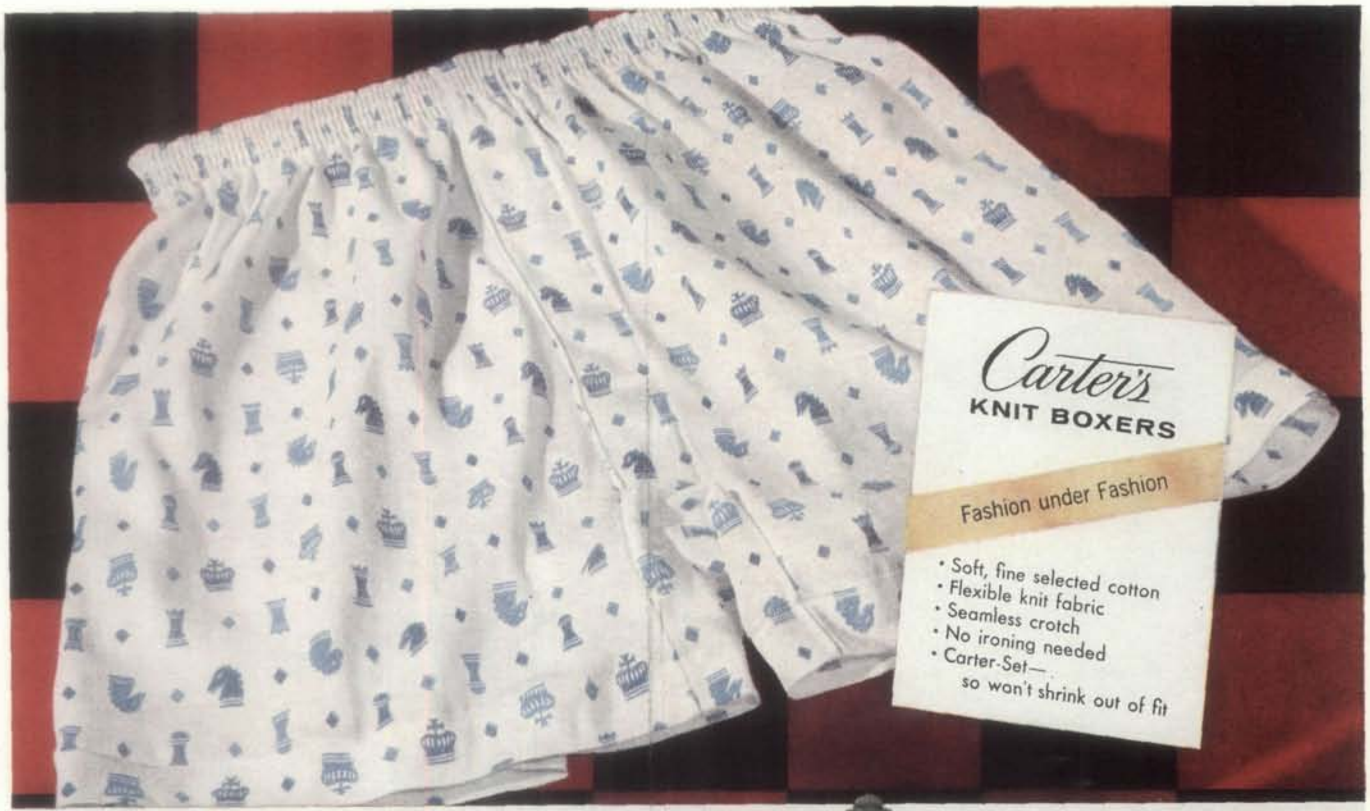
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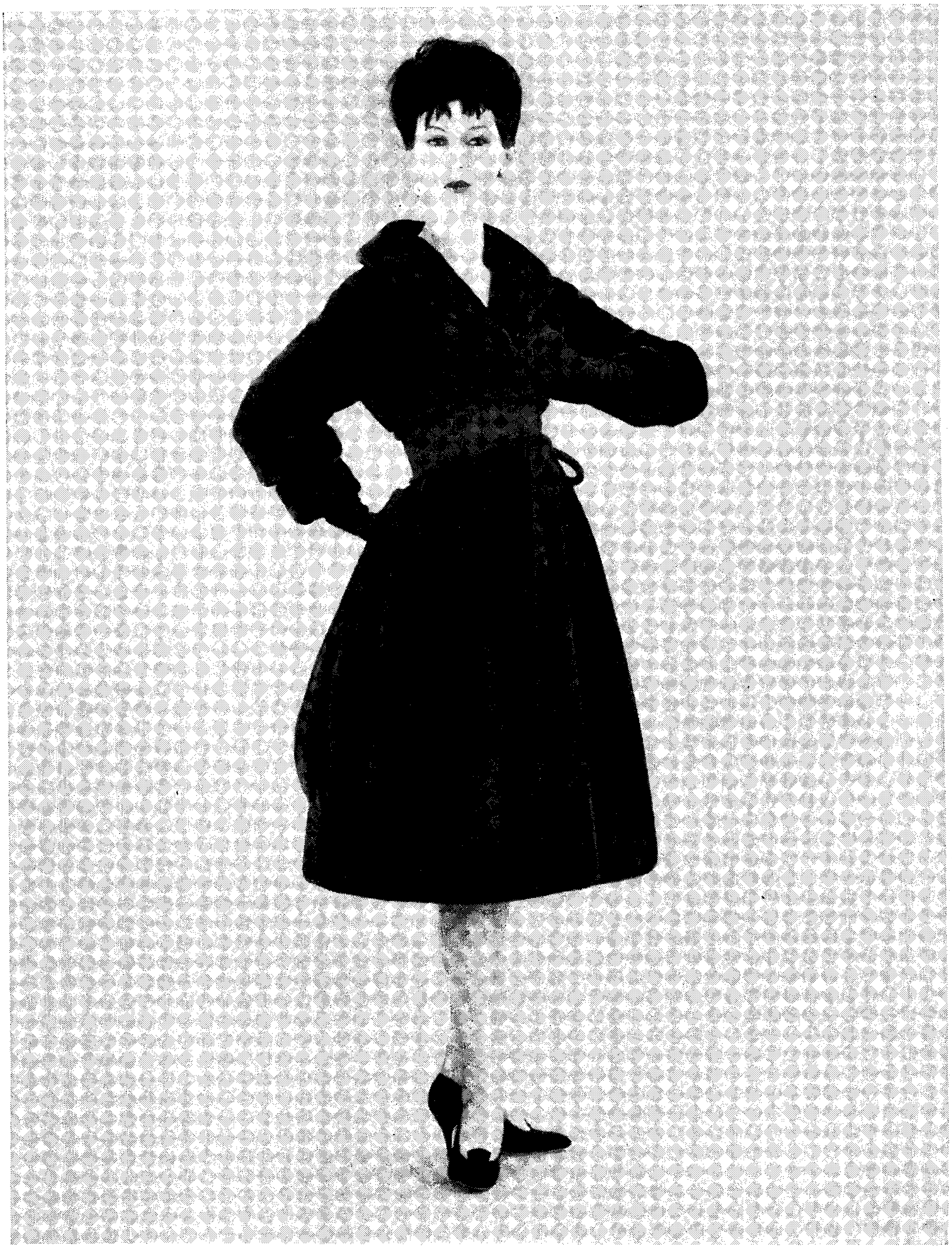

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Comes a Day—Sadism runs amuck in a Southern town. Judith Anderson, as a neurotic mother, and George C. Scott, as the sadist, share the acting honors with Arthur O'Connell, Diana van der Vlis, and Brandon de Wilde. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson in a cast directed by George Abbott. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. (Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—A glum but moving study, by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, of the problems of the artist and of people in general in the post-Second-World-War life of London. With Eileen Herlie and Robert Stephens. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. May close Saturday, Nov. 22.)

The Girls in 509—Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are ingratiating in a play by Howard Teichmann that tries, without much success, to make sensible fun of the world of politics. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Dog Suit—Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in a slightly silly fantasy about suburban life. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Leslie Stevens' study of the behavior of American husbands and wives is at its best when Julie Newmar, a statuesque and scientific siren, is trying to break up the home of Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, a couple of college professors. Also with Edmon Ryan. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Once More, with Feeling—The professional and domestic doings of an eminent conductor, who is even more difficult than most, are occasionally mildly amusing in this farce by Harry Kurnitz, but generally it is rather flimsy stuff. Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Walter Matthau participate. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—This somewhat heavy-handed comedy by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, which has to do with hearth and home in San Francisco, benefits from the direction of Cyril Ritchard and also from his presence in the cast. Mr. Ritchard has the help of Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SILENCE
CURTAIN UP

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a big cast through their comic paces. Eddie Albert will fill in for Mr. Wayne for ten weeks starting Monday, Nov. 24. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

A Touch of the Poet—A strong, slow dose of posthumous Eugene O'Neill. With Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 23.)

The Visit—About a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady, and the whole thing is chillingly powerful theatre. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

The World of Suzie Wong—The brothel in this commonplace play is full of high-minded people played by hard-working actors, including France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—The Dark at the Top of the Stairs: William Inge's play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, George L. Smith, and Eileen Heckart head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **Look Homeward, Angel:** The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **Sunrise at Campobello:** Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **Two for the Seesaw:** William Gibson's piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Goldilocks—Jean and Walter Kerr's account of how things were in the early days in movieland. Loud and sometimes funny, with a score by Leroy Anderson. Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—An unpredictable Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, assisted by Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, Jacques Legras, and several lively girls, explores the fringes of Surrealism with extravagantly funny results. The language, where there is language, is English. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—Bells Are Ringing: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **Jamaica:** A West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs and Lena Horne to sing them. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **The Music Man:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W.

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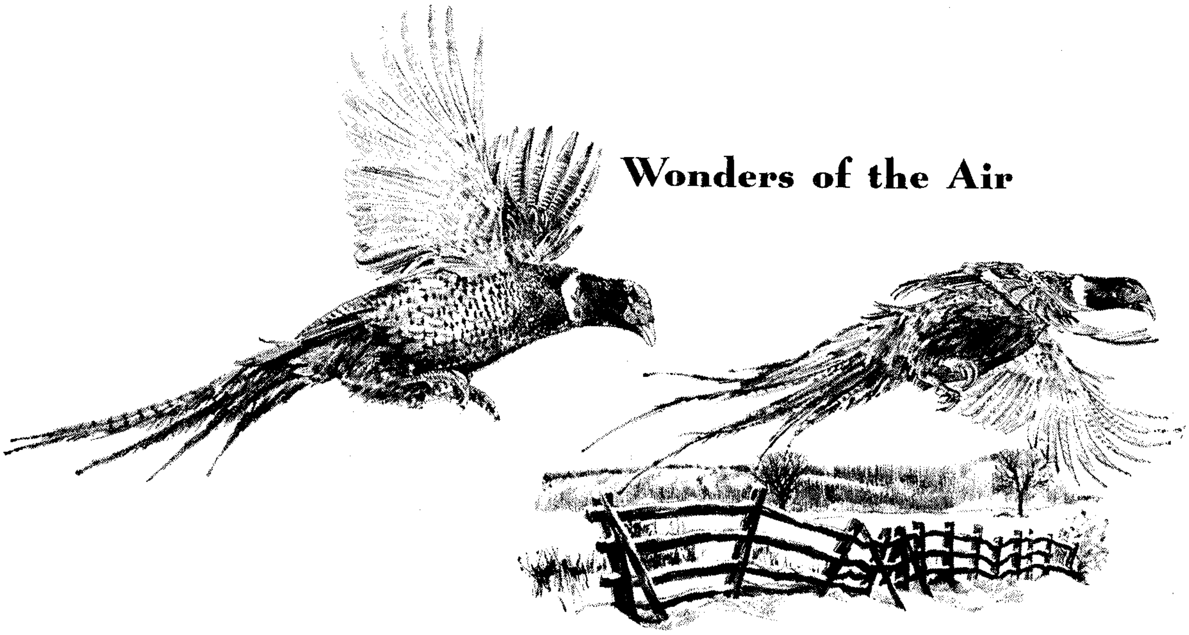

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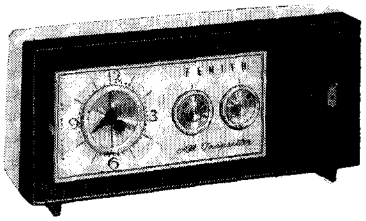

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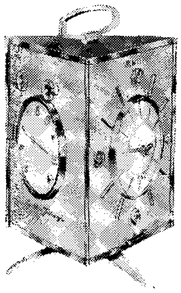

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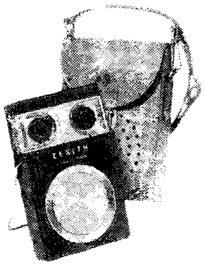

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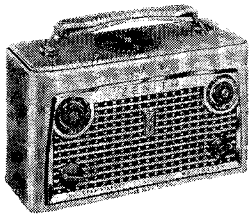

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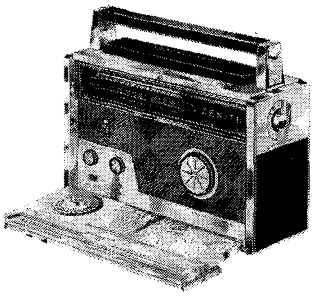

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CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play, with Susan Strasberg, William Smithers, and Gerald O'Loughlin. Directed by Jack Garfein and produced by Cheryl Crawford and Joel Schenker, by arrangement with the Actors' Studio. Opens Thursday, Nov. 20. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40: opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

EDWIN BOOTH—José Ferrer, Lois Smith, and Lorne Greene in a play by Milton Geiger. Staged by Mr. Ferrer and produced by him and the Playwrights' Company. Opens Monday, Nov. 24. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

CUE FOR PASSION—Elmer Rice's new play, starring Diana Wynyard and John Kerr. Directed by the author and produced by the Playwrights' Company and Franchot Productions. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 25. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Nov. 21: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BLOOD WEDDING—Federico Garcia Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

BRITANNICUS—Four performances of Racine's play, presented by the Vieux-Colombier de Paris, headed by Marguerite Jamois, Jacques François, and Raymond Gérôme. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:40; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Sunday Nov. 30, at 2:40.)

COCK-A-DOODLE-DANDY—Sean O'Casey sets out to establish the ascendancy of reason over superstition in a play that contains a six-foot rooster, an enchanted whiskey bottle, and a houseful of assorted demons. It also contains Will Geer, Gaby Rodgers, and Ian Martin. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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DEATHWATCH—Vic Morrow, Athan Karras, Harold Scott, and George Maharis make up the cast of a play by Jean Genet. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 8:40.)

DIVERSIONS—The six sprightly clowns who people this excellent revue seem to have no difficulty in adjusting to the author's hopelessly strabismic view of the world. He is Steven Vinaver, and they are Nancy Dussault, Gubi Mann, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—A very promising first play by England's Bernard Kops, which is precariously based on Mr. Shakespeare's celebrated drama. Most conspicuous among the excellent players are Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, Jeanette Roony, and Menachem Rubin. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HÉLOÏSE—A powerful and intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag figure as the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

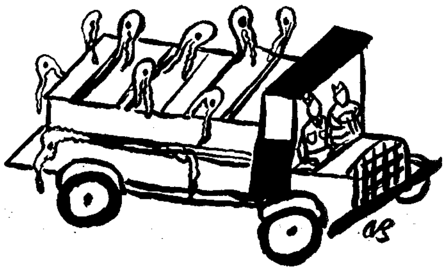
IVANOV—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively acted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the rest of the players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SALAD DAYS—A musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a four-year run in London. To see it is to understand why the English are said to take their pleasures sadly. Prominent in the cast are Barbara Franklin and Richard Easton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

ULYSSES IN NIGHTTOWN—As Leopold Bloom, Zero Mostel singlehandedly rescues this dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel, chiefly by annihilating the author's conception of the character and substituting his own flamboyant personality. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 1—Tuesday evening, Nov. 25: "Divertimento," "Orpheus," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Fanfare," "Medea" (American première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday matinée, Nov. 28: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Interplay," "Orpheus," "Still Point," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Fanfare," "Firebird," "Square Dance," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

BERYOZKA RUSSIAN DANCE COMPANY—A troupe of forty-three women dancers from Moscow, in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a five-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 6.)

MISCELLANY

ADOLPH GREEN AND BETTY COMDEN—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Nov. 24, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

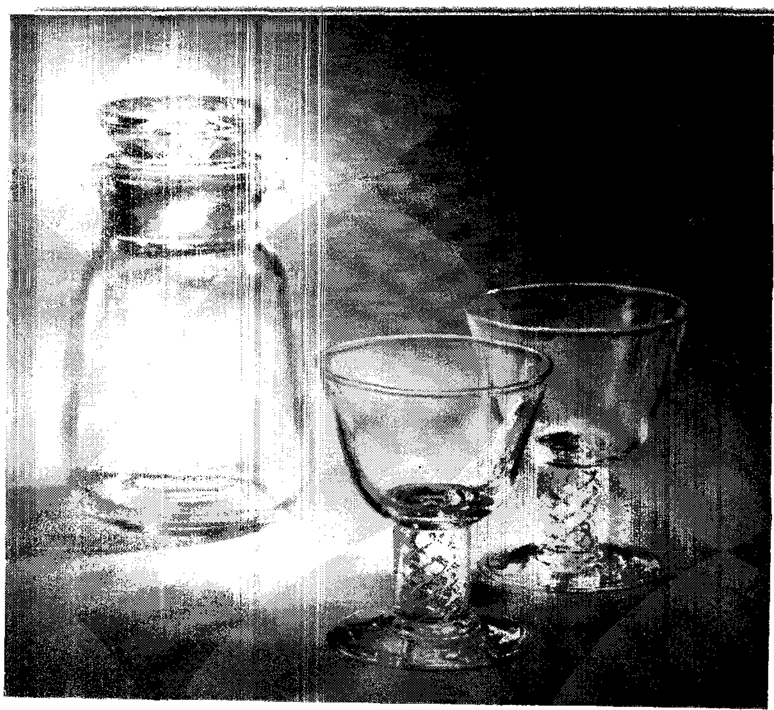
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

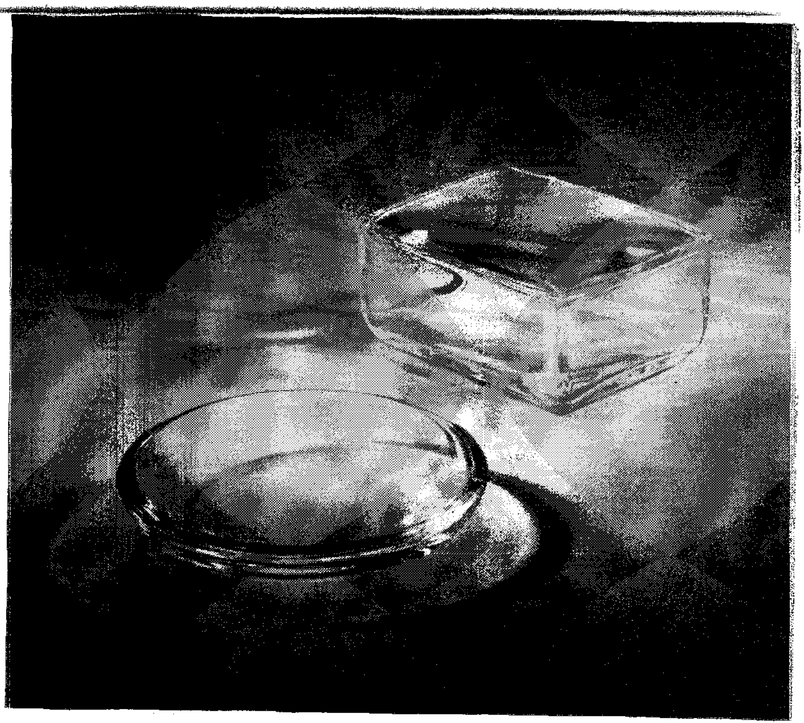
EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Incidental music, for talking or dancing to, by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room's airings of Old Masters have now got around to the collected works of Sigmund Romberg, which are sung every night at nine-thirty, and also at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, by a glee club of which Earl Wrightson is the head man. Music for dancing comes from an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and from Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicians, usually Stanley Worth's.

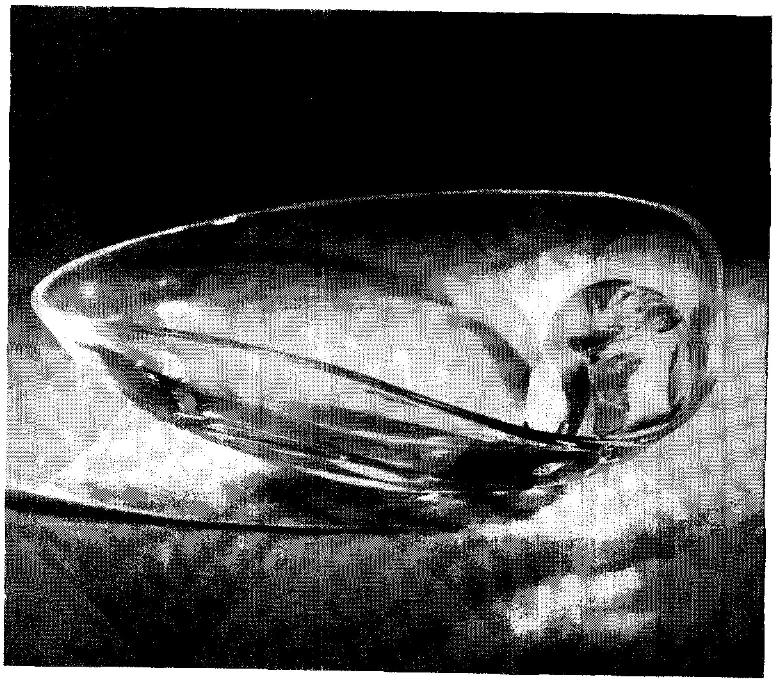
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is home away from home for Jacqueline François, who (unlike most Gallic carriers of the torch song) is May flowers instead of April showers. She cheers the place up at dinner and supper; Ted Straeter's band, just about the best dance instructor we have, is around most of the evening, along with Mark Monte's effervescent minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and



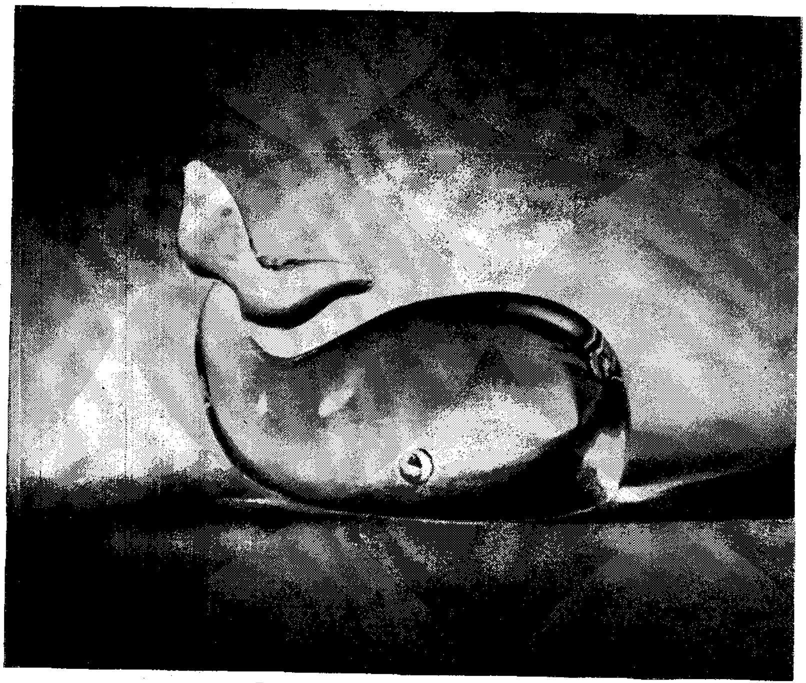
Shaker · 16 oz. · $50 Glasses · $162 dozen



Ashtray · 5" · $17.50 Cigarette Box · $37.50



Compote · Width 9" · $30



Whale · Length 5" · $37.50

Crystal for the Cocktail Hour

IN THE photographs above, you will see everything that is needed for a cocktail party—except the cocktails.

Martinis taste their best in hand-blown crystal glasses. Especially when they are poured from the Steuben cocktail shaker in the background.

Ashtrays and cigarette boxes play a role in the life of a party. Steuben provides for them too, as you can see.

As for appetizers, they appear particularly exotic in the compote dish—the one with the curved handle above.

What part does the whale play at a cocktail party? A cheerful, ornamental bit of whimsy.

The Steuben Christmas Catalogue is available upon request.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye and his music-for-the-masses orchestra will clear out of the mighty Grill on Thursday, Nov. 27. Guy Lombardo and his family tree will be doing the dance tunes thereafter. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The fashion show in the pomp-and-circumstance Maisonette is Fernanda Montel, who appears at dinner and supper to model evening dresses and declaim the sort of aria that goes with them. The tiny dance bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari keep up an animated conversation the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, his piano, and his band are tinkling away in the Café Lounge, which accordingly sounds a bit more New York than it used to. The music goes on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a truly glittering quadrangle, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté, who'll probably be a Greek god in his next incarnation, is filling in the interval by parading around the Empire Room and getting a cord or two of folk music off his manly chest. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do the dance music full blast. Closed Sundays.... ¶ On the banks of Peacock Alley, as it winds its sinuous way around the block, the trios of Norman Paris and Jozsi Ribari play listening music (Mondays through Thursdays) and dance music (Fridays and Saturdays) from seven until twelve. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band is the dance master.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, the chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, offers canapés, cocktails, and brandy, but no St. Bernards. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan, whose chord structure is too intricate to get inside the door of most rooms, is now at the piano from nine to one in this high-style enterprise; Addison Bailey, a long-term resident, does an earlier stint, five to eight-thirty. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some really good type-casting for metropolitan life after dark. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, after eight, a piano run by the eminent Rack Godwin offers up the nighttime blend of sociability and nostalgia that's essential to the prevailing mood. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational school for social research, open (naturally) from cocktail time on. Bob Printz plays piano from five to seven-thirty, and Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders alternate after that, sometimes with four-handed galops. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, whose lyrics deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid, reigns supreme and serene in her pet cubbyhole, at which she arrives along about eleven. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a piano soloist who adds nice touches to well-remembered songs. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar, which is placid at six-thirty, waxes passionate in true Mediterranean fashion before he finishes up at one in the morning. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Dinner and supper to the theme of "Volare, Cantare," which issues from a posse of violinists led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templar, or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cuisine, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, Cecil Young's duo sets to work on music for moderns, and soon after that Jacques Kayal, whose songs at the piano are pretty good European ones, chimes in. A newly hatched batch of songsters and instrumentalists named the Three Bars will be added on Monday, Nov. 24. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. At frequent intervals, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's piano by George Feyer, whose music is in the Tinker Toy vein. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday and Thanksgiving Day, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. ... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steve Weltner, whose circuit runs as far afield as South America, is now at the north end of his orbit (the room called Casino-on-the-Park), where he plays nourishing piano from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Al Mello scampering most effectively up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Not only violin but song delivered at the table while you wait. The delivery boy is apt to be Latin; the landscaping is boudoir *cum* plush. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the picturesque bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and twelve-thirty, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (principally Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Mondays.

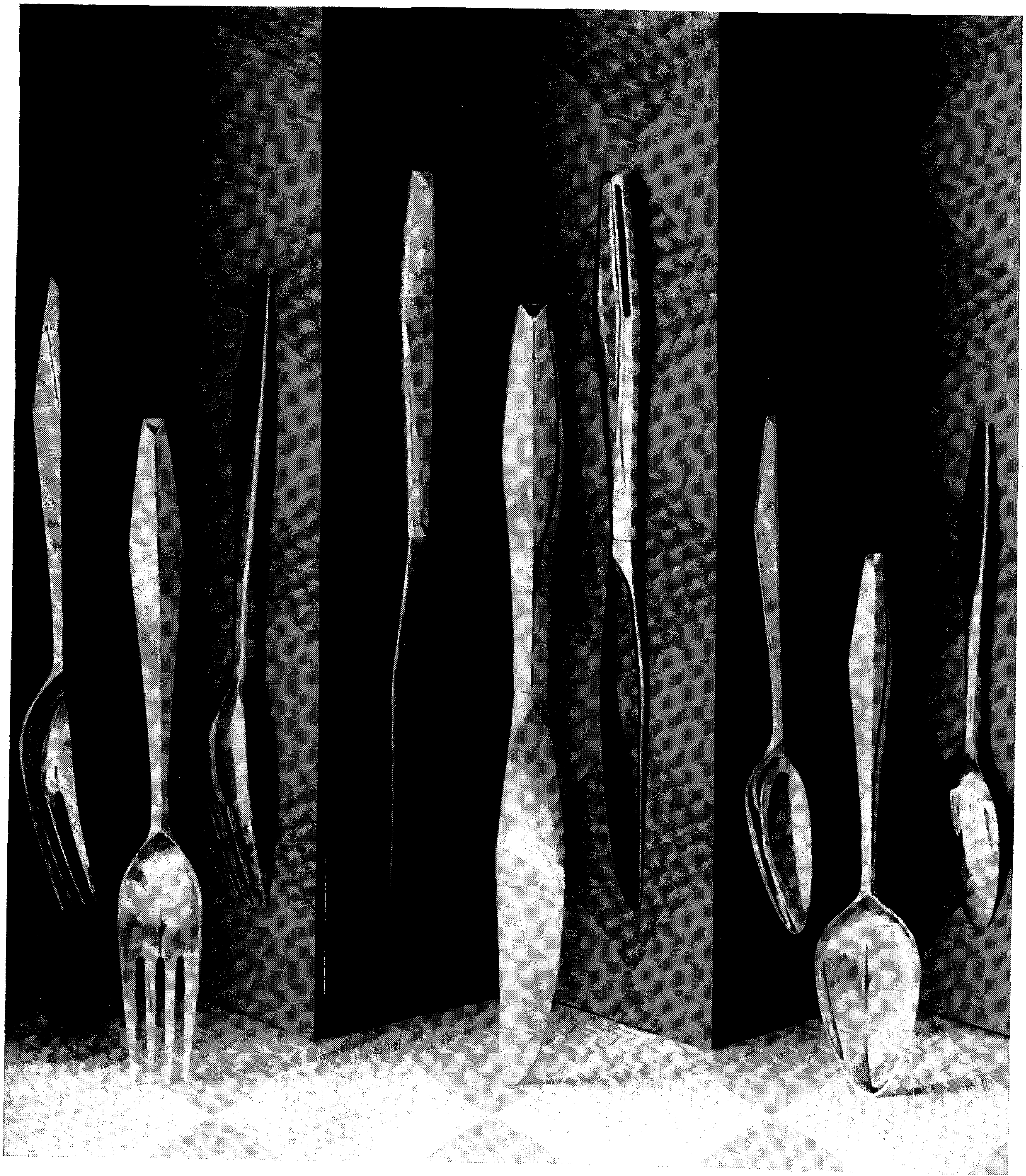
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new ship of extravagant state, staffed by travel-folder scenery, humorists who have mistaken their calling, dancers of fever-heat energy, and a gaggle of glorious young ladies in remarkably practical work clothes. Anna Maria Alberghetti, pretty as a picture and vocal beyond the call of musical comedy, is the most prominent party. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Wright, always the girl next door



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(be it Seattle or Sutton Place), is bursting into song once more in her old Manhattan home, which is also occupied by Martha Davis and Spouse, who love each other, their audience, and life (all very much out loud); by George Matson, a nimble parodist with malice toward everyone and favor to none; and by Reneaux, a palmist who can make six doves grow where none grew before. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. Fridays and Saturdays, the romp begins as early as nine-forty-five. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): As cheery a fools' paradise as was ever devised. It offers, at nine-thirty and twelve, the fools to prove it—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who populate a completely Inside New York revue put on by Julius Monk. The pit band is the double pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Another Julius Monk pavilion, upholstered in a manner that could give pointers to a good many interior decorators. Every so often, from ten-thirty on, Portia Nelson's fluent and fervid voice falls in love with love or takes cracks at it. The exemplary pianos of Don Evans and Carl Norman embellish not only her sallies but all the rest of the evening. Miss Nelson will be succeeded on Thursday, Nov. 27, by Tammy Grimes, another vivid and knowing soprano. The bar opens at five, the piano music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and ornamental Florentine school of cookery that tries its hand at being a supper club late in the evening. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there is Dean Sheldon, who serves as his own drumbeater (bongo) while he sings some thoroughly owlish ditties, plus the full-voice arias of Nancy Kenyon, plus the brisk, pungent piano of Herman Chittison. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The baroque Café Lounge should be fitted with swinging doors at the stroke of eleven, for a lot of Hugh Shannon's songs at the piano, which begin at that hour, have a fine old mahogany-barroom flavor. Sunday is his holiday. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): This small spa is a rostrum for the eerie vaporings of Phyllis Diller, who frequently seems to be hanging by her heels from the chandelier. Stewart Rose, who keeps his feet on the ground, just sings. He is off Sundays, when old movies take his place; she is away Mondays, which are amateur-talent nights. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The neatly rearranged crypt of the Hotel Duane is devoted—in between depressing but brief spasms of amateur theatricals—to such worthy purposes as the conversations of Milt Kamen, a firecracker-barrel philosopher, and the songbook of Isobel Robins, who is blond as Venus, gay as a lark, light as air. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Stella Brooks, regional chairman of the unbeat generation, explains, in words straight from the wasp's mouth, her ideas on what to do about life; Daphne Hellman, of the classic profile and the classic repertoire, bends over a harp that is alternately hot and cool; and Dick Katz's duo touches breezily on the salient points of modern music. The harpist is around Tuesdays through Fridays; everyone else is on hand every day but Monday. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): So thin is this upstairs playhouse that nearly every seat is on the aisle. "Nightcap," the minute revue on tap, has a cast of four diligent young people (Bobo Lewis, girl scatback, is the best of the lot) and a series of editorials (mostly set to music) on the world's more noticeable foibles. Not all the words are incised in marble, but no matter. Shows at nine-thirty and at midnight; closed Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): It could be a hideaway in Port Said, or a figment of almost anyone's imagination, though it's really just the sternpost of the Midtown Café. The piano is run by Baldwin Bergersen, a composer and musician of considerable merit. The guiding spirit is Janice Mars, who sings her songs with simplicity, directness, honesty, and humor. Dead silence Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, one of the most compulsive young Lochinvars ever to come out of the West, is chanting his paeans to dawn's early light and playing his cloudburst piano in a stage set that is insane about red plush. Russ Haddock's full-blooded trio assists Mr. Short when it hasn't got other fish to fry, such as its own tunes. Mr. Short and Mr. Haddock take Sundays off. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The old gray mare of Greenwich Village isn't, etc., etc., but there are still moments of pure joy, as when Mae Barnes goes to bat against an array of popular songs, and Alice Ghostley pours forth in ballad form an analysis of the chaos in the minds of most ladies of Manhattan. On Tuesday, Nov. 25, Tony and Eddie, those wild and woolly wearers of sock and buskin, will be reviving their very un-Christmas pantomimes. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, who make music for madmen, and Jimmie Daniels, declaimer of boulevardier ballads, are far and away the best of the rest. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The Battle of Jericho is reproduced with such fidelity that you can actually hear the walls come tumbling down. Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are on the firing line, and Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The words come from Ernestine Anderson, but it's hard to tell much about her low-ceiling, smoke-filled voice because her orchestral background is built of overwrought iron; the jazz comes from another entity, Johnny Griffin's brand-new group, in which Mose Allison is concerned. Sundays there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, in addition to the nighttime sessions. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Undaunted by the pine panelling of this satire on Camelot, Tyree Glenn's admirable quartet, for which Hank Jones is the piano man, goes blampety-blamp through a generally rugged assortment of setting-up exercises, and George Shearing's quintet, the most recent registrant, dreams of hot nights in the Caribbean, warm nights in outer space, and cool nights on old E. 50th St. Sundays, visiting playboys take over. At dinner every night, Ving Merlin's instrumental trio treads softly among the beefsteaks. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked back in 1900 to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Wilber Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Ten-fifteen is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band looks astonishingly natural on the local bandstand, its home for many a winter. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, trying to break the sound barrier into kindling. The disorderly parties are usually Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday afternoons, and Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—a group headed by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The two-platoon system works beautifully in the back room, because of Bernard Peiffer's trio (every day but Sunday) and Mary Lou Williams' trio (every day but Monday). Both leaders are, in their distinct ways, apostles of the new pianism. Nine o'clock is starting time. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A primer of Early Americana, setting forth the facts in broad, sweeping, but readily comprehensible statements. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, the faculty should include Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, and Freddie Moore. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always erupting underfoot. For those who listen as they run, Jonah Jones' foursome and Eugene Smith's trio are on the witness stand. Eight-thirty is the usual beginning time. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The gospel according to Charlie Mingus, which involves a number of remarkable variations from the standard text. The Mingus quintet expatiates in a neat but not gaudy classroom. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): From nine to one every evening except Sunday and Thanksgiving Day, a handful called the Commuters makes dance music.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—Semiabstract oils; through Dec. 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Delicately colorful abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black and white; through Friday, Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

ANTONIO CORPORA—Oils by an Italian abstractionist; through Dec. 24. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

DEGAS AND RENOIR—Pastels, drawings, and sculptures; through Dec. 6. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Dec. 6. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract oils, very solid in design; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Paintings of people in the setting of the city; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSON—Abstract Expressionist oils by a contemporary Paris painter; through Friday, Nov. 28. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Dec. 15. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

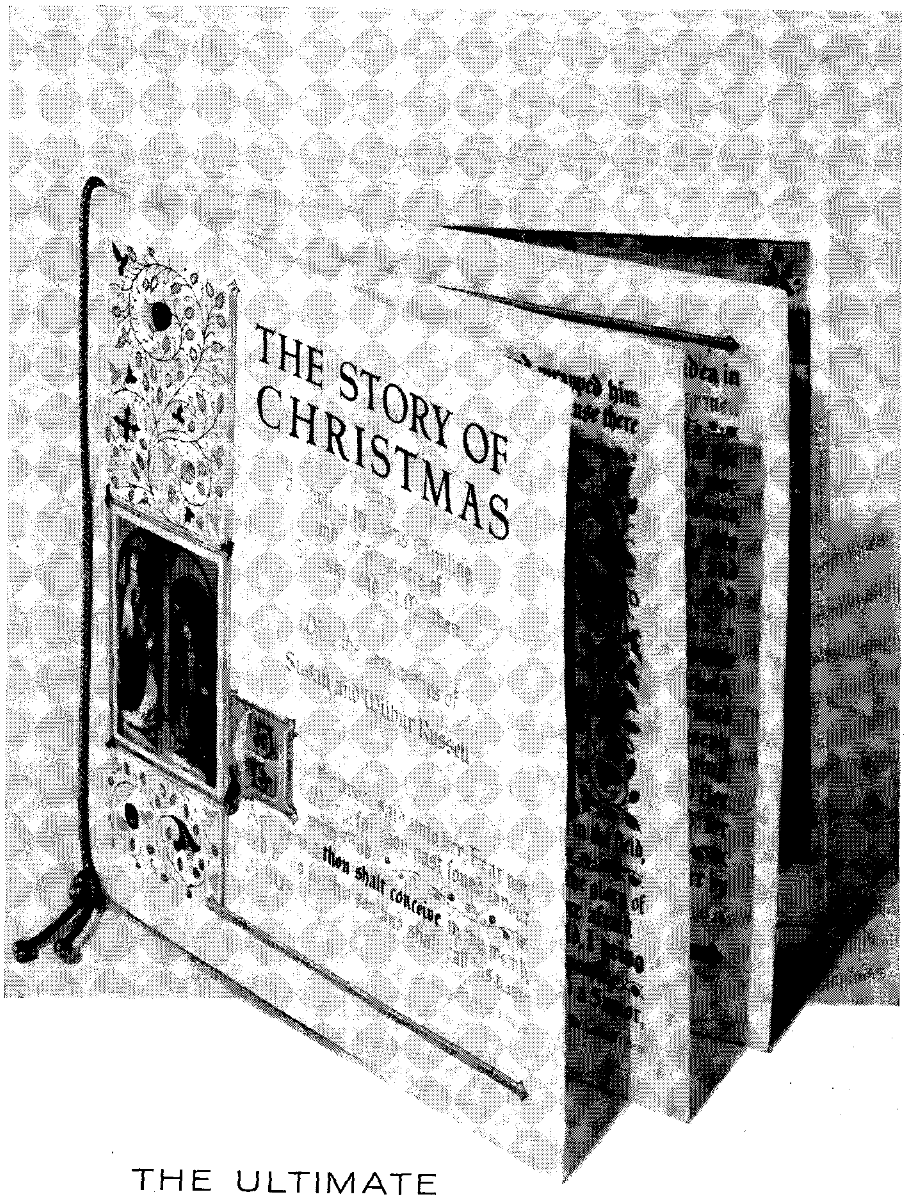
FERNAND LÉGER AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine, Braque, and others; through Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—"Peintures Sauvages," from 1934 to 1953; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Water colors and a few drawings, including marines and landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Abstract Expressionist paintings, large and floridly colorful; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

I. RICE PEREIRA—A new set of her abstract oils;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Picasso—Works in ten mediums, including oils, ceramics, and lithographs; through Dec. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Jackson Pollock—A selection of his smaller oils (1934-54); through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Odilon Redon—The first New York exhibition in many years of oils and other works by this nineteenth-century French painter; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Sample—Paintings of Spain and Labrador; through Dec. 6. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Landscapes, figure paintings, and portraits; through Dec. 6. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Max Weber—"The Figure in Retrospect, 1906-58;" through Dec. 6. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Andrew Wyeth—Paintings in various mediums, done in his almost super-realist style; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Paintings from the City Art Museum of St. Louis—Fifty European and American works, from Cranach to Picasso, on loan from, and for the benefit of, the Museum; through Dec. 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

International Art—Forty countries are participants in an exhibit arranged as a tribute to the United Nations. Included are paintings (by Rembrandt, Goya, and Bonnard, for instance), architectural models by Frank Lloyd Wright, abstract tapestries from Yugoslavia, and contemporary sculptures from Ethiopia. For the benefit of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Seagram Building, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Daily, noon to 11.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters—An exhibition of works by the four nominees for the Institute's Gold Medal for Graphic Art for 1959, plus eighty-two paintings by contemporary American artists, from which the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund purchases will be selected; through Dec. 7. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Sculpture by Painters—Degas, Gauguin, Burgoyne Diller, and other Europeans and Americans; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by six artists, including Jon Schueler and Robert Rauschenberg, plus one sculpture, by Marisol; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The November offering consists of paintings selected by I. Rice Pereira, Walter Murch, and Sidney Laufman; through Friday, Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils, chiefly, by Ben Benn, Paul Riba, Noel Davis, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, Nov. 22.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Busts of several art collectors (by Jacques Lipchitz, Marino Marini, William Zorach, and others) and paintings lent by the subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Braque, Gris, and Léger are among the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century French paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 29. . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Modern German paintings and drawings by, among others, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde; through Dec. 10.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Esteban Vicente; starting Tuesday, Nov. 25. . . . **durlacher**, 11 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Nov. 25. . . . **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henri Matisse; starting Tuesday, Nov. 25. . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Syd Browne; starting Tuesday, Nov. 25. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: John Laurent; starting Monday, Nov. 24. . . . **parsons**, 15 E. 57th St.: José Guerrero; starting Monday, Nov. 24. . . . **rehn**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Virginia Cuthbert; starting Monday, Nov. 24. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Jack Smith; starting Monday, Nov. 24. . . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, Nov. 25.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, and principally from the Museum's collection, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, collages, and graphics by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Photographs from the Museum's collection, from here and abroad, and dating back to the eighteen-thirties; starting Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) unearthed in Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Dec. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and drawings (impressions of Israel, Biblical illustrations, and portraits) by Nathaniel J. Jacobson; through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—About a hundred and fifty Dutch master drawings, from Bosch to van Gogh, principally assembled from museum and private collections in the Netherlands; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Part I of the eighteenth annual of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, with pieces by such artists as Henry Botkin, John von Wicht, and Louise Nevelson. After Sunday, Nov. 23, the Museum will be closed until Sunday, Nov. 30, when there will be a new exhibition. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, containing a hundred and eighty-four works by as many artists; through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Primo Zambruno, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Eugenio Fernandi, Robert Merrill, and Nicola Moscana. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Siepi, Kurt Baum, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in Eng-

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lish), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, and Cesare Valletti. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Daniele Barioni, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, Richard Tucker, and Mario Zanasi.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—Herbert von Karajan conducting an all-Beethoven program on Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3 (all with Leontyne Price, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Norman Scott, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 28, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

National Symphony Orchestra of Mexico—Luis Herrera de la Fuente conducting, with Angelica Morales von Sauer, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of French music, with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Ralph Hunter directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Louise Natale, soprano; Gladys Kriese, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Paul Ukena, baritone; and a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Dorian Chorale—Harold Aks directing, with an instrumental ensemble. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Budapest String Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 21, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Saidenberg Chamber Players—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 4 to 7.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Theodore Lettvin—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

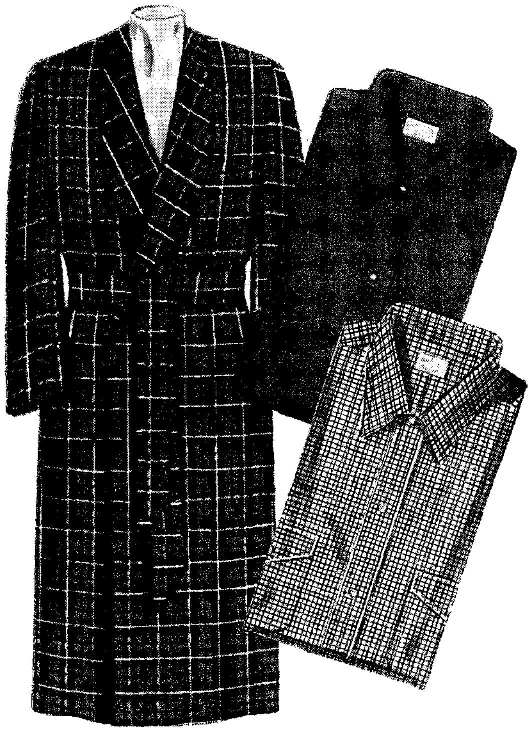
Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Note—The Vienna Octet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 24, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Monday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Cesare Bardelli, baritone; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; Vera Franceschi, piano; Alan Dale, vocalist; and others. A benefit for the Italian Hospital of New York. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3:30. For tickets, call MO 2-1000, Ext. 1.)

Jazz Concerts—Gerry Mulligan and his quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For information



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2393.) . . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet, Ray Charles and his orchestra, Chris Connor, and the vocal trio of Dave Lambert, Annie Ross, and Jon Hendricks. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8:30 and 11:30.) . . . ¶ Miles Davis's sextet, Thelonious Monk's band, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, and Jimmy Giuffre's trio. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 21: Rory Calhoun vs. Ralph (Tiger) Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28: Mike DeJohn vs. Willi Besmanoff, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 22** (all at 1:30): Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick. . . . **THANKSGIVING DAY:** Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 29:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29-30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 22, at 9: Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At Jamaica: Weekdays at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 29. Post time will be 12:30 on Thanksgiving Day. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1; Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25; and Thanksgiving Day between 10:30 and 1.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

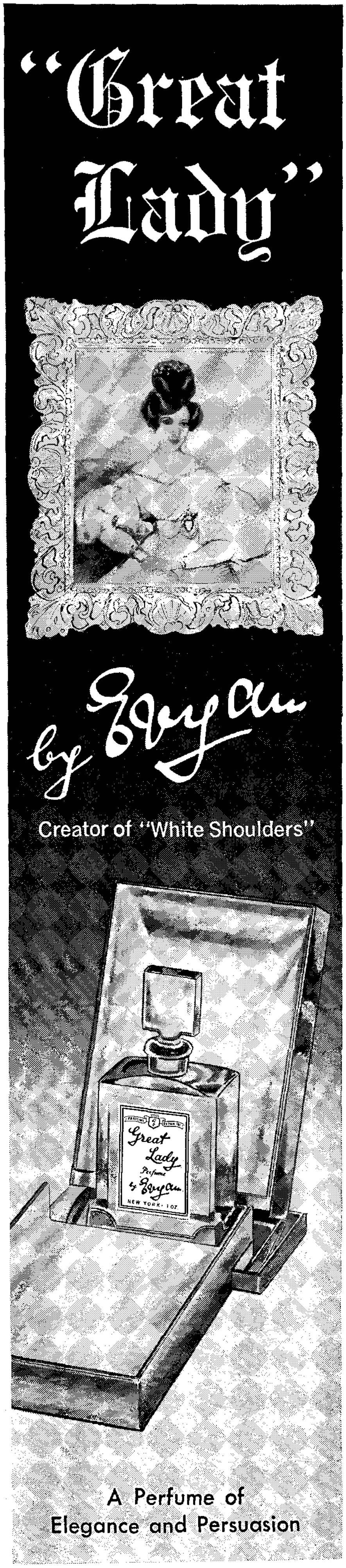
FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—Giant balloons, floats, bands, and four thousand costumed marchers. Starts at 9:45 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11.

Concert—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society, with Rod Strong, dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—**THEATRE EAST:** "I Wish I May." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE:** "Fox in a Fix." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Treasure Island." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 28, at 11 and 2:30.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hans Brinker." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 11.)

Variety Show—"Dick Whittington's Cat," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30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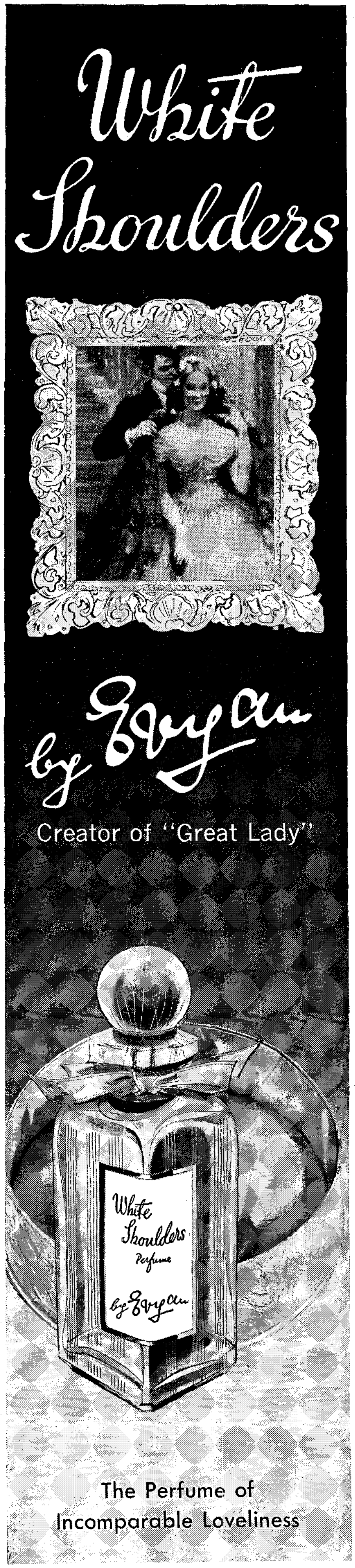
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Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. . . . ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Exhibition of Dolls—More than a hundred dolls, dating from the eighteenth century to the present day and including papier-mâché, wax, china, rag, wooden, and porcelain examples; through Jan. 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse as it was seen on Oct. 12 from Danger Island, in the South Pacific. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 28, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Friday, Nov. 28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 28, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—Thursday, Nov. 20: Marianne Moore reading from her own works. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 23: Robinson Jeffers' "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," read by Philip Bourneuf, Nancy Coleman, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The Big Time for the mums. This year, one of the exhibits will be a Japanese garden full of them. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Dec. 7.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The high spots are the exhibit the Post Office Department sent to the Brussels Fair and an array of airmail stamps celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the airmail service. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 23, from 2 to 8.)

The Roaring Twenties—Costumes, photographs, cartoons, and other relics of the flapper-and-hip-flask era. Through March 8. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, at 1:45: English eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian silver and Sheffield plate, Spode and other old porcelains, American and British miniatures, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and Spanish carpets; the property of Mrs. Harry S. Durand and others.

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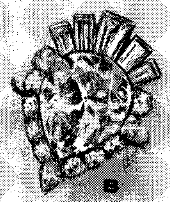

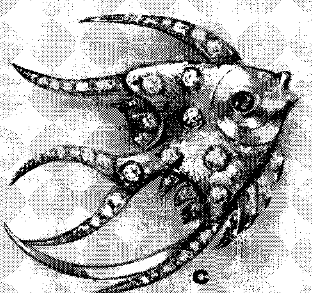

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. It is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222.)

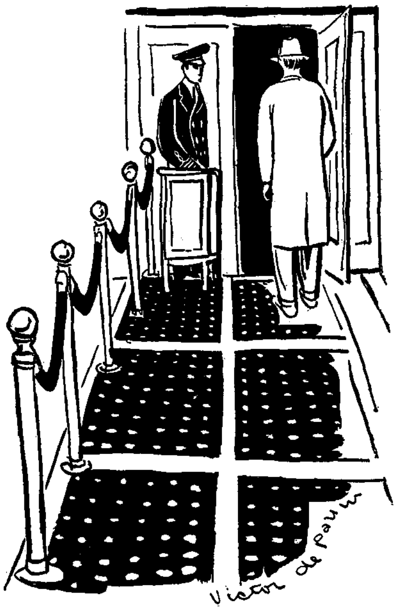
The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, is extremely skillful. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 25, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 26, tentative.)

Damn Yankees—Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston are superlative as a lady and gentleman from Hell in this musical about a man who sells his soul to the Devil when the latter promises to let Washington beat the Yankees to the pennant. Directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, the film has a lot of sprightly tunes and some very spry dances. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Nov. 26.)

The Defiant Ones—Under Stanley Kramer's direction, Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis perform admirably in this grim story of a Negro and a white man, full of hatred for each other's race, who escape together from a Southern prison camp and, in the course of fleeing from a posse, learn something about tolerance. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Nov. 26.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a parcel of nice songs, and some beguiling acting by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Horse's Mouth—Joyce Cary's novel about a modern artist who can't conform to current conventions has been adapted by Alec Guinness, who also performs as the artist in question. Mr. Guinness does better as actor than he has done as adapter, but nevertheless the film adds up to a stimulating piece of work. With Kay Walsh, Renee Houston, Robert Coote, Veronica Turleigh, Mike Morgan, and Michael Gough. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



Me and the Colonel—This chronicle of the haphazard flight of a Polish Jew and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 23.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 24.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Nov. 25.)

Pather Panchali—An on-the-spot depiction of life in a village in India. Extraordinarily affecting, after a slow start. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Rooney—A comical account of the adventures of a Dublin dustman who is pursued by all kinds of ladies anxious to put an end to his bachelorhood. John Gregson gives a fine performance as this harried man, and Barry Fitzgerald is highly entertaining as an irascible ancient related to some of the anxious women. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Nov. 26.)

The Roots of Heaven—John Huston's long but occasionally dramatic movie about a man who thinks elephants are getting a bad shake from the ivory hunters. Trevor Howard plays the elephants' pal, and he is supported by Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626.)

White Wilderness—Walt Disney's exploration into the Arctic Circle, where all kinds of interesting wildlife, from lemmings to walruses, are to be observed. Maybe the commentary is on the dull side and the music a trifle cute, but the photography is wonderful. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 26.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 26, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 21.)

Giant (1956)—Some of the denizens of Texas, both human and bovine, displayed in their native habitat. Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 22.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Nov. 20, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 25, tentative.)

The Prisoner (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Nov. 20, tentative.)

Sayonara (1957)—The American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme. Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; Nov. 20.... ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nov. 21-25.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Nov. 22, showings at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh.... ¶ Starting Nov. 23, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Life of an American Fireman" (1903), directed by Edwin S. Porter; "The Last Card" (1915), with William S. Hart; and "The Coward" (1915), directed by Thomas H. Ince, with Charles Ray. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Frankenstein's Daughter," John Ashley, Sandra Knight; and "Missile to the Moon," Richard Travis, Cathy Downs.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Nov. 25: "The Night Heaven Fell" (in English), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.
From Nov. 26: "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders, Debra Paget.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Mardi Gras," Pat Boone, Christine Carère.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Nov. 20: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien.
From Nov. 21: "The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Party Girl," Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "A Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly called "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.
From Nov. 26 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS**; and "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Nov. 20: **SAYONARA**, revival.
Nov. 21-25: "Never Love a Stranger," John Drew Barrymore, Lita Milan; and "Bullwhip," Guy Madison, Rhonda Fleming.
From Nov. 26: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jack Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and "The Constant Husband," revival, Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall.
From Nov. 26 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS**; and "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 25: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.
From Nov. 26: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"What Price Murder" (in French), Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Nov. 20: **SAYONARA**, revival.
Nov. 21-25: "Never Love a Stranger," John Drew Barrymore, Lita Milan; and "Bullwhip," Guy Madison, Rhonda Fleming.
From Nov. 26: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jack Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Orders to Kill," Eddie Albert, Paul Massie.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Nov. 20 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **THE PRISONER**, revival.
From Nov. 21 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "A Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly called "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.
From Nov. 26 (tentative): **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
From Nov. 26 (tentative): **WHITE WILDERNESS.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Nov. 20: **SAYONARA**, revival.
Nov. 21-25: "Never Love a Stranger," John Drew Barrymore, Lita Milan; and "Bullwhip," Guy Madison, Rhonda Fleming.
From Nov. 26: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jack Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 23: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.
Nov. 24-25: "The Lineup," Eli Wallach; and "Apache Territory," Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates.
From Nov. 26: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 22: **TALES OF HOFFMANN**, revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
Nov. 23-25: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 26: **ROONEY**; and "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand; and "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano.
From Nov. 26 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 24: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.
Nov. 25: "The Lineup," Eli Wallach; and "Apache Territory," Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates.
From Nov. 26: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 22: **GIANT**, revival.
Nov. 23-25: "Adam and Eve" (a Mexican film with an English narration), Christiane Martel; and "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.
From Nov. 26: "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley; and "Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Nov. 20: **SAYONARA**, revival.
Nov. 21-25: "Never Love a Stranger," John Drew Barrymore, Lita Milan; and "Bullwhip," Guy Madison, Rhonda Fleming.
From Nov. 26: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jack Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Nov. 23: "Up the Creek," David Tomlinson, Wilfrid Hyde White.
From Nov. 24: "Flesh and Desire" (in French), Rossano Brazzi, Viviane Romance.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Tosca" (in Italian). (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Sundays at 6. Reserved seats only.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Pot Bouille" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 25: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.
From Nov. 26: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Nov. 20: "The Camp on Blood Island," Carl Mohner; and "The Snorkel," Peter Van Eyck, Betta St. John.
Nov. 21-25: "Never Love a Stranger," John Drew Barrymore, Lita Milan; and "Bullwhip," Guy Madison, Rhonda Fleming.
From Nov. 26: **WHITE WILDERNESS**; and "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 20: "Murderers Among Us" (in German), revival, Hildegarde Neff; and "Rendezvous with Juliet" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Brigitte Auber.
From Nov. 21: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Nov. 20: "Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr; and "The Saga of Hemp Brown," Rory Calhoun, Beverly Garland.
Nov. 21-25: **SAYONARA**, revival.
From Nov. 26: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jack Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Nov. 25: "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "A Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly called "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 25: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "The Parson and the Outlaw," Anthony Dexter, Sonny Tufts.
From Nov. 26: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Nov. 20: **SAYONARA**, revival.
Nov. 21-25: "Never Love a Stranger," John Drew Barrymore, Lita Milan; and "Bullwhip," Guy Madison, Rhonda Fleming.
From Nov. 26: **DAMN YANKEES**; and "The Last of the Fast Guns," Jack Mahoney, Gilbert Roland.

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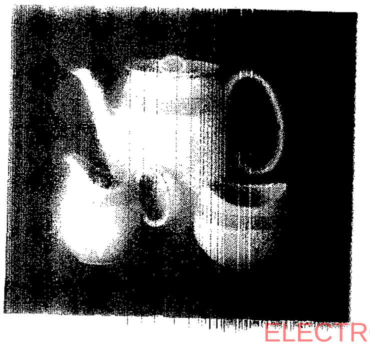

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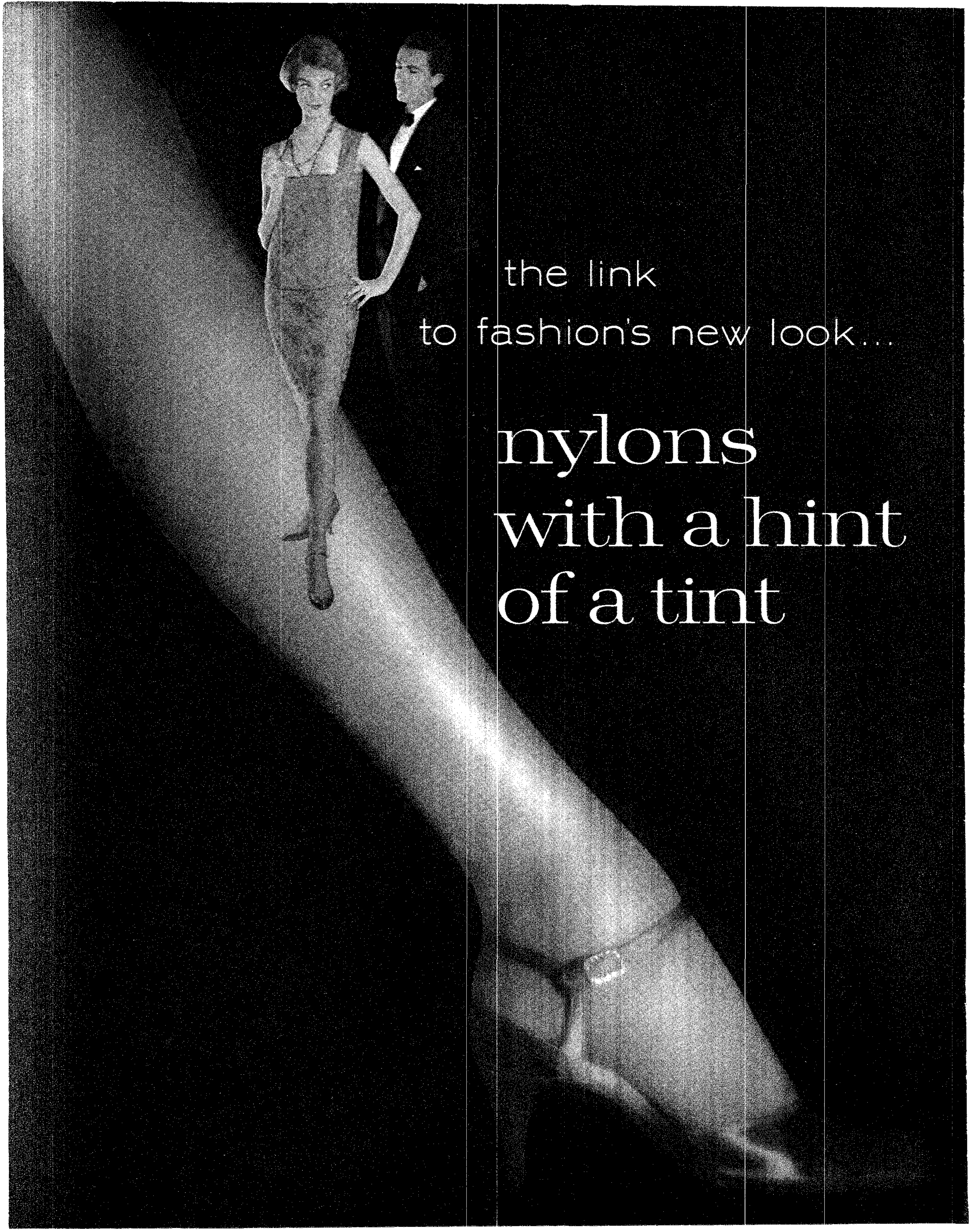
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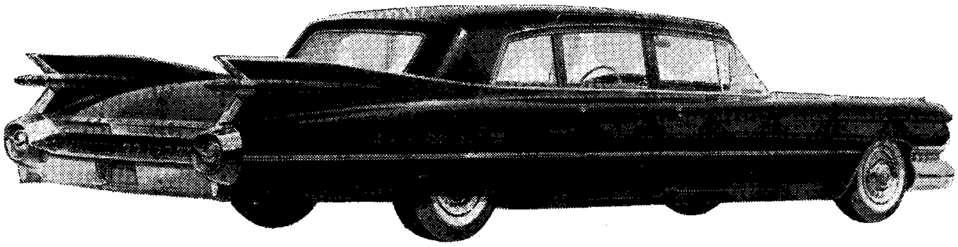

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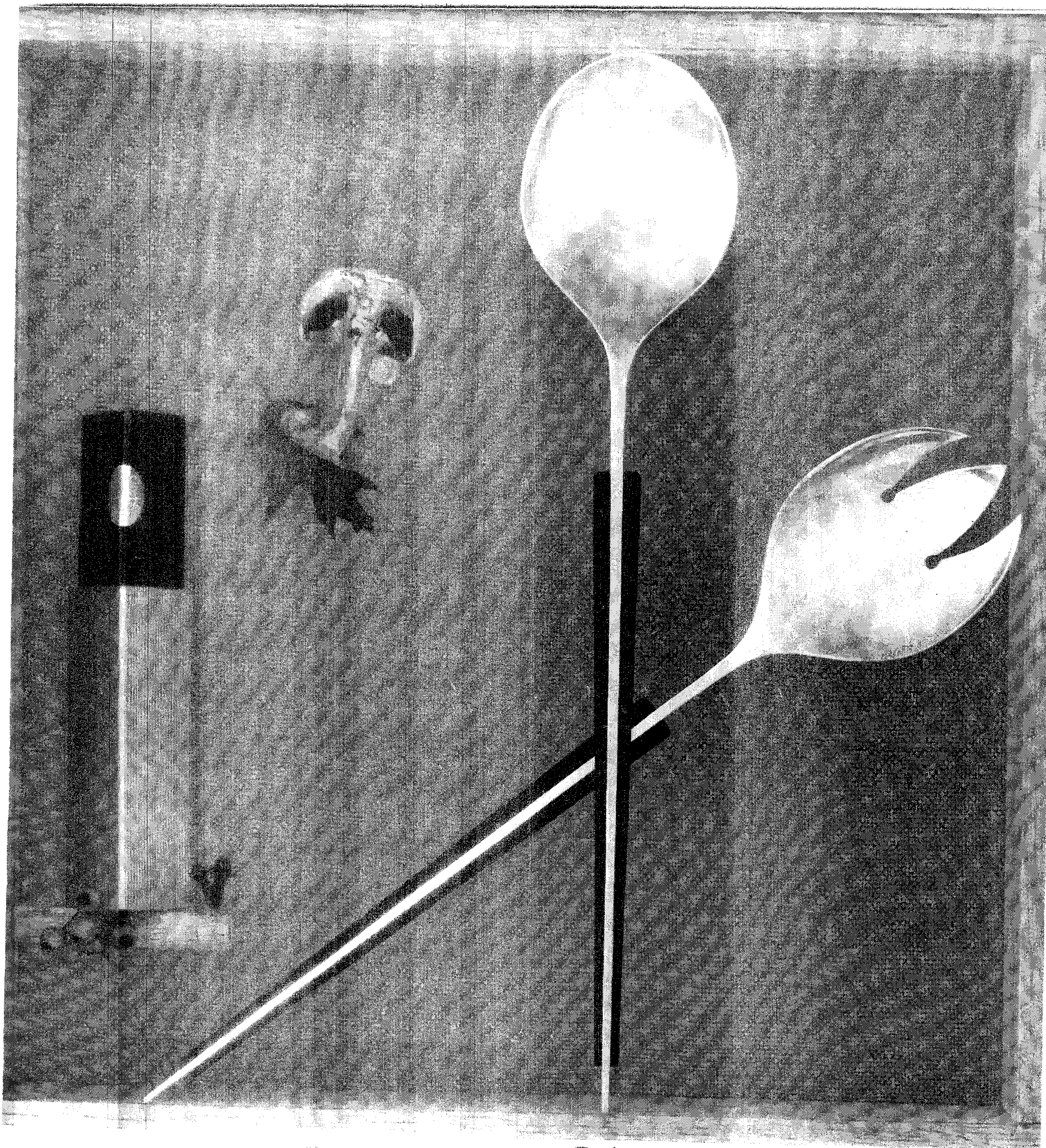

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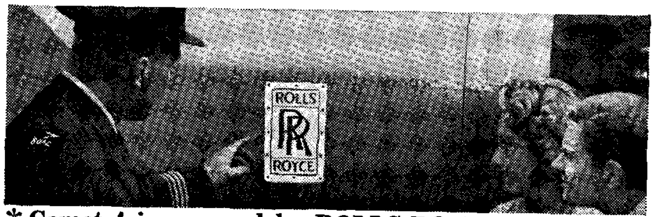

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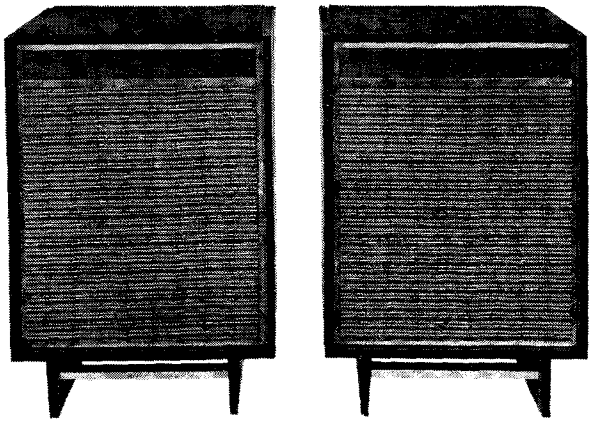

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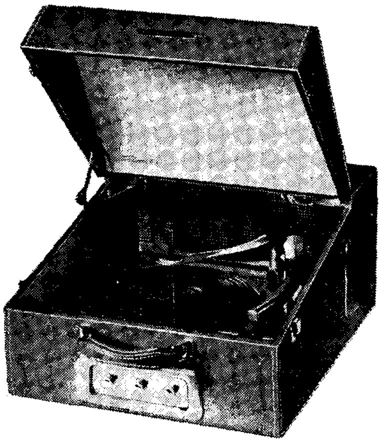

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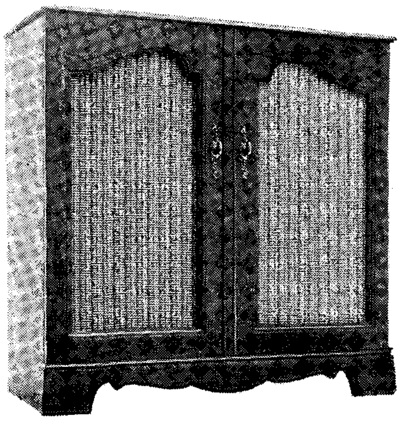

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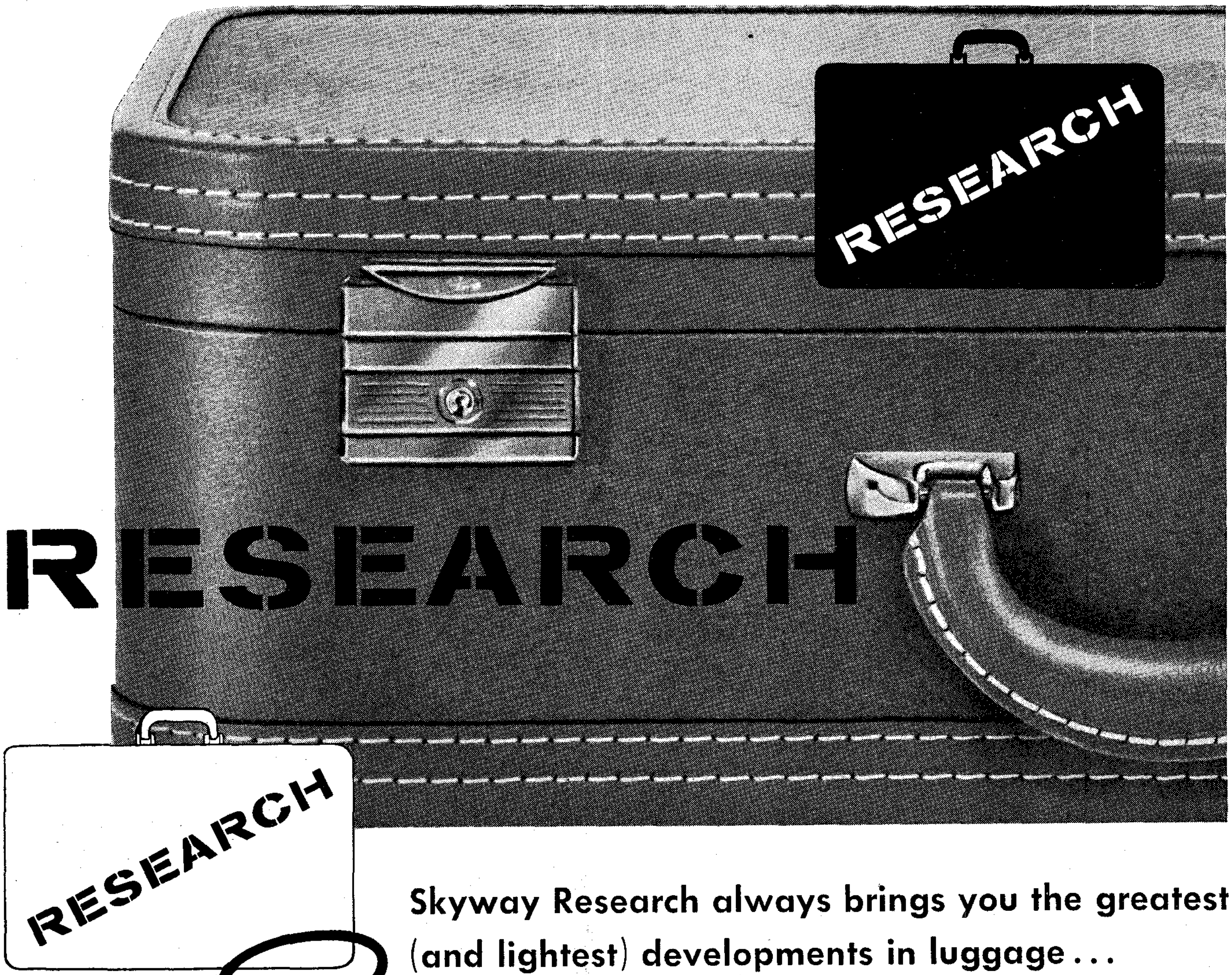

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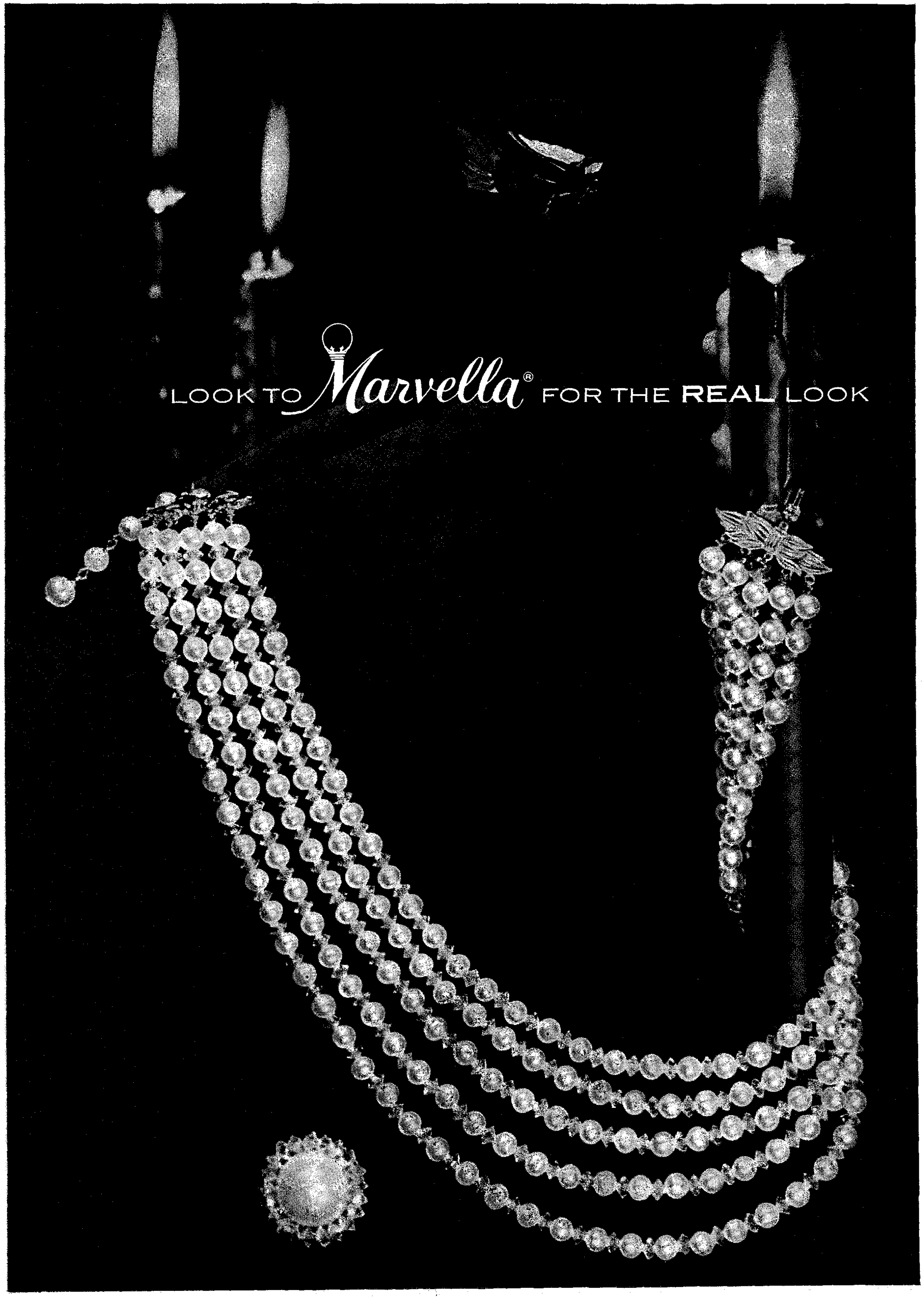
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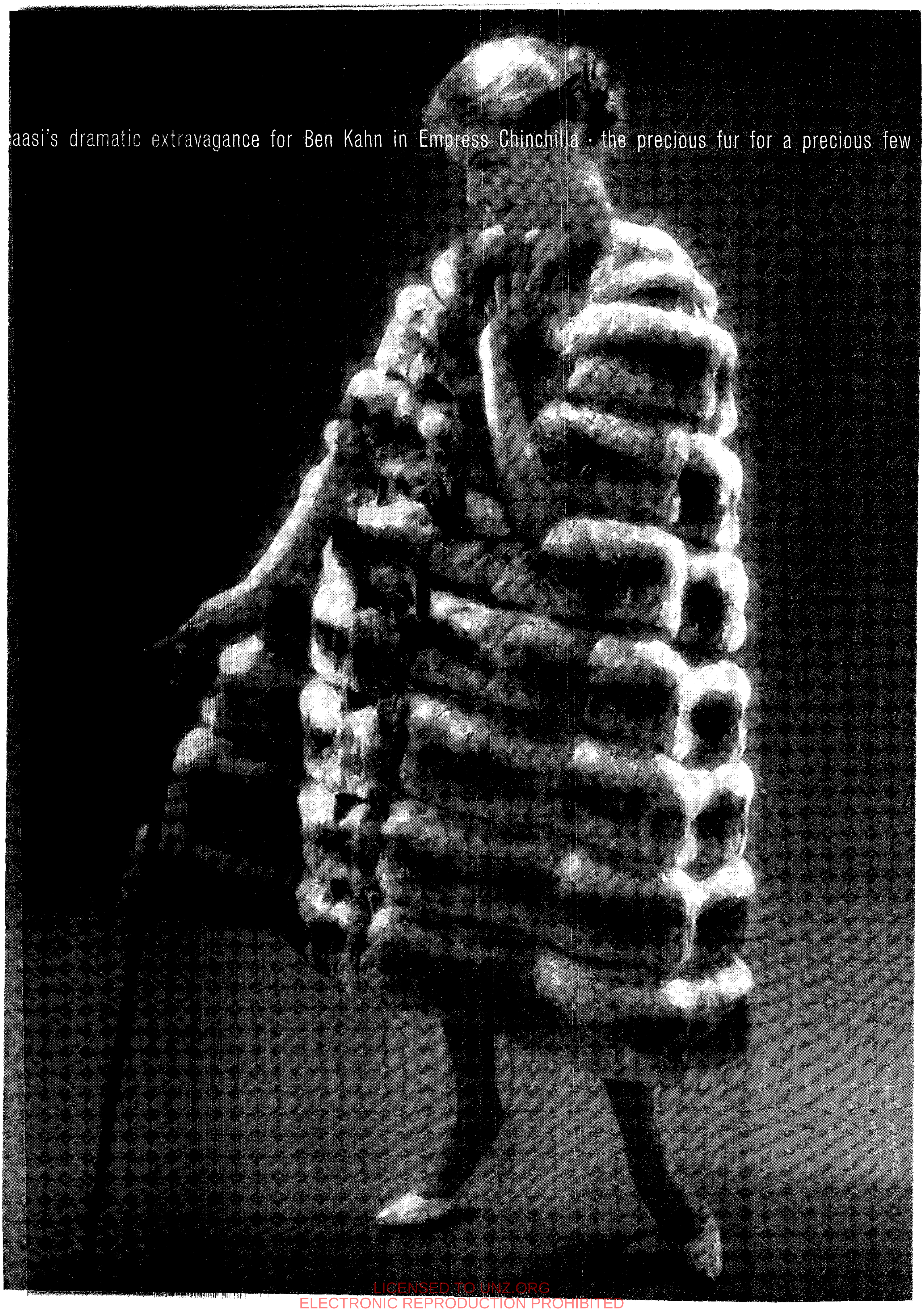

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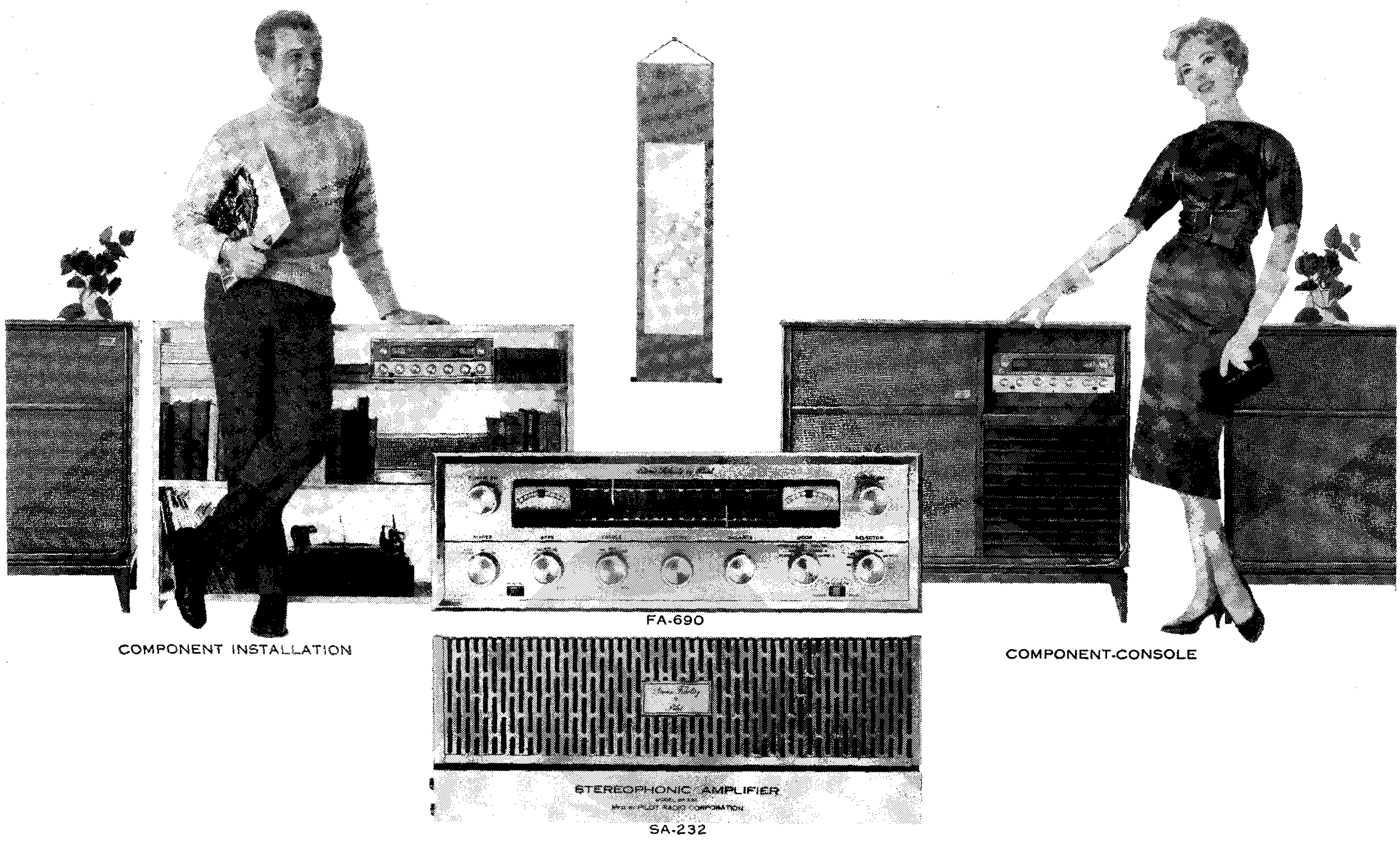

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by

Pilot

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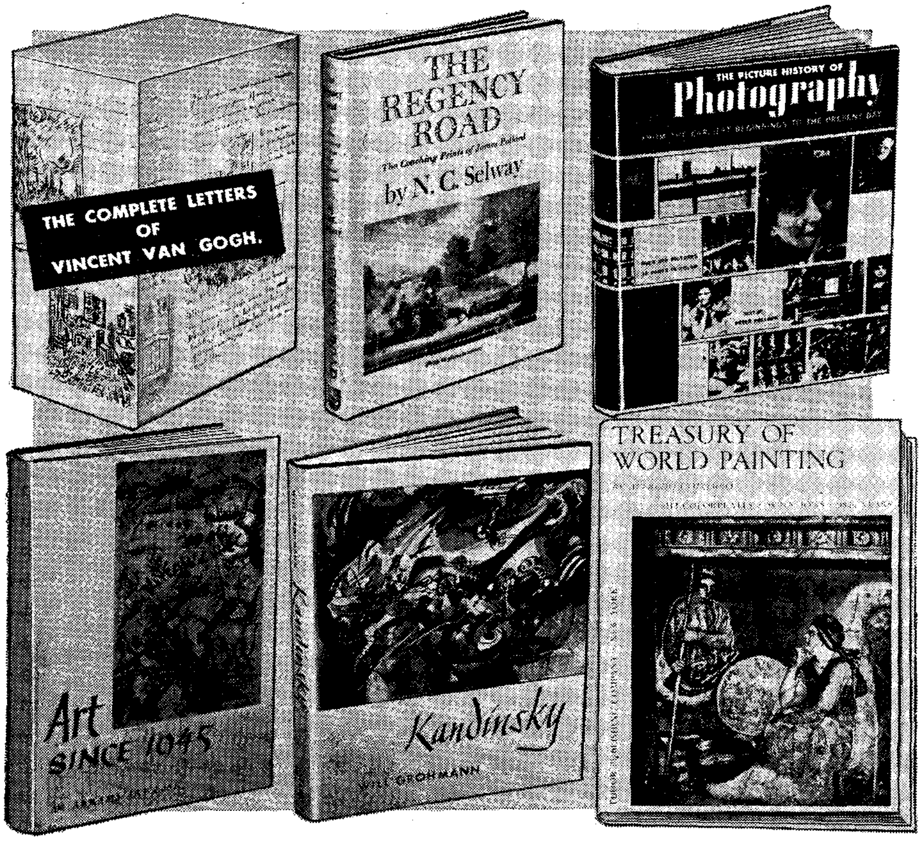
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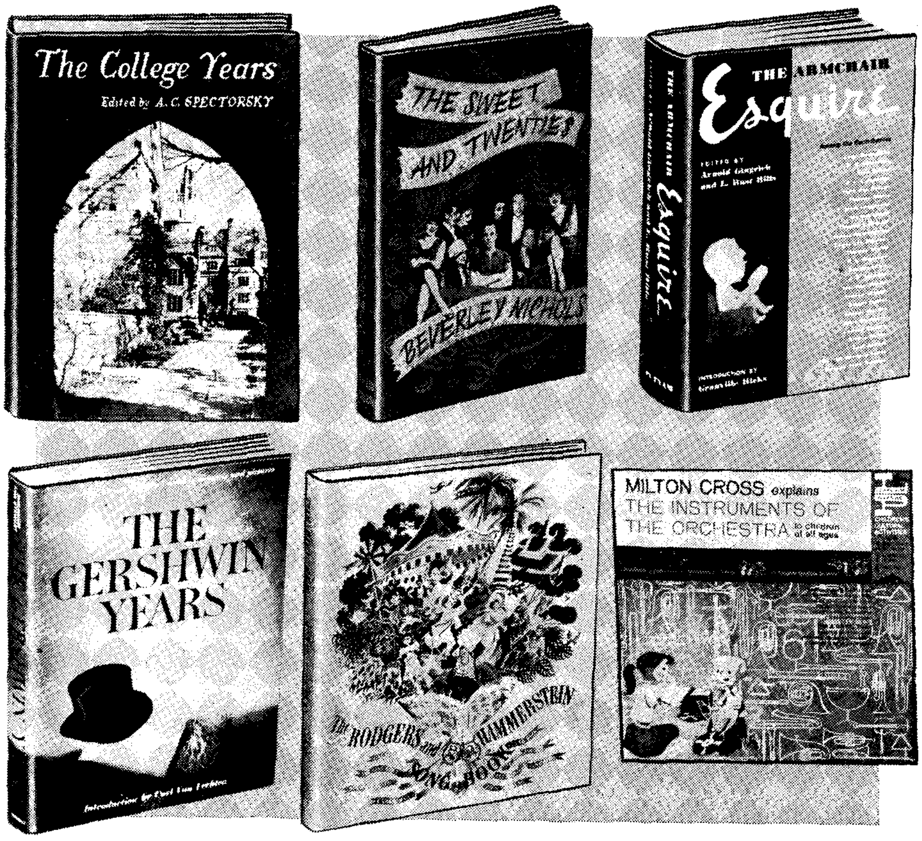
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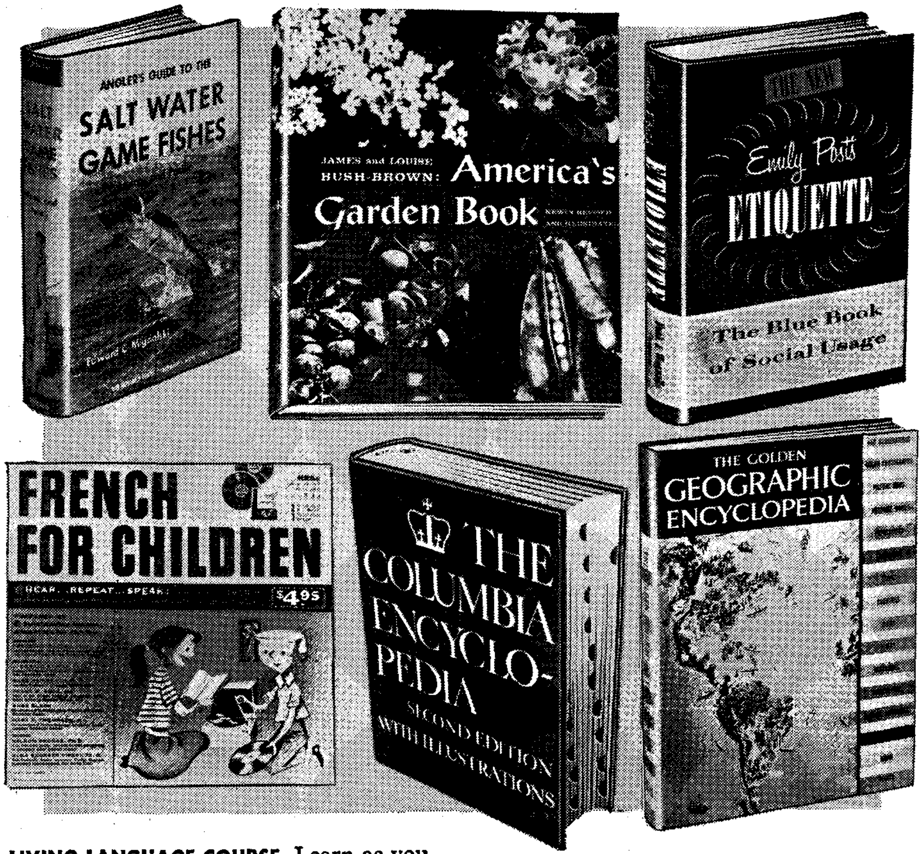
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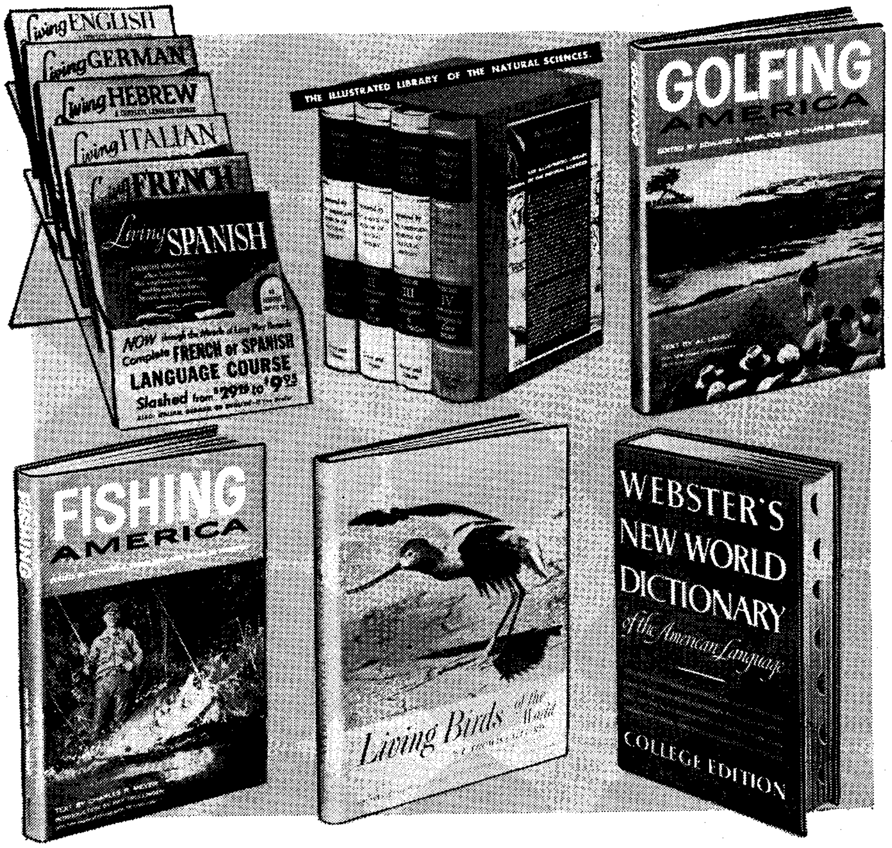
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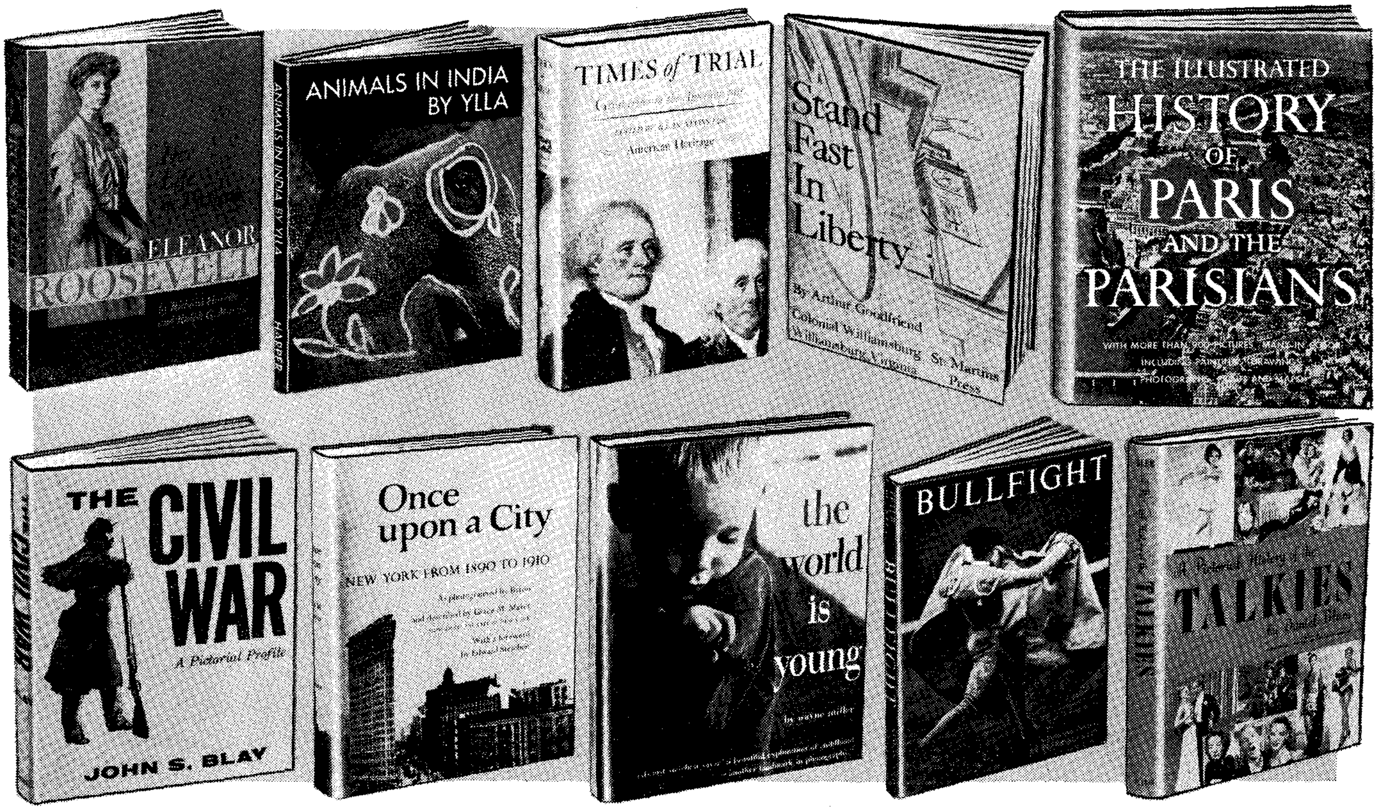

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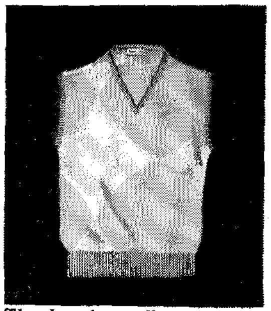

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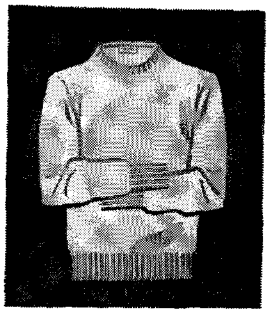

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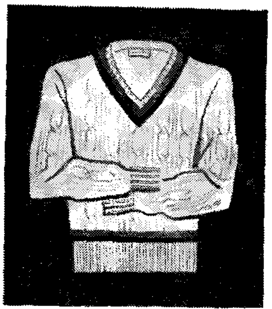

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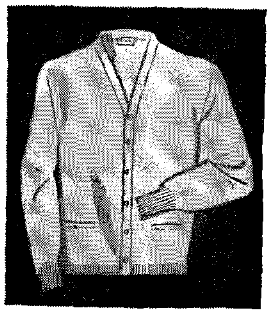

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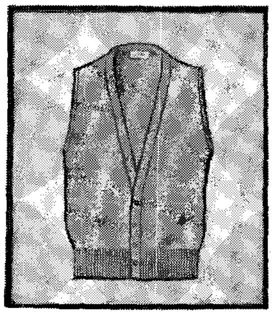

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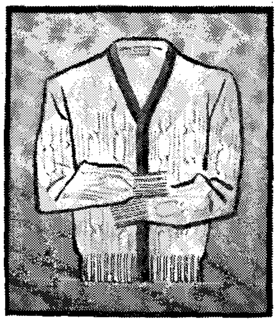

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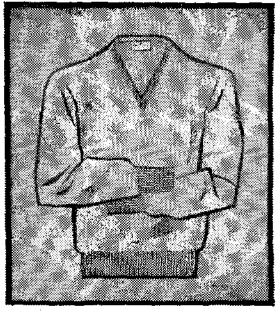

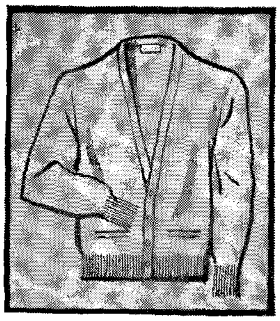

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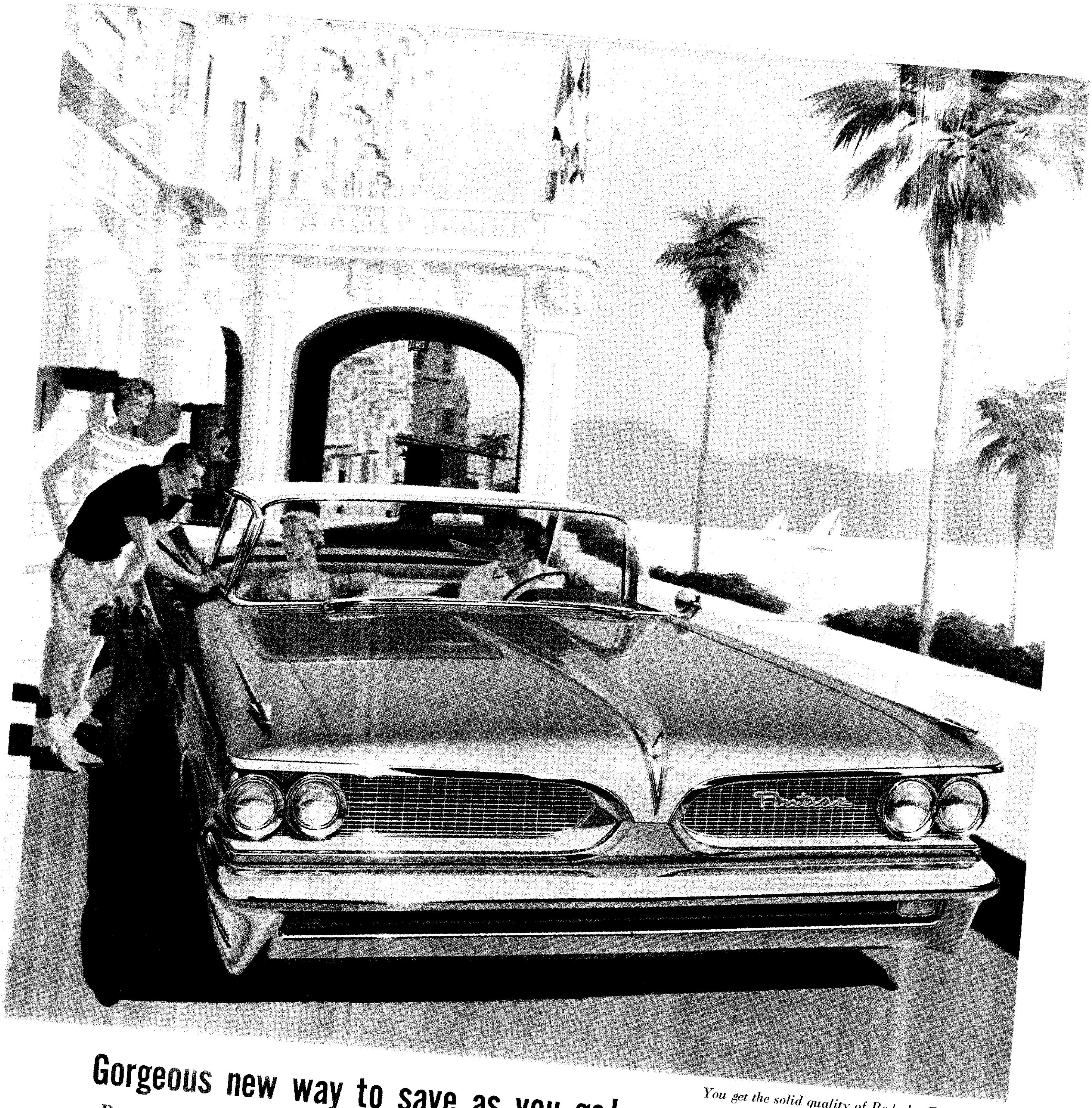

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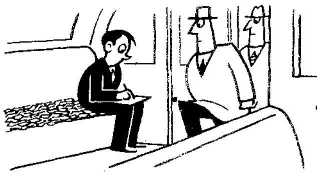
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE wish that some of the spoilsports who bullied the New York Racing Association into barring children from its courses last summer could have been with us on the evening of November 10th, when a friendly Washingtonian, clearly born deeper South, offered us a ride back to our hotel from the Laurel race track, in Maryland. The great International was to be run at Laurel on the morrow, and, following the example of the Russian, Irish, German, Australian, and South American horses entered, we had been having a conditioning canter to familiarize ourself with the course—in our case, the distance between the rail and the betting windows. When we arrived at our man's car, we found his son, a boy of twelve, established in a corner of the rear seat and practicing a grade of concentration that will serve him well when he is a research student at the Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration. Spread out about him were a hundred or so pari-mutuel tickets that bettors deeming themselves losers had thrown away and he had retrieved. He was carefully checking each against a race card marked with the order of finish in all the races.



"Sometimes people throw away a winning ticket by mistake," the boy said. "I never found one yet, but I heard of such cases."

"He's a hard-working kid," the father, proud but deprecating, said to us, and, turning to the boy, went on, "But, Son, you hardly ever find any winners except after a disqualification. People got a second horse on the nose and see him beat bad, they sometimes give up too quick and throw the ticket away. No disqualifications today. You put those tickets away and let us set down. We been walking around."

The boy complied, with a look that accused his parent of keeping him poor. "Pa," he said, "did you play the Number Seven horses today, the way I told you? Four of them come in, three of them double figures."

"No, Son, I didn't," the man said. "Betting on numbers is just luck betting. I lost forty-two dollars today, but for good reasons."

In the big race next day, of course, there *was* a disqualification. Tudor Era, a favorite horse on Maryland tracks, finished three and a half lengths in front of the second animal, the Australian horse Sailor's Guide. We ourself had a small ticket on the Australian, which we didn't throw away, because we couldn't find it; we have an incurable habit of forgetting which pocket we put tickets in. But scores of other long-shot bettors must have discarded theirs during the extended pause after the finish, while the University of Maryland band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" in honor of the victor, and the jockeys rode back from their gallop down the course and unsaddled. A horse's number seldom comes down after he has won by what looks like a decisive gap, and the rail lawyer's reaction is that even if there was a foul, it couldn't have made all that difference. Then the word "Objection" appeared in red letters on the infield odds board. We pushed our search for the ticket with undignified thoroughness, as if we had a hornet inside our topcoat, and finally found it in the breast pocket of our shirt. To profit by the misfortune of others is odious, but we could not help thinking that a ruling now against the Australian horse would be injudicious from an international point of view. An Australian newsman near us said, "If it was an Australian jockey on the Sailor, he wouldn't dare make the claim. But the jockey's one of your Yanks." This brought an echo of the speech we had heard Mr. Menshikov, the Soviet Ambassador, make Sunday night at the horsemen's and pressmen's dinner given by the Laurel Race Course: "Let the best team to be winner, for whichever country it belongs to." For the Russians, there was no conflict now; their two horses had finished down the course. But for our Australian colleague and us there was the tug of war between greed and sensibility as we waited. "The Sailor ran a great race," the colleague said stoutly, "but he was beaten." At last, the board flashed the new order of finish. Both of us had a quick shudder of revulsion. Later—a full second later—both of us decided to take our shares of the odium and the cash, and headed for the cashiers' windows. A strong current was running there—our colleague was swept away by it and we didn't see him again—and not until we were on the train on our way back to Washington did we think of the happy, hard-working boy, down on his knees among the discarded tickets until it grew too dark to scrabble.

Lady Secretary

MISS PATRICIA HORNSBY-SMITH, Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State in the British Home Office since 1957, and the first woman to hold that position, is here as a delegate to the United Nations General Assembly, and we've just had an invigorating chat with her. "I'm the antithesis of what people expect in a Conservative Government," she said. "My father was a small shopkeeper—luggage and umbrellas—in East Sheen, a suburb of London, where I won a scholarship to a

grammar school. When I was in my late twenties, and afterward, I helped support my mother, who was a widow. In 1931, when I was seventeen, I became a secretary for the Australian government in London. I joined the Conservative Youth Organization that year and electioneered like mad. I was the youngest member of a flying squad of speakers, and talked from a soapbox in the middle of various East End greens. Some of my friends tell me I haven't stopped talking since. I made over three hundred speeches last year. After the Australian job, I worked for the Engineering and Allied Employers' National Federation, the London Electricity Authority, and, during the war, the Ministry of Economic Warfare—as secretary to Lord Selborne, the Minister. He was also the Minister in charge of our underground (Special Operations Executive, or S.O.E.), which worked with your O.S.S. One of the things I'm proudest of is my honorary life membership in this group's club, the Special Forces Club. We have our own premises, with a dining room, bar, and clubrooms, and hold an annual dinner, to which many come from afar, since the membership is international. Bill Donovan is another honorary life member."

We urged Miss Hornsby-Smith, who has bright-orange hair, to go right on talking, and she said, "After the 1945 election, when we had a landslide against us, I was secretary to an industrialist for five years. I kept on making political speeches, and one, against the continuing of bureaucratic controls and rationing in peacetime, was rather well received and got wide publicity. It was suggested that I might stand for Parliament, and in 1950, after several years of political work, I was elected M.P. for the Chislehurst division of Kent. I was reëlected in 1951 and again in 1955. You have to be a member of either the House of Commons or the House of Lords to hold my present post, and you have to be a member of either the House of Commons or the House of Lords to be Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, which I was just before this, for five and a half years. Both offices are appointive; the Prime Minister appoints you. Non-Cabinet-rank Ministers, such as the Minister of Health, have *Parliamentary* secretaries; senior Ministers have *under*-secretaries. I was the third woman ever to go to Health. The Home Office is the most senior of our departments, and one of the biggest. It has two under-secretaries—my opposite number is David Lockhart-Mure Renton—and it deals with the whole of aid and immigration, and is basically responsible for Scotland Yard, the Metropolitan Police, the Fire Brigades, Civil Defense, matrimonial problems, the protection of children, and, in the widest domestic sense, the maintaining of law and order. My special responsibilities are aliens, children, the Fire Brigades, and Civil Defense. People don't realize what a target England is for aliens; we've accepted two hundred and thirty-five thousand European refugees in the last eighteen years, and we get two thousand inquiries a day. I also look after children—young delinquents. I've taken a new adoption bill through the House, under which, for the first time, foreigners and English foreign residents are allowed to adopt British children. A British subject abroad—say, in the diplomatic service—can now adopt a child, after a three-month probationary period, and so can a foreigner, after a six-month period. The only other woman in the present British Government is Edith Pitt, who became Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance in December, 1955. During the eighteen months before her appointment, I was the only woman in the Government. At one dinner given by the Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street, I was the only woman among seventy-four men colleagues. Mr. Churchill escorted me."

We again urged Miss Hornsby-Smith not to stop talking, and she said that, in line with her special interests, she is currently working with the U.N.'s Third Committee, which deals with the refugee problem. She handed us a copy of a recent speech she made, outlining a United Kingdom proposal for a World Refugee Year, to which her government has contributed a hundred thousand pounds, and advised us that earlier in the week she had spent a fascinating five hours studying juvenile delinquency in midtown Manhattan and Harlem. "Accompanied by an assistant police commissioner, I tailed three plainclothes juvenile-delinquency officers in the Times Square neighborhood," she said. "The problem here and in London follows the same pattern, but ours is not so severe. The age group that has given us our greatest disturbance is that which is now between seventeen and twenty-one—children who were evacuated or else went through the bombings during the war, when they were between three and seven years old. Our girls have stabilized more quickly than our boys. As you know, we don't arm our police, and formerly robbers were not armed, either; robbery used to be a craft, but now our robbers are beginning to be armed with lethal weapons. Our penalties for armed robberies are much heavier than for unarmed ones. I wonder why one hears so much about 'socialized medicine' here; we call it the National Health Service. Your public schools are free, but you never refer to them as socialized education. There's far more free medicine in America than you admit; the city hospitals here are doing an outstanding job."

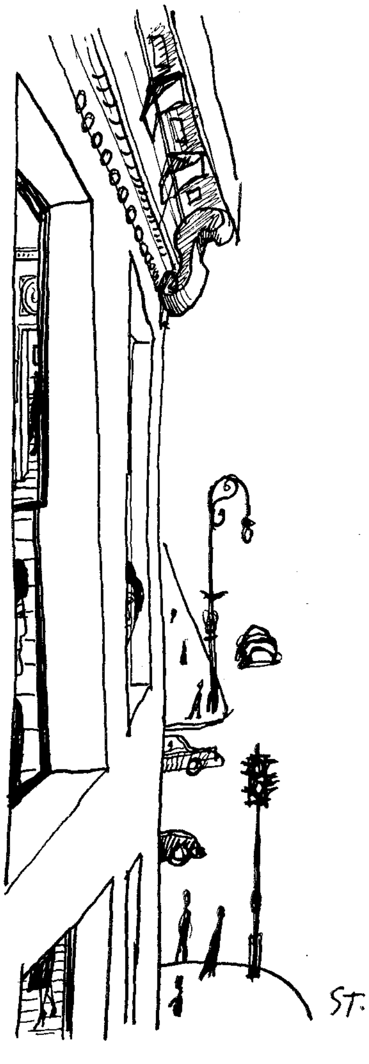
Miss Hornsby-Smith said that she hoped to visit Sing Sing and that Police Commissioner Kennedy had promised to arrange this, and then she said that she had just come from delivering an English-Speaking Union speech in Virginia. "I rather wanted to see the state that produced Nancy Astor, the first woman to sit in the House—in 1919. The prejudice she fought!" she added. We asked her for an extracurricular word, and she said, "I enjoy very rude good health. It's essential in English politics to have good health; I work thirteen hours a day at home. I take no exercise except swimming. I stayed at Bear Mountain in October and went swimming, astonishing one and all. I dislike mammoth cocktail parties and regard *small* dinner parties, where people can really converse, as one of the more civilized pleasures. I think American vegetables have all the taste cooked out of them, or cellophaned out of them. I had my hair done the other day, and the girl at the hairdresser's said, 'Do you want it dressed with this color back on?' As if it could come off!"

Observer

A Foreign-Car enthusiast we know saw a Citroën DS-19 pull into a parking space on Sutton Place the other day, and, caring more for the wonders of the soft mechanical underbelly than for the state of his clothes, lost little time in crawling beneath it. Suddenly, he found the vehicle settling down upon him. He yelped in horror, and was confronted by the owner of the car, a lady, who told him, "This car supports itself hydraulically while the engine is running. When the switch is turned off, it settles down with a soft, contented sigh."

"I ought to kill you," said the enthusiast, extricating himself from the slit between car and asphalt.

"The car," said the lady gelidly, "has now resumed its *hauteur normale*, and I'd thank you to keep off the pavements I park upon."



Vino

PEOPLE who make wine at home are buying something like a hundred and sixty million pounds of California juice grapes this fall. From these grapes will come some twelve million gallons of wine, and where wine is concerned, twelve million gallons is a good big figure—nearly a quarter of the total amount of California table wine sold in the United States last year, and nearly twice the amount of wine of all varieties that we imported in that period. Juice-grape sellers estimate that over four million gallons of this home vintage will be pressed right here in the city, but how many New Yorkers will be pressing it is another question. Mindful of a law enacted in 1918, which allows the duly registered head of a family to make annually, for family consumption, up to two hundred gallons of wine tax free, about fifteen hundred heads of families register every fall at the local Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Bureau, but most lovers of the grape can't be bothered with such formalities; once you start filling out papers, you've got no time left to make wine, let alone drink it. One authority on the subject (Eddie Palumbo, our shoeshine man) guesses that the average winemaker turns out a hundred gallons a year; if so, there must be at least forty thousand people pressing wine hereabouts. Of this number, it's a safe bet that ninety-five out of a hundred are either Italian or of Italian descent.

Formidable as the above figures are, they're not a patch on what they would have been thirty or forty years ago. According to Mr. Anthony Bianco, who grows, packs, ships, and sells juice grapes and is known in juice-grape circles as the juice-grape king of America, up to eighty-five thousand carloads of juice grapes used to be shipped out of California annually; now the number has dwindled to six thousand. Mr. Bianco, who, fortunately, has many other interests besides grapes, lives in California and comes East in the fall for the grape-selling season; he finds it an increasingly funereal occasion. “Progress is killing the juice-grape business,” he told us. “Italians are still great wine drinkers, but nowadays they buy their wine ready-made, by the gallon. Because it's easy, because it's cheap! Besides, every year it gets harder to make wine at home. Who has the good old cellars to make it in? As for central heating, what could be worse? Clear the slums, pull down the cold-water flats, and you spell the finish for making wine!”

We put in several phone calls to interested parties and in every case were offered further evidence for Mr. Bianco's dark view of the havoc wrought by progress. On Mulberry Street, a couple of shops still stock grape crushers and wine presses, but the proprietor of one of them noted sadly that where he used to sell twelve thousand dollars' worth of winemaking equipment in a single month, he now sells only a few hundred dollars' worth in the course of a year. “Once upon a time, the whole neighborhood would be full of stands and trucks selling juice grapes this time of year,” he said. “Now you can walk the streets and not see one.” A seller of juice grapes in Brooklyn told us that he had sold two hundred thousand pounds of them this fall, and that business was a hundredth of what it had been in the purple twenties. Indeed, the only bright touch to be seen in the local winemaking picture is at the Brooklyn Terminal Market, where the enterprising produce firm of M. Pagano & Sons last year purchased an automatic crusher and press, and began crushing and pressing grapes at a charge of less than twenty cents a gallon. “You buy the grapes from us, and we'll crush them, squeeze them, and deliver the grape juice,” a Pagano son told us. “All you need is a couple of barrels to age the wine in. Takes all the mess and labor out of winemaking. So many people are asking us to crush their grapes this year that we're afraid to advertise—haven't got the equipment to handle another bunch. Next year, we'll be putting in a couple more crushers and presses. We're going into this in a big way. We aim to get the younger generation back into winemaking.”

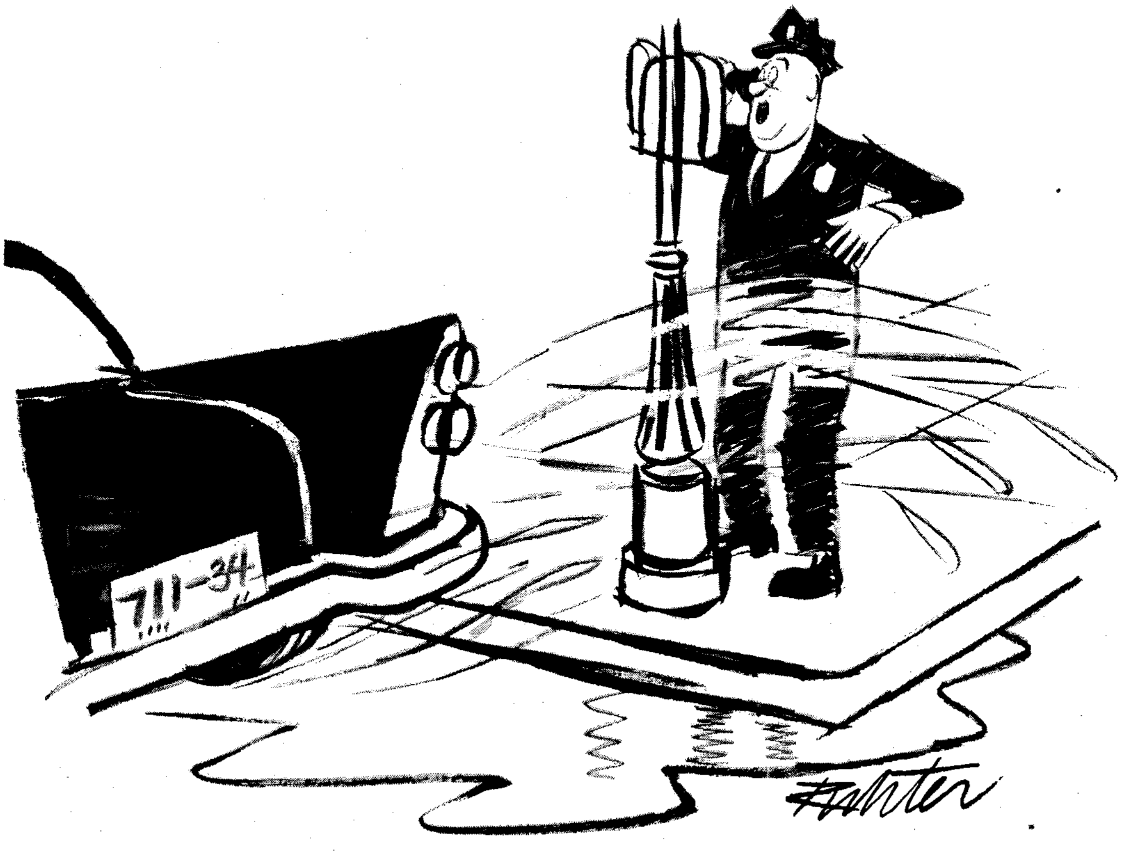
•

OVERHEARD down on Washington Square: “I hate that Chaucer class. I have a very low threshold on our professor.”

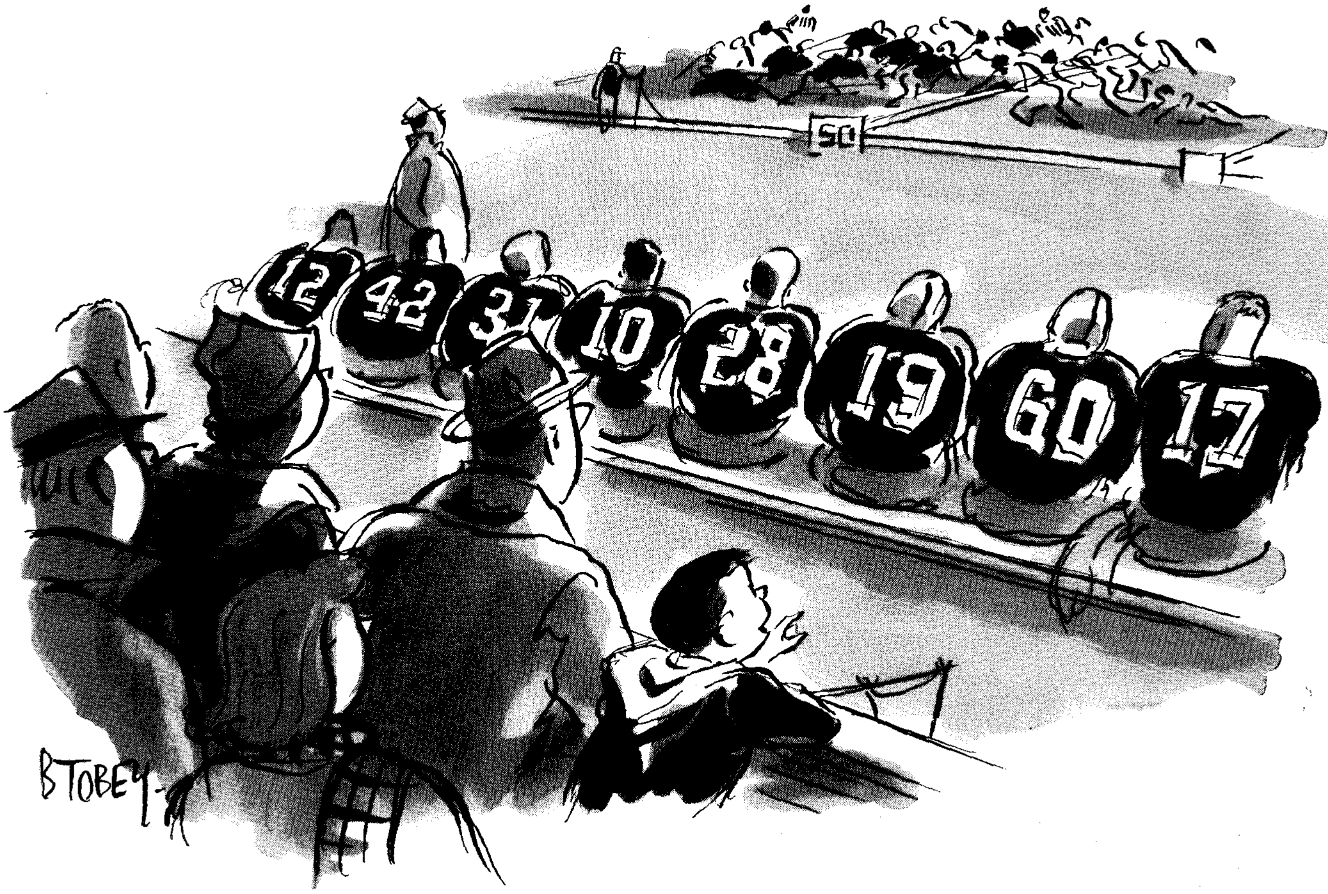
Bells and Pitassys

PARTIES given by couturiers, milliners, and manufacturers of ladies' bathing suits are an old story in our commercial-social life, but we'd never attended a reception given by a men's tailor until a week or so ago, when we had a highball and a Reubens-catered canapé at the new quarters, in the Squibb Building, of James W. Bell & Co., a renowned gents'-furnishings firm, founded by James W. Bell, Sr., in 1860 and subsequently carried on by James W. Bell, Jr., until 1940, when, at eighty (since he was founded the same year as the firm), he turned the business over to another renowned tailor, Mr. Julius F. Pitassy, who, dying in 1941, left it to his son, Mr. Reginald F. Pitassy, our recent host, who told us all this, and more. “Bell has been on Fifth Avenue, in different locations, for ninety-eight years,” he said. “The senior Bell came here from Ireland as a boy in 1839, and, after an apprenticeship as a cutter, opened his own place, at Sixteenth Street. It had a twenty-year stay in that neighborhood, then twenty years at Thirty-fifth Street, twenty years at Thirty-ninth Street, and twenty years at Forty-fourth Street, after which my father and I moved it to Forty-ninth Street, where it remained for eighteen years. Mr. Bell, Sr., collected French paintings, and had a number of striking Bouguereau nudes in his showrooms. He opened a branch in Paris in 1868 but abandoned it in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War. His son lived to be ninety-seven. Diamond Jim Brady and Al Smith were Bell customers in the old days, and John Perona and Herbert Hoover are today. Like Smith, Mr. Hoover favors brown; thanks to his ruddy complexion, he looks good in it. You have to have just the right complexion to look good in brown. A sallow man in a brown suit looks as though he's been dead for two days.”

Mr. Pitassy, a tall, handsome, unsallow man with merry bright-blue eyes, who was wearing a dark-blue, presumably Bell suit and a red carnation, and who has been alive for forty-five years, guided us to a view of Bergdorf Goodman and the Plaza's plaza, and said that he had graduated from New York University in 1933. “I studied designing and worked for my dad,” he said. “I taught designing at the Fashion Institute of America for eleven years. We have thousands



“I'm sorry, Sergeant. I was talking to somebody else.”



". . . and nineteen makes one hundred and forty-two, and sixty makes two hundred and two, and . . ."

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of customers, from all over this country and all over the world, including South America, South Africa, and Japan. We've had all the presidents of the Philippines. And President Truman used to be a customer. We've had—and have—many judges, including Sam Rosenman. Lester Markel is a customer, and so is Henry Luce. He generally comes in at the beginning of every January and orders for the year. Our youngest client is a boy of fourteen, the son of one of our customers. The boy trades in the market, and when he cleans up, he gets a new suit. Our oldest is a man of ninety-nine who lives in Atlantic City. He buys six suits a year—orders them over the phone. He indicates the colors he wants and leaves the selection of the materials up to me. I know he likes outlandish patterns, and proceed accordingly. He wears his clothes until they're soiled and then gives them away. The late John Barry Ryan liked to have exclusive patterns—usually green with a red stripe. He'd buy an entire bolt of sixty yards and have five or six identical suits cut from it. Louis Chesler, a Canadian financier—he's chairman of the board of American Totalisator—wears only blue. All kinds of blue. The late John A. Hartford favored gray; like Mr. Ryan, he'd order five or six suits of the same pattern. The late J. Marion West, Jr., of Houston, sometimes bought fifty suits at a time; they had to have two pockets in the front of the trousers, for his ivory-handled pistols, and a special change pocket for silver dollars. When he died, last year, two hundred and eighty thousand silver dollars were found in the basement of his house. He once called me up from Texas at nine in the morning, said he was leaving for New York in his plane, and wanted a complete new suit delivered to him at the Waldorf at seven that evening. We got it there on time—luckily, since he'd come up in his dressing gown, with a coat over it."

Mr. Pitassy introduced us to his wife, Mrs. Jody Pitassy, a pretty girl in a gray dress, and said that she designs women's clothes for a Bell outpost in Fort Lauderdale and was responsible for the décor of the new Manhattan showroom. We followed her around, admiring panelling and floors of English oak, Persian rugs, floral offerings from well-wishers, and Austrian chandeliers. "Copies of the ones in the Vienna Opera House," she said. "The crystals are all hand-cut. We've just started the ladies' end in Florida, and we may extend it to New York."

"We fill an occasional order for a woman's odd coat here," her husband said, and added, "Men are beginning to go in for silk jackets in Kelly green, rust, royal blue, scarlet, and gold. I'd like to wear green, but my wife won't let me. She picks out all my suits."

"Congratulations, sonny," a departing guest said to him.

"Robert McGeorge, a sweater manufacturer of Dumfries," Mr. Pitassy said. "He comes here all the way from Scotland for his suits."

Message

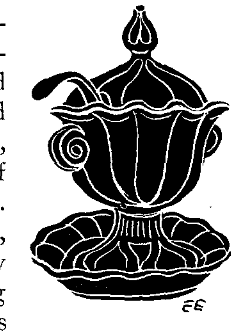
A GRASS widower of our acquaintance whose life has become somewhat disorganized pulled himself together a few weeks ago and hired a part-time maid, instructing her, among other things, to let him know when she needed any household supplies in order to carry out her mission of keeping his apartment spick-and-span. Walking into the place early on a recent morning, he snapped on the light in the kitchen, intending to get a glass of milk, and got, instead, something of a shock when he found the following legend pasted on the icebox door with Scotch Tape: "THE TIDE IS OUT."

THE PERFORMANCE

AUNT IDA was really no relation of mine, but I knew her when I was a child, and I was taught to address her so. Her earlier life—before I was old enough to be conscious of her slightly flamboyant presence—must have been an embodiment of the Edwardian legend. She was at that time the wife of a banker and one of society's beauties, and she had first been presented at Court in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. It was only after her second marriage, which took place in 1935, that I came to know her intimately. By then, I was married, too, and she happened to approve of my husband and, in consequence, of me.

We went to London for her wedding reception, at Claridge's Hotel, at six-thirty in the evening. The marriage ceremony had been conducted by one of her brothers, who was a bishop, in the private chapel of his residence, in a provincial city, earlier in the day. At the reception, Aunt Ida wore a pale-pink silk crêpe dress and a spray of orchids, diamonds galore, and a little hat of black feathers. Her hair was bleached; she had the figure of a girl, immense vitality, and superb health; and, with almost perfect classical features and lively brown eyes, although she was fifty-seven she didn't look a day over forty.

All her friends were at the reception, and since most of them had never met the groom, they began asking for him. Eventually, it was established that he was the little white-haired gentleman, with a distinctive Roman nose and wearing a gray suit and a red carnation in his buttonhole, who was standing by one of the flower-banked fireplaces. He had a twinkle in his eye, and he was smiling benignly on the scene, and with loving pride on Aunt Ida. He was seventy-two. He had been a widower for a great many years. He had known Aunt Ida since she was a girl, and after she had been a widow three years he had proposed to her, by letter.



The first thing Aunt Ida did, after having a honeymoon in Paris, was to set about altering, redecorating, and refurnishing her husband's house. It was an enormous house, and perfectly hideous. In the northern county where it was situated, the houses are almost invariably built of the native stone, but in 1860 a millionaire shipowner had built this one of red brick—which was costly, for the bricks had to be brought a good distance. The house was a near replica of Queen Victoria's residence of Osborne, on the Isle of Wight. It had forty bedrooms. Uncle Oswald (as I came to address him) had lived a somewhat Spartan life there alone, as a widower, caring for little except the pack of foxhounds of which he had been Master for thirty-five years, and his famous Aberdeen Angus cattle. His bedroom was small, it was at the end of a passage, and it faced north. His bed was a narrow iron one, painted white, and as he disliked the weight of bedclothes, he had them draped over the sort of cage that is sometimes used in hospitals to relieve pressure on patients' legs.

A short while before Uncle Oswald married Aunt Ida, he had retired from being Master of the local pack of foxhounds, although he continued to hunt right up until the war. He said that being Master had cost him three thousand pounds a year, but it was clear that he really retired only because he thought he was too old. He was, of course, a very rich man. I think that if he hadn't married Aunt Ida after giving up the Mastership, he would have died of boredom. His children, like hers, were all married, and they were all far away from him. As it was, he lived to be eighty-eight, in full possession of his mental and physical faculties almost to the last.

When Aunt Ida came to live in the house, he moved into her room, which, once she had got it fixed, was like a film star's. She not only gave him love and devotion but brought new interests into his life, and made him spend money on his house—on pictures and furniture and objets d'art—and on travel. Every winter, in peacetime, they went for two months to Arizona, always sailing by French Line because of the food and the wines, and taking Aunt Ida's personal maid, Beacham, and Uncle Oswald's valet. Every summer, they went for a gentle cure at some European spa where there was a casino. But it was the house and its improvement and embellishment that occupied their interest most.

AUNT IDA had exquisite taste—a taste that was, actually, a forecast of the decorative fashion that has come since the end of the Second World War. Hardly anyone had wallpapers before the war, but Aunt Ida had, and many of hers were French, and of old and very beautiful design. And she searched out period chimneypieces of carved white marble, of the sort generally admired today, and Georgian fire grates, too. A lot of the pieces of lovely eighteenth-century furniture that she brought into the house, and many of the pictures, had belonged to her family, and she had lived with them all her life. She had her bedroom walls covered with apricot silk damask, and she had a huge gilt Italian bed, with cherubs gambolling among the azure clouds that were painted on the inside of the canopy.

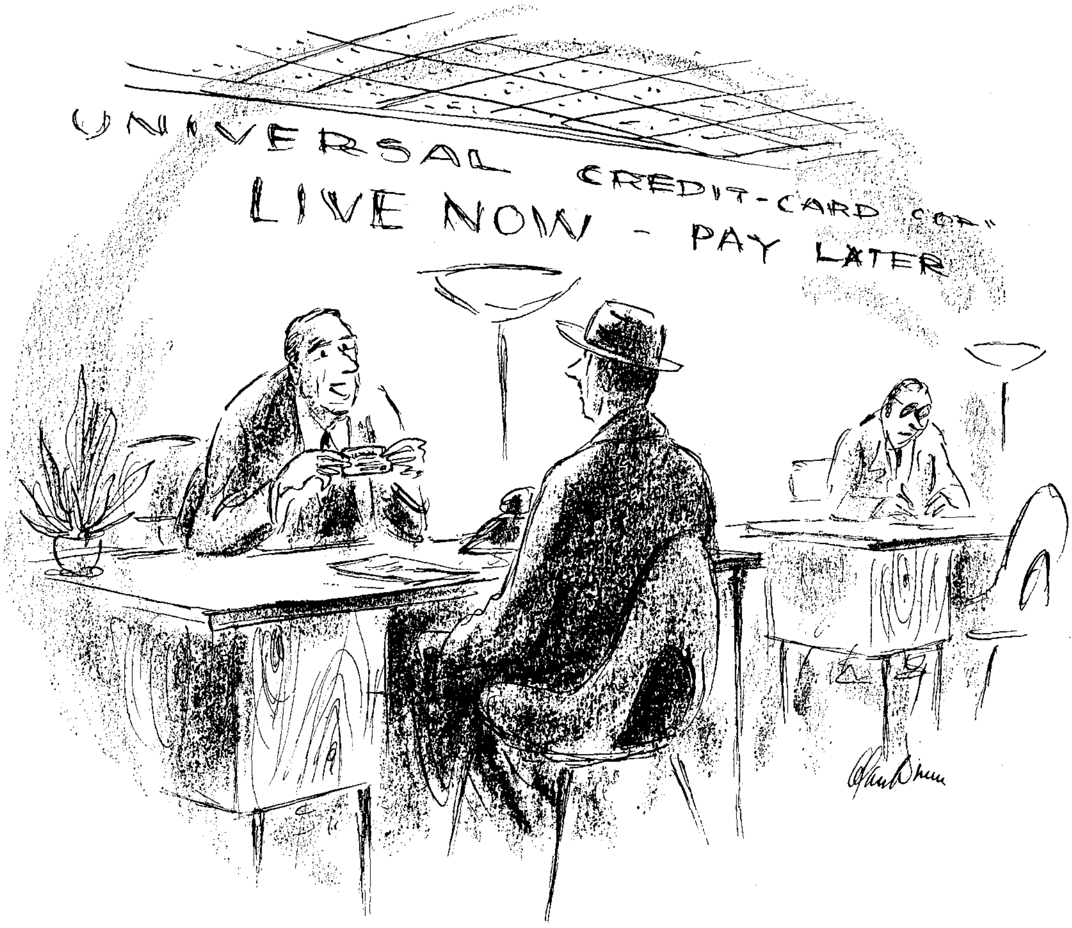
When her county neighbors saw what she had done to the house, they gasped. It was a conservative county, and remote, and the majority of the houses ran to stags' heads as decoration for their halls—which invariably smelled of wet mackintoshes and wet dogs. But in her hall Aunt Ida had Canalettos, and seventeenth-century Dutch flower paintings, and French tapestries, and a gilt cage full of singing birds, and crystal chandeliers that hung on scarlet silken ropes, and an eighteenth-century French sledge that had pastoral scenes painted on its sides and was filled with hothouse flowers.

There was a tower above the center block of the house, and the tower rooms were reached by a narrow stairway leading up from a door on the second floor. In the first room one came to, going up this stair, Aunt Ida wrote most of her letters, sitting at a table by the window, or read books on whatever subject interested her at the moment. On the walls were framed photographs of her family and her horses; in her day, she had been a noted horsewoman. Above this little sitting room she made a tiny chapel, which her brother, the bishop, consecrated. She used this chapel for her private devotions. She was High Church, and she was impatient with, and a little intolerant of, Low. The church nearest the house was in a hamlet a few miles away, and the services there were decidedly Low. All eyes would be turned upon her as she came in and genuflected to the altar before entering her pew, and again when she genuflected before going out. The church itself was a small thirteenth-century building, and as it had no organ and no choir—but only a harmonium—psalms were never sung. They were recited turnabout, verse by verse, by the congregation, on the one hand, and the rector and harmonium player, on the other. When it was the congregation's turn, her clear, resonant voice imparted meaning to the verse.

Hers was the only house I have ever

stayed in where there were Family Prayers every morning. They took place in the dining room after breakfast. The servants filed in—the butler, the three footmen, the pantry boy (but not the chef, because he was French and a Roman Catholic), the housemaids, in print dresses and caps and aprons, and Beacham, in her black dress and white apron. Aunt Ida always read the prayers—sometimes, if she was going riding, in a black sidesaddle habit. Regrettably, most house guests evaded this rite, and Uncle Oswald very often did, too. His excuse was that his jodhpurs were too tight to kneel in.

Aunt Ida didn't take much interest in the garden, except for what it produced for the table; the head gardener always arranged the flowers in the house. Unlike most Englishwomen, she was never seen with a trowel in her hand, or even cutting roses. The summers in that northern country are short, and they begin late. In August, the strawberries are at their ripest. Sometimes Aunt Ida would make her guests pick them. She had had the head gardener plant the little French strawberries that are called *fraises des bois*. They are supposed to be sweeter than any others, but they are a proper chore to pick. So it may have been a mischievous impulse that made her once put a basket into the hand of a particularly corpulent male guest and ask him to fill it with *fraises des bois*.



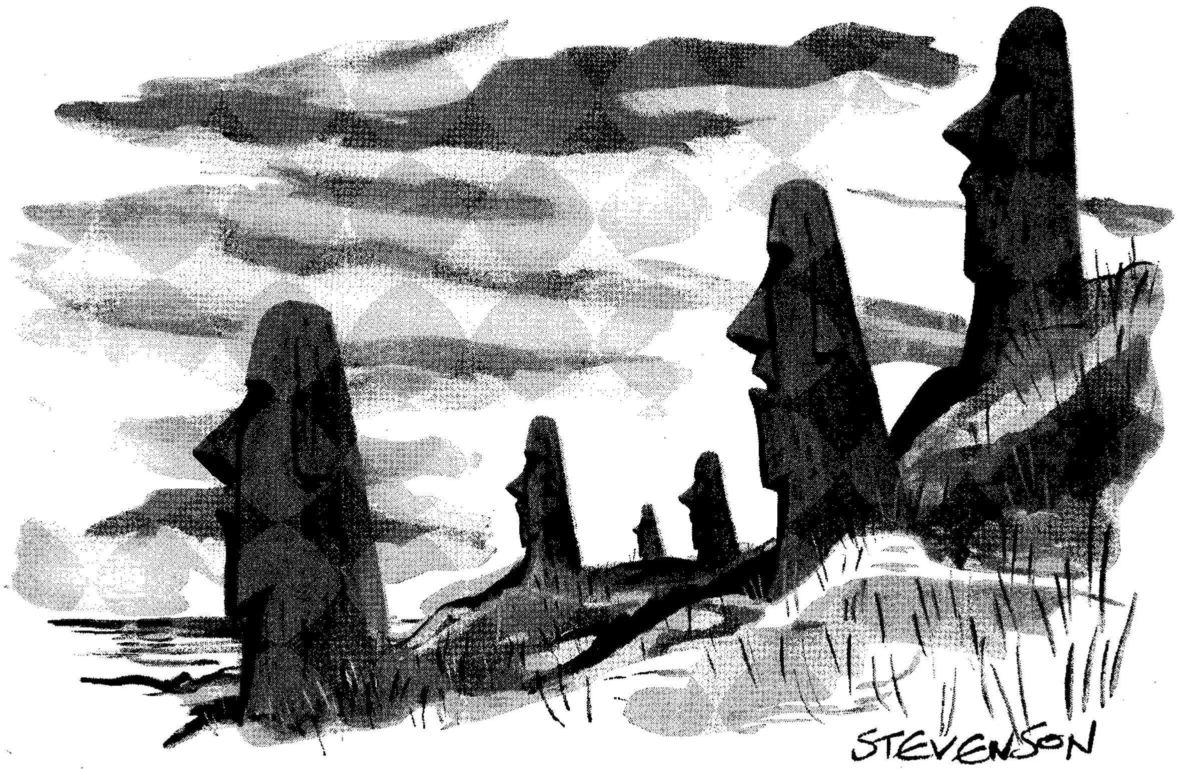
"Then your estate pays for everything in one big bill."

INDOORS, the evening routine began at six o'clock, when Uncle Oswald mixed dry Martinis in the library. At half past six, one would go upstairs to make leisurely preparation for dinner, which was always at eight. One's evening clothes would be laid out, the housemaid detailed to look after one having asked earlier in the day which frock Madam would wear that evening (Uncle Oswald's valet and a footman would lay out the male guests' clothes), and the housemaid would be waiting to prepare one's bath. Most of the bathrooms that Aunt Ida had installed (there were only two in the whole house before she went to live there) were originally bedrooms or dressing rooms, so they were large and cozily carpeted, and had fireplaces, in which, in autumn and winter, or on cold days in spring, coals would be glowing. There were mirrors over the mantelpieces, and pictures on the papered walls, and, on a Regency or Empire table, there was always a selection of perfumed bath salts in Bohemian glass bottles, cut-glass bowls of powder, and the softest and largest of down puffs.

Before dinner, the guests assembled on the Aubusson carpet in the Wedgwood-blue-and-white drawing room, under pink-and-blue Venetian chandeliers, and stood around drinking sherry. When dinner was announced, Uncle Oswald would give his arm to the woman whose title, or husband's position, or age, gave her precedence over the other women, and Aunt Ida would tell each man which of these he was to take in. She would follow last, on the arm of the most important male guest.

The dinners were long, by modern standards, consisting of five or six courses and accompanying wines. At the end, Aunt Ida would rise, and the women would rise and follow her out, leaving the men to the port and the brandy. Aunt Ida got cross if Uncle Oswald kept the men too long in the dining room, and when they joined the ladies, there was conversation—often witty and sparkling—led by Aunt Ida, who was a mistress of that art, and mistress, too, of the art not only of putting people at ease but of filling them with confidence and persuading them to show a talent for conversation that they might have been unaware they possessed. At ten-fifteen, a footman would come in, carrying a huge silver tray on which were bottles, and tall, narrow cut-glass tumblers, and a silver pot of camomile tea for Aunt Ida.

When I was there alone, or with my husband and no other guests, the evening routine was exactly the same. Uncle Oswald would offer me his arm to take me to dinner. We would walk along the hall and into the dining room, where, on a summer night, we could see, through the wide windows, the green, rolling country dotted with trees, and the fields enclosed by low stone walls—all of it belonging to Uncle Oswald. Afterward, we would sit in the library or what was called "the small green drawing room," and there would be conversation. Aunt Ida did not play cards or knit or do needlework. Neither did she play the piano; she wasn't in the least musical. Her interest was centered in books and art and history, and people. She had a great feeling



"All right, let's clam up, everybody. Here comes another expedition."

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for the past, and she could bring it alive, for she saw it through the characters and the personalities of the men and women who had made it memorable. Often, in the middle of the discussion, she would rise from her chair and look for a book to verify a fact. Uncle Oswald was not as erudite as she, but he had a shrewd and balanced judgment of character, and of the events of his own times, and, having lived so long, he had a priceless fund of anecdotes about men and women of renown.

I particularly enjoyed hearing Aunt Ida talk about her life in the Edwardian era—to be precise, in the period between 1900 and 1914, which is loosely called the Edwardian era. She would speak of the London season and Ascot, and of country-house parties where practical jokes had been regular pastimes and amateur theatricals the rage. These had been done on a lavish scale, and very often professional actors and actresses had been engaged to coach the performers. Because of this practice, she had known all the leading actors and actresses of that day: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Frank Benson, and a pair whom I will call Sir Richard Grant-Ward and his wife, Estelle Milvane, who were still—when I was a frequent visitor at the house—her friends. She called Sir Richard "Dick"—"dear Dick." She had a small painting of him, which showed his Apollo profile above the sombre doublet of Hamlet, in her sitting room in the tower.

ALTHOUGH Richard Grant-Ward had been knighted, I don't think he was ever considered a great actor—one who drew London audiences as others did. Aunt Ida said his loyalty to his wife, and her insistence that she, and no other actress, should play opposite him, ruined his career. But he must have done a great deal to bring Shakespeare to a wide audience in the provinces, and in Australia and Canada. I remember his having annual farewell tours when I was about ten or eleven years old. His Hamlet I am a bit dim about (I was, of course, too young to be a judge), but I remember his wife's Ophelia as an old lady in a voluminous nightdress and a blond wig. I was also taken to see him play Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar," and I have never forgotten his pronunciation. "*Fare* him not, Caesar, he's not *darn*-gerous. He is a *nor*-bel *Ror*-man and well given." But Aunt Ida loved him and his wife, good actors or not, and tenderly she would say, "Poor dears, they never succeeded in saving very much for their retirement."

Aunt Ida was very much interested in occult matters, and claimed to be psychic. She did, I know, have curious premonitions sometimes, which simply couldn't be accounted for. Twice in her life something had told her not to make a journey by train, and each time an accident had occurred to the train she would have travelled by. And through one of her psychic turns she and Uncle Oswald came to have the Grant-Wards as their wartime guests.

The house being in such an isolated part of the country, the advent of the war made practically no difference there at first. The butler was too old for war service, one of the footmen was unfit, and the place of the third was taken by a sixteen-year-old boy. None of the women servants showed any inclination to volunteer, and conscription of women did not come until much later. As there were three cars, a station wagon, and a van for household shopping, there were plenty of petrol coupons. Uncle Oswald did, however, buy a radio, which he and Aunt Ida had previously refused to have. He sat close to it during all news programs, wishing, he said, that he were not so old and that he could be "in it." He had fought as a cavalry officer in the South African war, and although too old to do the same thing in the First World War, he had managed to get to France as a liaison officer. The bombing of London greatly distressed him. It made him feel impotent, he said, unable to hit back.

Aunt Ida's psychic turn occurred when the London blitz was at its height. Early one morning, she woke repeating the name of the Grant-Wards. "The Grant-Wards," she kept saying. "The Grant-Wards are in danger." She picked up her bedside telephone and put in a call to their London number. After an interminable time, Sir Richard answered. The connection was very weak, and Aunt Ida had to shout. How were they? Were they all right? They were all right, she heard him say, in a faraway voice, but they had had a terrible night and Estelle was prostrate. "Come!" Aunt Ida shouted. "Come to us, dear Dick! Come up here to us, at once."

They came. They arrived the evening of the following day, after a slow and cold ten-hour journey by train, with sixty-four pieces of luggage. A good deal of it consisted of enormous dress hampers, such as they would have taken on tour to carry their various costumes. They also brought with them Sir Richard's old dresser, Billy, and Lady Grant-Ward's old dresser, Evie.

There was a part of the house known as the bachelors' wing. It consisted of an upstairs corridor with a number of bedrooms and two bathrooms opening off it. It was reached by a separate staircase, and, as its name implies, it was where single male guests usually slept. All the rooms were far less ornate than those in the main part of the house, but they were very cozy nevertheless. It was there that Aunt Ida put the Grant-Wards and Billy and Evie. She turned one bedroom into a comfortably furnished sitting room, and she bought a radio for them. She thought they could feel independent there, being able to come and go as they liked. To help further this feeling of independence, she resolved never to enter that wing unless she was invited, and the whole time they were there—about twelve months—they never did invite her. She was a bit worried to start with over how Billy and Evie would hit it off with the servants, but they proved to be a terrific success.

Billy was a typical red-nosed comedian of the old school of London music-hall entertainers. He was completely bald, and he wore a cloth cap on his head most of the time, even in the house. He had begun his career as a callboy, and then he'd gone into vaudeville. Too old for that—or perhaps never quite original enough—he had drifted into various jobs connected with the theatre until finally he became a dresser, first to a matinée idol, now long forgotten, who died of drink, and then to Sir Richard.

Almost every day, Billy went to the village, five miles off, where there were a few shops and a post office, or to the nearest town, twelve miles away. Whenever the station wagon or the van was going to either, Billy got a lift in it. Other times, he walked down the long drive to the road and either thumbed a lift or walked a couple of miles and caught a bus. Once at his destination, he would visit a few shops, and when he'd done that, he would settle down in a pub until it was time to go back, meanwhile getting into a state that Beacham spoke of as "nicely, thank you."

Evie was a little, virile woman with a pale, wrinkled face and beady eyes. She, too, had been on the music-hall stage once, but in a very refined act. Dressed as a Tudor lady, and accompanied by a piano, she had recited passages from Shakespeare and little verses by the lesser Elizabethan poets, such as:

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true.

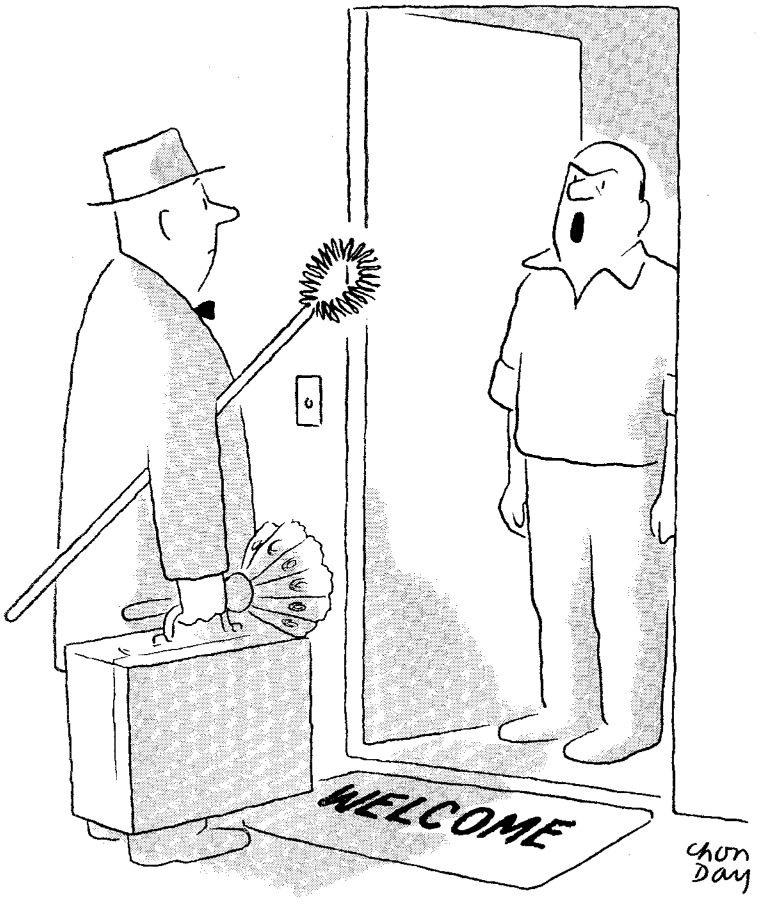
This, when spoken in a quavering voice in the servants' hall, brought tears to the eyes of the younger housemaids.

Sir Richard and Lady Grant-Ward had been at the house nine months when, after my husband had gone to the Middle East, I went there for a week's visit in July. Coming from the south—from London—I felt almost as if I were stepping back into another age. Everything was just as it had always been. Uncle Oswald still mixed the dry Martinis in the library—after the six-o'clock news, now—and then we all went up to our rooms to change for dinner. There was sherry before dinner, which was announced by the butler. Uncle Oswald gave his arm to Lady Grant-Ward, and Aunt Ida took Sir Richard's. I walked alone, between the two couples.

If I had been old enough to remember Richard Grant-Ward and Estelle Milvane in their prime, I would surely have been shocked. Sir Richard did his best to conceal his age by dyeing his still wavy hair, but he had been a tall man, and now he had shrunk pitiably. There were pouches under his dark eyes and deep lines in his cheeks, though his celebrated profile was still fine. Poor little Lady Grant-Ward's periwinkle-blue eyes had begun to fail, and, as she wouldn't wear glasses, she had to be helped everywhere, lest the perilously high heels on her astonishingly tiny feet should make her trip. To me, who, years before, had thought her an old woman wearing a voluminous nightdress and a blond wig, she looked much the same, except that she now wore a shapeless, trailing dress of chiffon, and a long velvet cape, in pale rainbow colors.

It was a cold summer, and Sir Richard felt the cold. I would see him, clad in a worn old fur-lined overcoat and wearing an old wide-brimmed black felt hat, sitting shivering in a patch of sun, or in the unheated conservatory. Aunt Ida, who loved dear Dick best, told me that poor Estelle had always been incredibly stupid, and hadn't the brains of a hen. I must admit we were all rather startled when, one Sunday at luncheon, she said to an admiral, who had driven over from the seaport where his base was, that this was such a dull war, and the last war had been such a jolly one. She explained how jolly the other war had been, when she and her husband toured the front in France and entertained the brave boys.

The last evening I spent at the house that July was like all the others. After dinner, Aunt Ida and Lady Grant-Ward and I left Uncle Oswald and Sir



"Beat it!"

MUSIC IN VENICE

Dismiss the instruments that for your pleasure
Have played allegro all through Italy.
Pay the musicians. Even let the poet
Have part his pay.
For there is Venice—floating, and suspended
From purple ropes. Dismiss the music school!
Here anyone at all can play the fool
In his own way.

Then thread the labyrinth of narrow streets,
Bridges, canals, windows of lace and glass,
High lattices that spill the scent of almonds.
And the Minotaur
That lurks in this maze is Love. An Aschenbach
Round every corner is pursuing Eros.
"Love!" cry the naked offspring of the heroes
On the wet stone floor.

It's night in the Piazza. Lighted space
Burns like your brandy. Violins and brass
Play waltzes, fox trots. On a cloud, St. Mark's
Winged lion perches;
High palaces go sailing to the moon,
Which, as advertised, is perfectly clear.
The lovers rise, moon-struck, and whisper their
Arrivedercis.

A prince of Venice, tangled in the eyes
Of a young courtesan, once staged a masque,
"The Banishment of Love." A boy like Eros
Was rowed in chains,
Weeping, down the canal. The merchant's Venice
Splintered the Turk and swept him from her shores.
But Eros came, Eros with many oars,
And Eros reigns.

Venice, the city built on speculation,
Still stands on it. Love sails from India
And Sweden—every hanging cloud pours out
A treasure chest.
It's love on the Rialto, news of love,
That gives Antonio his golden life,
Even to Envy, sharpening a knife,
His interest.

—Louis Simpson

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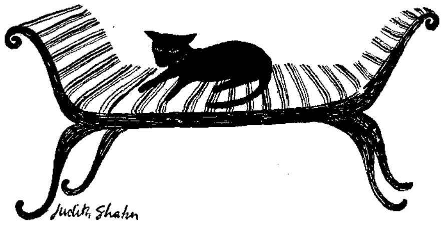
Richard with the port and the brandy, and they joined us a little later, for conversation. At ten-fifteen, a footman brought in the drinks and Aunt Ida's camomile tea. At eleven, or thereabouts, Aunt Ida indicated that it was time for bed. You always had to wait for her to do this, the way one must wait for royalty. I never dared confess to tiredness and a desire for early bed in that house. In Aunt Ida's view—possibly it was a view shared by all of her generation and upbringing—if you were tired you did not come down to dinner at all; you had it in your room. If you were well enough to come down, then you were well enough to see the evening out as your hostess wished.

Saying good night, Sir Richard, in a courtly gesture, bowed low over my hand, and Uncle Oswald bowed similarly over Lady Grant-Ward's. Aunt Ida kissed them both. I noticed how shiny the silk lapels of Sir Richard's dinner jacket were, and how frayed they were at the edges; how tattered Lady Grant-Ward's evening finery was, how discolored and stained, in places, her long velvet cape. And I was deeply moved to think that they had found sanctuary there, with such attention and comfort and luxury.

THE Grant-Wards would probably have remained there until they died—which they did in 1944, within three months of each other—if, in October, 1941, the government had not commandeered the house for use as a military hospital. Aunt Ida and Uncle Oswald were given six weeks' notice to vacate it. They took the news very well. Beacham said, "I think they'll both be happier to get nearer to things. It's got a bit quiet up here." They bought a smaller house in Hampshire, and before they left the house in the north, the Grant-Wards went off, with Billy and Evie, to lodge somewhere in Surrey.

I had left some family treasures with Aunt Ida when my husband went to the Middle East, and I made a trip north to arrange for them to be stored elsewhere. I arrived in the evening of the day the Grant-Wards departed. The following day, Aunt Ida and Beacham and I had a look at what had been their sitting room. Housemaids had already been busy, and the slipcovers of the sofas and chairs had been ripped off to be sent to the cleaners, and the curtains had been taken down. Although the room had been thoroughly dusted and swept, and the windows were wide open, there was a very definite smell.



"What on earth can it be?" Aunt Ida asked.

"Fish," I said. I thought it was cooking fat, too—something rather penetrating—but fish predominated.

Aunt Ida said that it *couldn't* be fish, up there. Just then, one of the menservants came to tell her that someone wanted to speak to her on the telephone. She went away and left me there with Beacham.

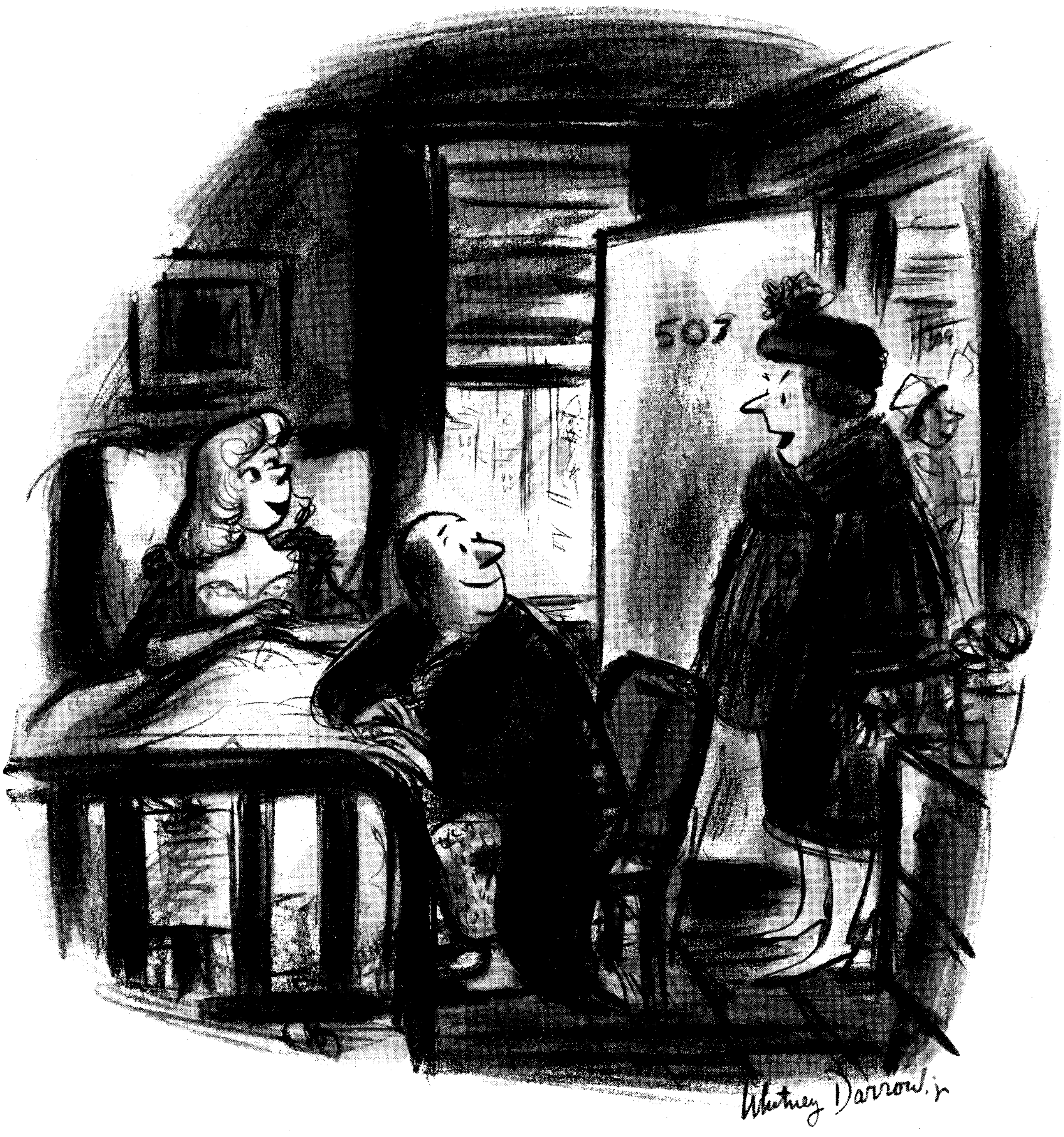
Beacham was a Devonshire woman, with a roses-and-cream complexion and a deep, slow voice. She had been Aunt Ida's personal maid for twenty-two years. "Yes," she said when Aunt Ida had gone. "It is fish, all right. They had a frying pan, and they used to cook in here. I didn't dare ever tell Madam. But you know how often Billy used to go shopping?"

I nodded.

"That was what he went to buy. It was kippers, usually. But when he couldn't get kippers, he'd get sausages, and he'd coax a bit of cooking fat out of Chef, and Evie would cook it for them over the fire in here, and they'd sit down in their dressing gowns and eat it, and drink stout with it."

I said, "You mean Billy and Evie did this?"

"No, Madam," Beacham said. "Sir Richard and Her Ladyship. Every night, when they got up here after being



"If you're well enough to go around cheering, you're well enough to come home."

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with the master and Madam downstairs, Billy and Evie would help them out of their clothes, and put on their dressing gowns, and Evie would cook the kippers over the fire, and they'd have them on that little table. They'd brought some of their plates and knives and forks with them, in all that luggage, and Evie would do the washing-up in the bathroom."

I was astounded. I couldn't believe it was possible that anyone would want to eat a kipper or a sausage after having dined in state with Uncle Oswald and Aunt Ida from eight o'clock until nine or nine-fifteen. "But, why?" I asked. "Why?"

"They've always done it, apparently," Beacham said. "All their lives, according to Billy. After a performance, he said. When they got home after a performance, they always had kippers or sausages."

"But they retired years ago," I said. "They weren't acting any more. They weren't giving performances here."

Beacham smiled. "That was what was so funny," she said. "I suppose it was a habit with them, and they thought they were still acting, or something. And Billy must have thought so, because he said it *was* a performance here, seven nights a week. What could he have meant, do you think?"

I said, untruthfully, that I had no idea. —SUSAN GILLESPIE

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The State flag's motto is "Sic Semper Tyrannis (Down With Tyranny)."
—*Washington (D.C.) Star.*

Just give the Latin, please.

THE LIVING

"HOW many dead people do you know?" said Mickser suddenly.

Immediately, painfully, I felt my answer would show me once more inferior to him. He was eight and I was a year younger. "Do you mean ghosts?" I said slowly, to gain time.

We were sitting one on each post of the big gate at the schoolhouse that was down on the main road.

"No," said Mickser, "I mean corpses."

"But don't they get buried?" I cried.

"They're not buried for three days," said Mickser scathingly. "They have to be scrubbed and laid out and waked. You're not allowed to keep them any longer than that, though, because their eyes go like this," and he put his hands up to his eyes and drew down the lower lids to show the inner lids swimming with watery blood. "They rot," he explained.

"Mind would you fall!" said I hastily, thinking he might let go his eyelids if he had to steady himself on the gatepost.

We were sitting there watching the cars coming home from the Carlow and Kerry football finals. But it wasn't much fun. Cars were going past in plentiful numbers, all right, but spaced out fairly on the road, and moving nearly as slow as a funeral. As Mickser said, it was only the family man that came home straight after a match. The real followers didn't come home till night—or near morning, maybe.

"The sport is when the drunks are coming home," Mickser said. "Passing each other out on the roads—on the corners, mind! But your mammy wouldn't let a little fellow like you stay out long enough for that."

It was only too true. It was a wonder she'd let me down to the road at all. She had a terrible dread of danger, my mammy. "You can go down to the schoolhouse and look at the cars coming home if you're careful. And mind yourself!" she said to me. "Keep well in from the road! And wait a minute. Don't sit up on that high wall, the way I saw you doing once."

That was why we were up on the gateposts, although they were much higher than the wall. "Gateposts isn't walls," Mickser had said definitively.

That was Mickser all over. You could count on him to get you out of anything. But he could get you into anything, too. You never knew where a word would lead you with him. Still, this talk about dead people seemed safe enough.

"How many do you know, Mickser?" I asked, fearful but fascinated.

"Oh, I couldn't count them," said Mickser loftily. "I bet you don't know any at all."

"My grandfather's dead."

"How long is he dead?"

"He died the year I was born," I said. "On the very day after," I added importantly, having heard it told by my mother to many people.

"Bah!" said Mickser. "You can't count him. If you could, then you could count your great-grandfather, and your great-great-grandfather, and your great-great-great-grandfather, and—" He stopped enumerating them. "Sure, isn't the ground full of dead people that nobody knew?" He pointed down below us to where, through the nettles, the clay under the wall showed black and sour. "If you took up a spade this minute," he said, "and began digging down there, or anywhere, you'd be no time digging till you'd come on bones; somebody's bones! Oh, no!" He shook his head. "You can't count people you didn't *see* dead, like my Uncle Bat that was sitting up eating a boiled egg one minute and lying back dead the next minute. He's the best one on my list, though," he added magnanimously. "I saw him alive *and* dead. But most of them I only saw dead—like my two aunts that died within a week of each other. Everyone said it was a pity, if they had to go, it couldn't have been closer together, so they could have made the one wake of it. How many is that?" he asked. "How many have I now?"

"Only three," I said, and my heart rose. He mightn't be able to think of any more.

He looked at me severely. He was a bit of a mind reader, as well as everything else. "I wanted to pick out the good ones for first," he said.

That overwhelmed me altogether. "Ah, sure, Mickser," I said. "You needn't strain yourself thinking of good ones for one, because I never saw one at all. One of my aunts died a year ago, all right, and they had to take me to the funeral because they had no one to leave me with, but they wouldn't let me into the house till the funeral was ready to move off. They took it in turns to sit out in the car with me."

"And what was that for?" said Mickser, looking blankly at me.

"I don't know," I said in a grieved voice, but after a bit, in fairness to my mother and father, I felt obliged to hazard a reason for their behavior. "Maybe they thought I'd dream about it."

This seemed to give Mickser cause for profound reflection. We sat saying nothing for a long time. I was thinking back over it myself. "Not that it did much good keeping me outside," I said. "Because I dreamt about it all the same. I kept them up till morning, nightmaring about coffins and hearses!"

"Coffins and hearses?" Mickser repeated. "What was there about them to have you nightmaring? It's corpses that give people the creeps." He looked at me with genuine interest. "I wonder what way you'd take on if you saw a corpse," he said. And then he snapped his fingers. "I have it!" he said. "There's a wake in a cottage the other side of the town."

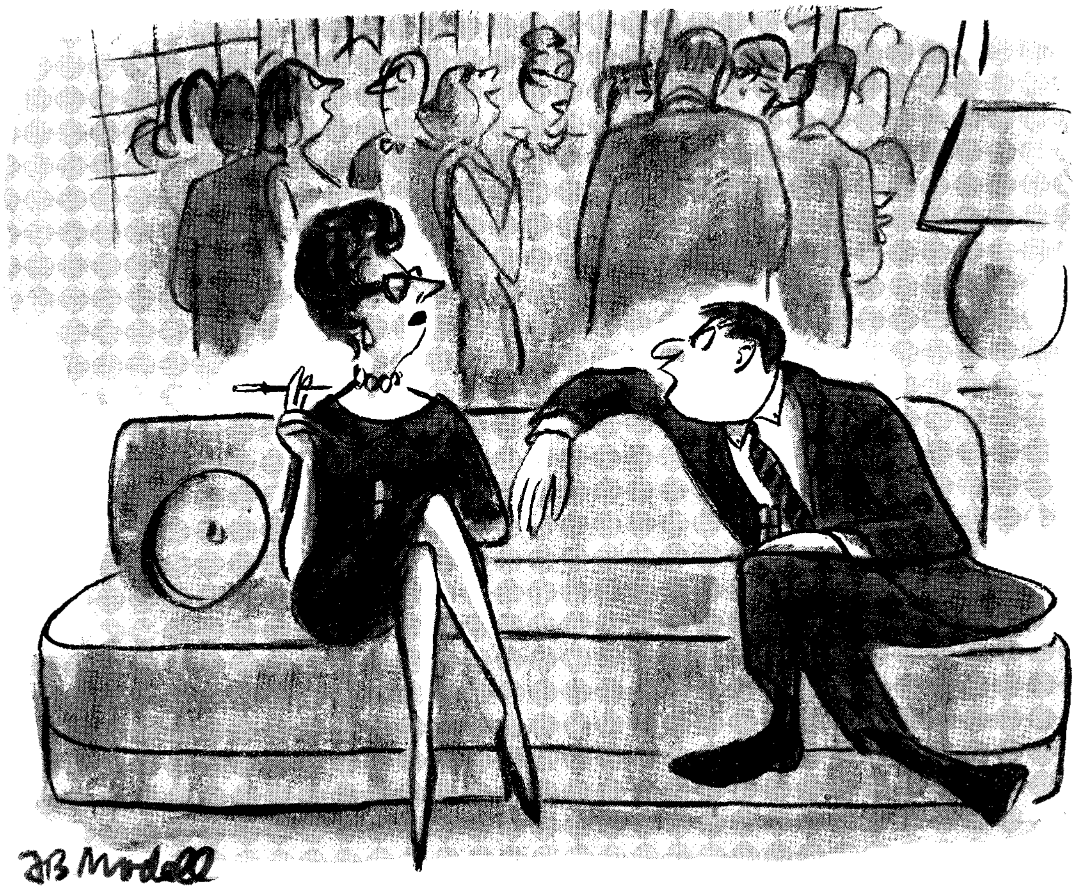
"Mind would you fall!" I cried—urgently this time, because of the way he was hopping about on his pants with excitement.

"Do you know the cottage I mean? It's at the level crossing. Do you know the woman in it—the one that opens and shuts the railway gates? Well, her man is dead."

"A big fellow with red hair, is it?"

"That's the one!" he cried. "She used to have him sitting outside the cottage most days, on a chair in the sun. He was a class of delicate ever since he was hit by the train." Deftly Mickser tapped his own pate. "Up here," he said. "He died this morning. Isn't it a bit of luck I was put in mind of it? But we'd want to get there quick," he said, taking one jump down off the gatepost, into the nettles and all, without minding them any more than if he was a dog. "Before the crowds," he said. "They'll be glad to see us no matter who we are if we're the first to come. They're always glad to see the first signs of people arriving after the cleaning and work they've been doing. And they love to see children above all—at first, that is to say. 'Look who we have here,' they say," he mimicked in a voice that nearly made myself fall off the post. " 'Bless their little hearts,' " he went on. " 'Come in, child,' they say, and they lead you inside, telling each other that there's no prayers like the prayers of a child. Up they bring you straight to the bed, and down they put you kneeling beside it where you can get a good gawk at everything. Oh, but it's a different story altogether, I can tell you, if you leave it till late in the evening. You haven't a chance of getting inside the door. 'Out of this with you, you little brats!' That's all you'd hear then. 'This is no place for children—out of it, now!' They'd take the yard brush to you if you didn't get yourself out of sight double quick. So we'd better get up there immediately," he said. "What are you waiting for?"

I was hanging back for more reasons than one. "I was told to stay here," I said.



"No woman I marry is going to have to give up her career."

• •

"You were told not to be climbing, too," said Mickser, as quick as a lawyer. "So you can't say you were doing what you were told anyway—not but that it's doing all you're told that has you the way you are this day, knowing nothing about anything. To think they wouldn't let you see your own aunt laid out! I know it wouldn't be me that would be done out of a thing like that. And what's more, you oughtn't to put up with it, either. You ought to tell them there'd be no nightmaring or carrying on about corpses if you were let get used to them like me. Are you coming, or are you not?"

IT was a sweet, mild afternoon as we set out for the edge of the town to where the level crossing was, and the small slate-roofed house to one side of it. It was very familiar to me when I was a bit smaller and my mother used to take me for a walk out of town into the country air. We often had to wait for the gates to be opened for us, although the train would have thundered past.

"What is the delay?" my mother would ask impatiently.

"I have to wait for the signals, ma'am," the woman in charge of the gates would say. "You can pass through the wicket gate if you like, ma'am, but that's none of my responsibility."

"Oh, we're not in a hurry," my mother would say hastily, doubtless to give me a good example of caution.

But there was no need. I had heard Mickser say he put a halfpenny on the line one day and the train made a penny out of it. I had no fancy for being flattened out to the size of a man. And anyway, I used to be very curious about the big white-faced man that would always be sitting in the little bit of garden on a chair—a chair brought out of the house, not one you'd leave outside, like we had in the garden at home.

"Do they take it in at night?" I asked once.

"Of course she does," said my mother in a shocked voice, but she must have thought I meant the man. "Please don't stare," she'd say to me. "Why do I have to keep telling you!"

Only when the gates were opened, and we were starting to cross over the rails, would she let on to see him for her part. It was always the same. "How is he today?" she'd ask the woman.

And the woman's answer was always the same, too. "Poorly." That's what she'd say. At times, though rarely, she'd add, "It's a great cross to me, but I suppose God knows what He's doing."

"We must hope so anyway," my mother would say to that, and she'd step over the rails more quickly, till we were on the other side. "How is it," she said testily to me when we were out of earshot, "those gates are always shut no matter what time of the day we want to pass?"

And now here, today, for the first time in my life, the railway gates were wide open.

"Do you think they might have forgot to close them, on account of the wake?" I said, hanging back nervously.

Mickser stood in the middle of the tracks and looked back at me. "God knows it's high time someone took you in hand," he said. "You're nothing but an old babby. What harm would it be if they did forget? Haven't you eyes? Haven't you ears? And if it comes to that, haven't you legs? Come on out of that!" But he slowed down himself, and looked up and down the line.

"WE'RE the first here," he said when we got to the cottage. He sized up the look of the little house expertly. "They're not finished yet," he said.

To me the house looked as if it had

been washed down from top to bottom, the way I was washed down myself every Saturday night, and the bit of garden outside it was the same, neatened and tidied, and the big stones that I used to remark around the flower beds, keeping back the clay from the grass, were whitewashed, every one of them. It was a treat—the stones bright white, and the clay bright black, with not one weed to be seen out of all the weeds there used to be everywhere. But the chair wasn't out.

"... and guess what he charged for this."

"We're too early," Mickser said, and he stepped suddenly over to the window that was to one side of the door, me at his heels. Being behind him, I couldn't see near so well, but I saw enough to open my mouth. Between white counterpanes and white tablecloths and white mantel cloths and white doilies, the place was got up like the chapel at Lady Day. And in the middle of it all, like the high altar, was a big bed with a counterpane as white and glossy as marble, and—

But Mickser didn't let me see any more. He pulled me away. "I don't think they're ready yet," he said. He seemed to be losing courage just as I was getting mine. He put his hands in his pockets, and sauntered toward the door. "There now, what did I tell you!" he cried as we only missed getting drenched to the skin by a big basin of slops that was sloshed out the door at that minute.

"Did you ever walk the railroad tracks?" he asked suddenly. And I knew he'd let up altogether on going to the wake.

"I'm not allowed walk on the tracks," I said. Anyway, I was bent on seeing the bed better, and what was on it. "Let me get a look in the window, at least," I said, and I skipped back over the flowers and pasted my face to the glass.

What did I expect to see? I don't know. Not the great gray man that was carved out on the bed, hard as stone, all but his red hair; that was real-looking, like the hair on a doll. "Eh, Mickser. Could you give me a leg-up on the window sill?" I cried, getting more and more curious and excited.

"Are you pots?" said Mickser. "If they came out and caught you up on that window sill, you'd be clouted out of here with one of those stones."

"A true word if ever there was one!" said a voice at that moment, and a thin bit of a woman in black came round the gable end with her sleeves rolled up and no smile on her, I can tell you. "Out of here with you!" she shouted. "This is no place for you!" Just the very thing Mickser said wouldn't be said to us.

But before we had time to get out of the flower bed, another woman came running out of the front door—the woman herself that used to have charge of the crossing gates. "It's not right to send anyone from the door of a deadhouse," she said dully.

"Hush now, they're only gossoons," said the other one.

"He was only a gossoon, too, in the latter end," said our woman. "Only a child—that was what the priest said to me many a time. Not that I had much chance of knowing what a real child is like! Sure, we were no length married when he was struck by the train. I never thought on our wedding day that he'd be all the babby I'd ever have!"

"There now! There now!" said the other one. "Isn't it better God took him before yourself, anyway."

"I used to pray He would," said the woman. "But now I'm not so sure. Wasn't it the unnatural thing to have to pray for, anyway? Doesn't every woman pray for the opposite—to die before them and not be left a lonesome widda-woman. Ah, wasn't it a hard thing to be one year praying God to send you a man, and the next praying to have him taken. Oh, it's little you know about it."

She was getting a bit wild-looking, and the other woman began dragging at her to get her back into the house. "Hush now, you'll feel different when time goes on."

"Will I?" said the woman, looking wonderingly at the other one. "I'll feel different, maybe, sometimes when I look at the clock and have to pull off my apron and run out to throw back the gates. I'll feel different, maybe, when some woman stops to have a word with me, or when I have to take the jug and go down the road for a cup of milk. But in the middle of the night, or first thing when the jackdaws start screaming in the chimney and wake me out of my sleep, will I feel different then? And what if I do forget?" she cried, suddenly pulling her arm free. "I'll have nothing at all then! It will be like as if I never had him at all." She put her hand up to her head at that and began brushing her hair back from her forehead.

Stepping behind her back, the woman that wanted to be rid of us signalled at us to make off with ourselves, but it was too late. The dead man's wife started forward and caught us by the hands. "We must make the most of every minute we have him!" she cried. "Come inside and see him." She pushed us in the doorway.

"Kneel down and say a prayer for him," she commanded, pushing us down on our knees, but her voice was wonderfully gentle now where it had been wild. "It's many a day since he was able to pray for himself," she said softly. "I used to long for him to be able to say one little prayer, and I was always trying to recall them to his mind, but he couldn't recall a word of them. When he'd be sitting out in the sun on his chair, I used to show him the flowers and remind him God made them. And do you know all he'd say?" She gave a little laugh before she told us. " 'Who's that fellow?' he'd say. And he'd look round to see if He was behind him! But the priest said God wouldn't heed him; he said He'd make allowances for him."

I was half listening. When she had us kneel down, I put my hands up to my face and I started to say my prayers, but after a minute or two I opened my fingers and took a look out through them at the man on the bed. Why was she saying he was like a child? He was a man if ever I saw one! Just then the woman swooped down on me. She saw me looking at him. I thought she might be mad with me, but it was the opposite.

"If only he could see you here now beside him," she said. She leaned across me and began to stroke his hands. "Here's two nice little boys come to see you!" she said, and then her eyes got very bright and wild again. "He never had a soul come into the house to see him in twenty years. He never had another human being but one as much as put out a hand and touch him—isn't that a lonely thing to think? Him that was so friendly before his accident that he knew every man on the whole line, even to the engine drivers and stokers. He knew them all by their names. And as for the passengers! Do you know what? Look out at that garden. Every twig in it was grown from a shoot or a cutting thrown out to him in a paper parcel by somebody that got to know him shuttling back and forth past the gates! Oh, there never was such a man for making friends! And to think it's twenty years since anyone shook him by the hand. Oh, isn't it a queer world?"

It was indeed, I thought. I wonder would it be any use me shaking hands with him now, I thought, and it might be she saw the thought in my eyes.

"Would it be asking too much of you to stroke his hand?" she said, and then, as if she had settled it in her own mind that it wouldn't be asking much at all, she got very excited. "Stand up, like good boys," she said, "and stroke his hands. No, wait a minute!" she cried, and she got another idea, and she delved her hand into her pocket. "How would you like to comb his hair?" she cried.

I was nearer to the head of the bed than Mickser, but Mickser was nearer to her than me, and I couldn't be sure which of us she meant. I wanted above all to be polite, and I stood up, so as to be ready in case it was me she meant. She was taking a few big red hairs off the comb. Mickser stood up, too, but it was only to give me a shove out of his way.

"Let me out of here!" he shouted, and, putting the woman and me to either side of him, he bolted for the door. The next minute he was flying across the tracks.

AND me after him. I told you I wanted to be polite to the people, the dead one included, but after all it was Mickser brought me, and it wouldn't be very polite to him to stay on after him. Not that he showed any appreciation.

I was full of talk. "Well! I have one for my list anyway now," I said cheerfully.

"I suppose you have," he said—kind of grudgingly, I thought—and then he nearly spoiled it all on me. "That one oughtn't to count, by rights," he said. "He wasn't all in it when he was alive; he was sort of dead all along." He tapped his pate again, as he did the first time. "Up here!" he added.

I thought about that for a minute. "He looked all in it there on the bed!" I said.

But Mickser didn't seem to take well to talking about him at all. "Come on back to the main road," he said. "The cars are coming along now. Can't you hear them? Some of those boyos have a few jars in them, I'd say, in spite of the wives. Come on!"

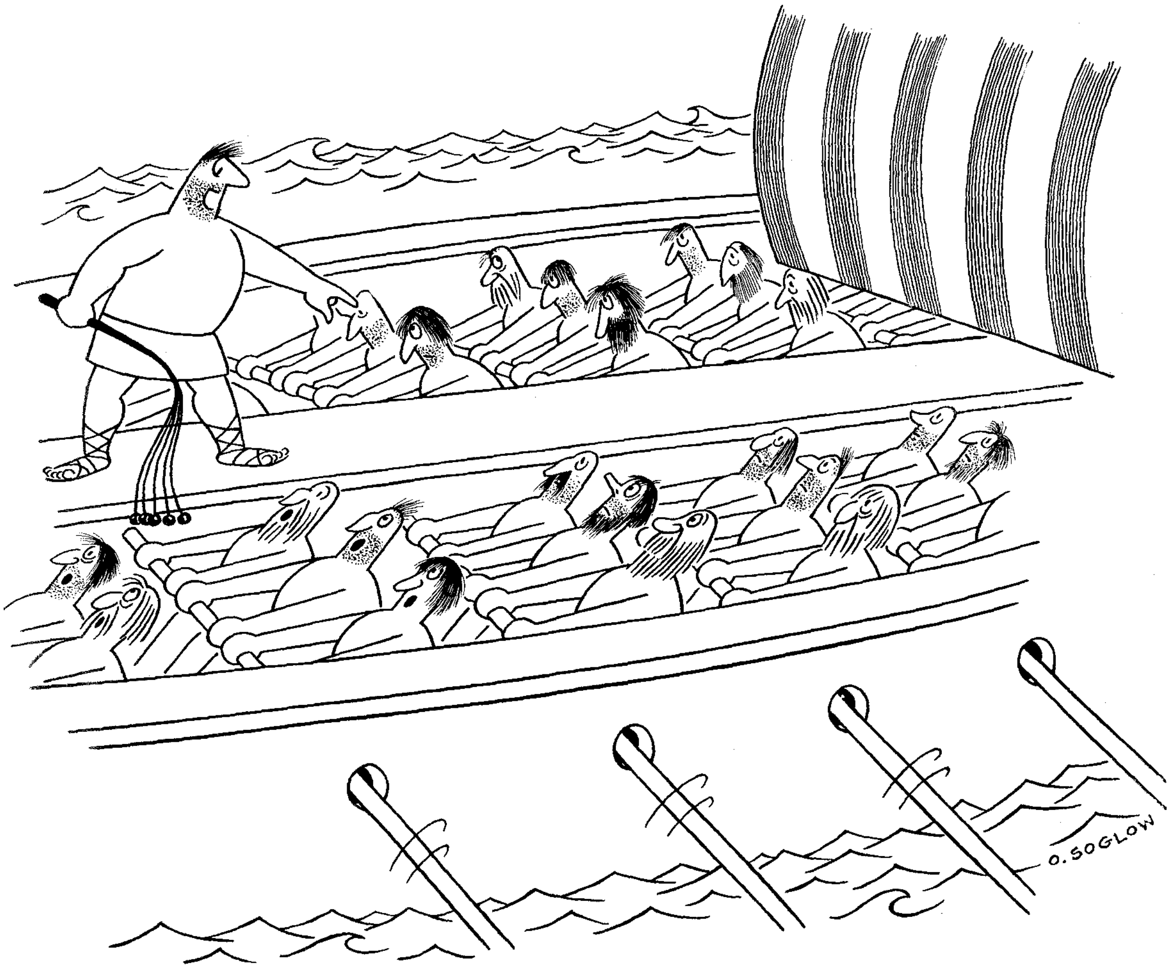
"Ah, you can go and watch them yourself," I said. "I'm going home."

The truth was I was too excited to sit on any wall for long. I wanted to go home because there were a few things I'd like to find out from Mother, if I could bring the talk around to the topic of corpses without letting on where I got the information I had already.

As I ran off from Mickser across the fields for home, I felt that I was a new man, and I felt sure they would all notice a change in me when I went into the house. The next time there was a funeral, there would be no need to leave me sitting out in a car.

"WIPE your feet, son!" my mother cried out to me through the open door of the kitchen the minute I came in sight. "Not that you'd be the only one to put tracks all over the place," she said, and I could see what she meant, because there in the middle of the floor was my brother's old bike, upended, with the wheels in the air, and he busy mending a puncture. Or was it my father she meant? Because he was sitting the other side of the fire, with his feet in a basin of water.

It must have been my father she meant, because she lit on him just then. "This is no place for washing your feet," she said. "There's a fire inside



"Now you fellows come in—'Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream . . .'"

in the parlor. Why don't you go in there and wash them? I haven't got room to turn around with you all."

"The parlor is no place for washing feet," said my father quietly, and he pointed to the bike in the middle of the floor. "When that fellow's done with that bike, you'll be glad to have a bit of water on the floor to swish out the mess he'll have made. Why don't you make him take it out in the yard?"

My mother sighed. She was always sighing, but they weren't the kind of sighs you'd heed. They were caused by something we'd done on her, but they were sighs of patience, if you know what I mean, and not complaint.

"It's a bit cold outside," she said. "Here, you, son," she said, turning to me. She picked up my satchel and shoved it under my arm. "Let you set a good example and go into the parlor and do your homework there by the nice fire."

But I wasn't going into the empty parlor.

"Dear *knows!* I don't know why I waste my time lighting that fire every day and none of you ever set foot in there until it's nearly night. I only wish I could go in and sit by it. Then I'd leave you the kitchen and welcome."

But I think she knew well that if she was to go in there that minute, it wouldn't be many minutes more till we'd all be in there along with her, myself and my satchel, and my father with his feet in the basin, and the old bike as well, if it could be squeezed in at all between the piano and the chiffonier and all the other big, useless pieces of furniture that were kept in there out of the way.

"Ah, sure aren't we all right here!" said my father. "Where we can be looking at you?"

"You must have very little worth looking at if you want to be looking at me," said my mother, in a sort of voice I knew well; it sounded cross but couldn't be, because she always stretched up when she spoke like that, so she'd see into the little mirror on the mantelshelf, and she always smiled at what she saw in the glass. And well she might. She was a pretty woman, my mother, and never more so than when we were all around her in the kitchen, annoying her and making her cheeks red with the fuss of keeping us in order.

"Mind would you catch your finger in the spokes of that wheel!" she cried just then to my brother.

"Mind would you catch your hair in it, my girl," said Father, because as the kettle boiled and the little kitchen got full of steam, her hair used to loosen and lop around her face like a girl's. And he caught ahold of her as if to pull her back from the bike.

"Let go of me!" she cried. "Will you never get sense?"

"I hope not," said my father. "And what is more, I don't want you to get too much of it, either," he said.

"Oh, go on with you and your old talk, before the boys and all!" she cried, and she tried to drag herself free.

"She's not as strong as her tongue would have us believe, boys," said my father, tightening his hold. And then he laughed. "You'll never be the man I am!" he said, and this time it was my mother herself that giggled.

That very minute, in the middle of tricking and laughing, my father's face changed, and it was as if he wasn't holding her for fun at all but the way he'd hold us if he had something against us.

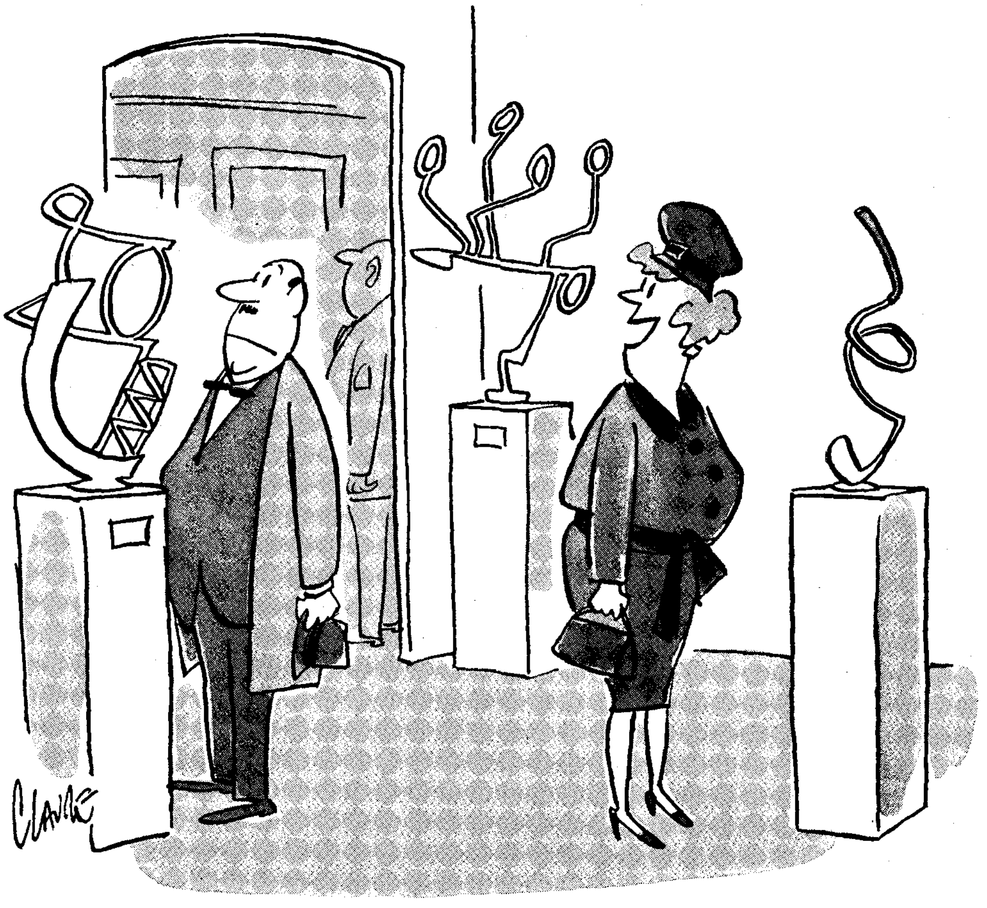
"You're feeling all right these days, aren't you?" he cried. "You'd tell me if you weren't, wouldn't you?" And then he let her go and put his hands up to his head. "Oh, my God, what would I do if anything happened to you!" he said.

"Such talk!" said my mother again, but her voice sounded different, too. And although she was free, she didn't ask to move away but stood there beside him, with such a sad look on her face I wanted to cry.

And I knew I couldn't pester her with questions about the poor fellow at the level crossing. But I thought about him. And I thought of the words of the prayers we said every night, ". . . the living and the dead . . ." Over and over we'd said them, night after night, and I never had paid any heed. But I suddenly felt that they were terrible, terrible words, and if we were to be kneeling down at that moment saying them, I couldn't bear it; I'd start nightmaring there and then, in the middle of them all, with the lamps lit, and it not dark.

The kettle began to spit on the range, and my mother ran over and lifted it back from the blaze. "How about us taking our tea in the parlor?" she cried. "All of us. The kitchen is no fitter than the back yard with you!"

And in the excitement I forgot all about the living and the dead. For a long time. —Mary Lavin



"Here's one you'll understand."

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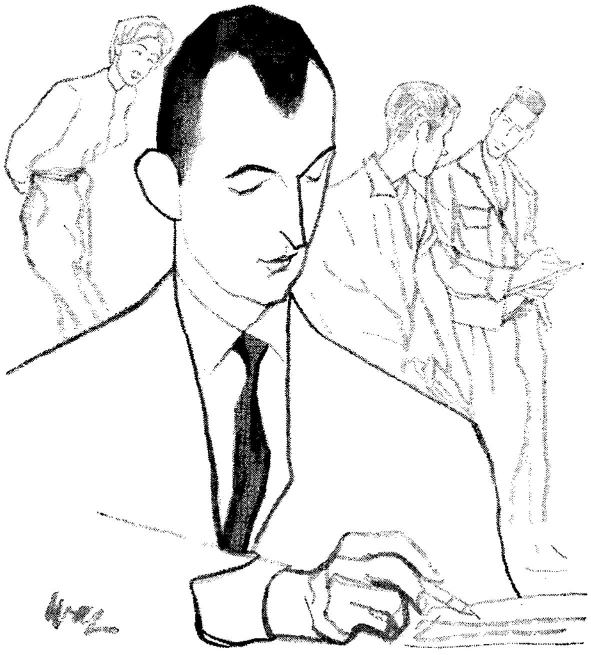
Hostess over 25, neat & trim, must have good clothes off at 10 p.m. $200 mo. and food. Dolores Restaurant 33 NE 23.
—*Oklahoma City Oklahoman.*

No room for misunderstanding, anyway.

PROFILES

A CASTE, A CULTURE, A MARKET—I



Eugene Gilbert

IN 1947, a knowing, energetic, self-confident young Chicagoan named Eugene Gilbert came to New York to make his fortune. He wasn't starting cold; some two years earlier, at not quite nineteen, he had invented a business, and in practically no time it was earning him ten thousand dollars a year. What he had to sell was information, based on interviews conducted by agents scattered around the country, concerning the tastes and behavior of a new American caste—the teenagers. While Gilbert was still in high school, he had begun to grasp two propositions: that his contemporaries had a style of life that was fast becoming *sui generis*, and that manufacturers and merchants, practically all of whom labored under the disadvantage of being adults, were losing sales because they were ignorant of this special world. The propositions may have been simple, but Gilbert was the first to think of them—or, at any rate, act on them. By his second year in college, he had set up the Gil-Bert Teen Age Services (the hyphen was a typographical error, but he appropriated it at once, because it struck him as very sharp), with branch offices in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, and Rochester. There was a certain amount of bluff in these branches; Gilbert's much more extensive operation today gets along with only one branch, which his sister runs, in Chicago. But the basic idea was both original and sound, and so was a corollary idea that Gilbert introduced—to have teenagers do the interviewing, on the theory that other teenagers would talk more freely to their coevals than to adults. This, too, seems obvious now, but it didn't then.

Gilbert, who, at thirty-two, retains a collegiate look, has made the fortune he came to New York to seek. He puts his annual gross income at between five hundred thousand and a million dollars. This is brought in by four enterprises: Gilbert Youth Research, Gilbert Youth Promotions, Gilbert Campus Surveys, and Eugene Gilbert & Co., which keeps an eye on the activities of the other three. The "& Co." is rhetoric, Gilbert being the sole owner, mainspring, brain, and dynamo. The clients to whom he has sold his special sort of information have included Esso gas, Borden's milk, the magazine *Seventeen*, Simplicity dress patterns, Hollywood V-ette Vassarette brassières, Mars candy, Hires soft drinks, Van Heusen shirts, Wide World Photos, the American Newspaper Publishers Association, and Royal typewriters. They have also included the United States Army, for which, in 1947, he made a study of high-school seniors that showed security to be more attractive to youth just then than see-the-world adventure, and thereby inspired some unknown genius of the concise to come up with a new recruiting slogan—"Retire at 37!" For the last two years, the Associated Press has bought from Gilbert a weekly column of teenage opinion called "What Young People Think," and some three hundred newspapers now print it. There are a few other firms in the teenage-research-and-promotion field, but they are small and not comparable to Gilbert's, which has maintained a near-monopoly for the thirteen years of its existence.

In 1946, Gilbert jitterbugged up to potential customers this way:

> You want copy that talks to the guys and gals in their own language? We can write it for you! You want fresh ideas, groovy stuff? We can turn it out! . . . Our consultant board undoubtedly consists of the best-informed teenagers in their respective schools. Their knowledge plus our statistical information is definitely a terrific combo!

In 1957, in a book he wrote called "Advertising and Marketing to Young People," he paced a more dignified measure:

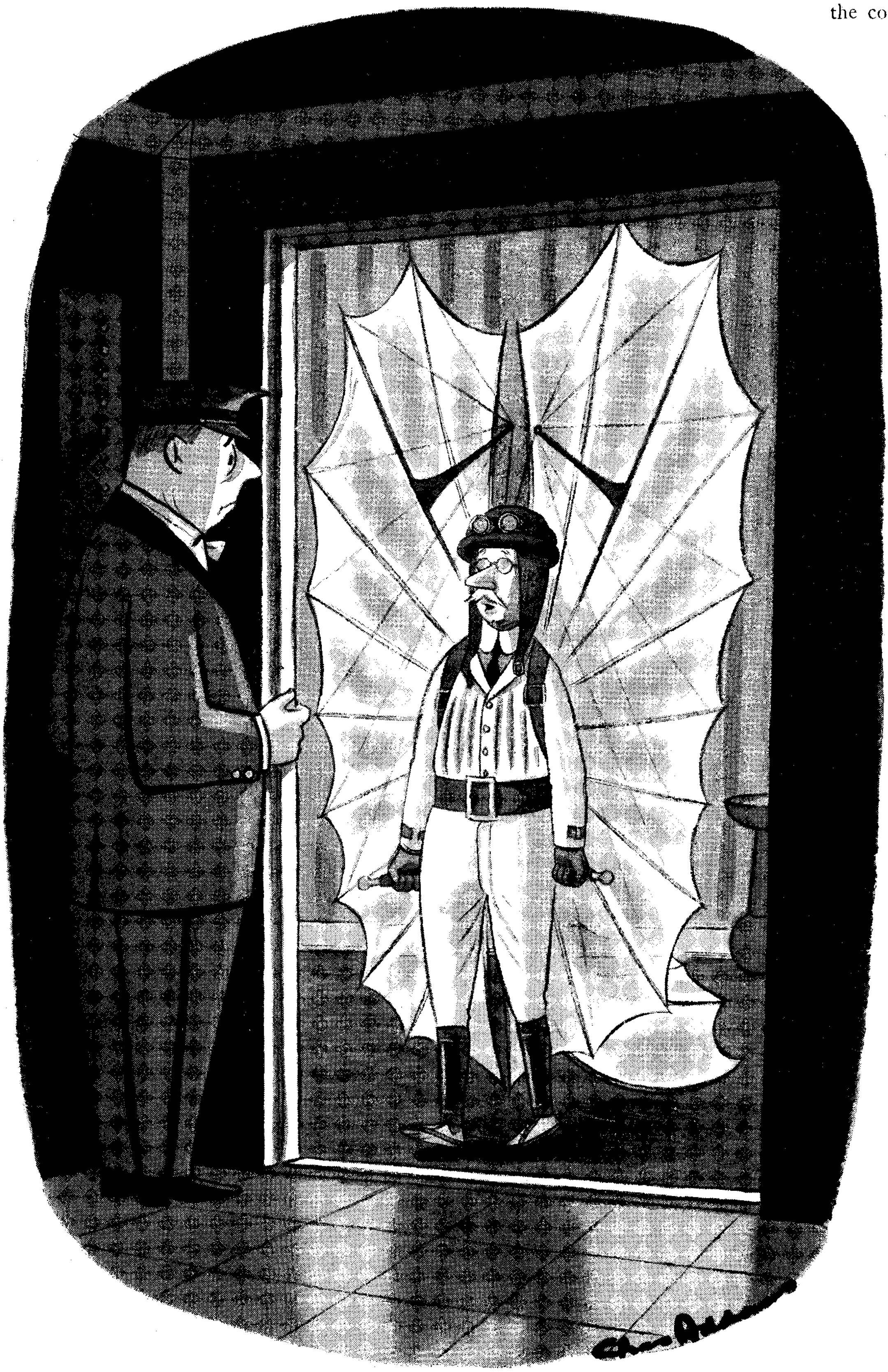
> We have tried to present material . . . that will be of importance in the over-all planning of advertising and marketing strategy.
>
> The youth market is of enormous value to industry and reaching it is essential. Every year this market has many billions to spend on itself. It represents another great financial potential to manufacturers because of its influence upon the purchases of the adult market.

The style has sobered, the prose is more stately, but the point is the same—that there is now a special youth market, and that people with things to sell had better become aware of it. This new market, one might point out, is part of a much larger development.

WE have always had pubescents and adolescents. The first group consists of children who have arrived at puberty; that is, the age at which a person becomes capable of procreation—in common law presumed to be twelve in the female and fourteen in the male. Adolescents are those in transit from puberty to maturity, a journey that is much longer than most people realize; according to both the Oxford and the American College dictionaries, girls don't complete it until their twenty-first birthday and boys don't complete it until their twenty-fifth. But now we also have something quite different; namely, teenagers—not just children growing into adults but a sharply differentiated part of the population. Nationally, they are a special-interest group, like the farm bloc or organized labor. Psychologically, they are as baffling to the lay adult as if they were in the grip of a severe neurosis. Sociologically, they form a sub-culture, like the Pueblo Indians. ("So extreme is this gap between generations in some instances that parents and their adolescent children literally represent sub-cultures," writes Dr. Robin M. Williams, Jr., in a book called "American Society," and Professor Ralph England, of the University of Illinois, recently remarked that "teenagers live in a world of their own with a culture distinctly different from any other known to man.") Economically, they constitute the latest—perhaps the last—merchandising frontier. Clothes and food and drink and typewriters are designed for them, magazines are edited for them, special kinds of non-music are created for them, thousands of their elders spend their professional lives studying them, the press and the airways are full of information, mostly depressing, and speculation, mostly anxious, about them. It is true that every older generation worries, and with reason, about its young. When the Minoan Script A is finally deciphered, it will doubtless turn out to be concerned with the carryings-on among Cretan youth. It does seem that things have gone pretty far this time, however. It always does.

The American teenager has been on the scene for only about fifteen years. When Tom Sawyer and Penrod reached thirteen, they did not become teenagers but remained children, who accepted the control of grownups as something they could no more escape than they could the weather (though they could sometimes put up an umbrella). Huck Finn was more in the style of the modern teenager. "But I reckon I got to light out for the [Indian] Territory ahead of the rest," he ends his book, "because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before." This is a reference to his uncomfortable sojourn with the Widow Douglas, and it is interesting that it was Tom who had urged him to stick that out: "If you'll try this thing just a while longer, you'll come to like it." Though Tom was the leader in mischief-making, he didn't want to *really* cut loose from adult control. But, while Huck was serious about cutting loose, he differed in several ways from the modern teenager. The latter has a family, and it is his free—some would say perverse—choice to reject the family's values. Huck, who had no family, was simply forced to live on his own. Furthermore (and possibly therefore), he didn't want to be a *tertium quid*—a teenager, intermediate between child and adult—but, rather, a man. It was small-town respectability that stifled him, not adult life in general; when he fell in with the Grangerfords, who were aristocrats (not *petits bourgeois*), feudal landowners (not small farmers), hunters (not merchants), he liked their way of living: "Col. Grangerford was a gentleman, you see."

Willie Baxter, of Booth Tarkington's presciently titled "Seventeen," although he was Huck's opposite in almost every way, resembled him in aspiring to manhood rather than teenhood. His footling mas-



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querades, his opalescent daydreams were all directed toward persuading others and himself that he was an authentic, full-grown Man. The typical pre-teenage-era adolescent, in short, was part of the family, formed by adult values even *when he was challenging the grownups* who held them—perhaps most so then. The relationship persisted through the twenties and thirties. The chapters on "Training the Young" in the Lynds' classic study of a typical American city, "Middletown," published in 1929, say nothing about teenage problems, because the very concept was unknown. Nor is there anything on the subject in their later (1937) "Middletown in Transition." In both the Henry Aldrich radio serial and the Andy Hardy movies, the parents were dominant; one recalls Henry's tag line, "Coming, Mother," and Lewis Stone as the dignified, wise, awesome father counterpointed with Mickey Rooney in the role of the impetuous but always respectful son. The teenager was then considered funny, innocent, lighthearted, and, whenever it came to a showdown, firmly under the parental thumb.

This idyllic, if somewhat romanticized, concept vanished with the Second World War. "There are very few successful family or collegey themes when it comes to teenagers now," Gilbert says. "It's all James Dean and werewolf stuff." The Second World War was more destructive of family life than the First had been. For one thing, it lasted longer; more fathers were away more years, and, as family savings dwindled, more mothers took jobs in war industries. As far as children were concerned, their parents were often just not physically around. After the war, many of the mothers kept on working; the proportion of employed mothers is eighteen per cent higher now than it was in 1940. Moreover, the rise in the cost of living, along with the increase in opportunities for employment, has stimulated the practice of "moonlighting," or holding down two jobs concurrently. One out of every twenty employees is now a moonlighter, the Census Bureau reports, and a moonlit parent is not likely to be much of an influence around the house. Finally, teenagers themselves have been entering the job market in larger numbers. In 1944, according to Gilbert's figures, the average teenager had a weekly income, from allowance plus earnings, of about two dollars and a half. By 1958, this had risen to about *ten* dollars. These figures indicate why businessmen find the teenage market so fascinating, and also why Gilbert has

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prospered. In addition, they indicate that the teenager, with an expanding income of his own, has become more and more independent of his parents. Money is freedom.

The decline in parental authority has, of course, been going on much longer than fifteen years. The publication of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" in 1903 was an early portent. The Flaming Youth of the twenties was another, but it is interesting to note that those youths were past their teens, being either upperclassmen in college or recent graduates. Today, this age group is not flaming, or even smoldering. Marrying younger and younger, producing more and more children, its members are, for the most part, thoroughly tamed and domesticated. It is their kid sisters and brothers in high school who are the wild ones. The age level of rebellion against parental authority has lowered; the time for sowing wild oats is now the teens, and by twenty the ex-teenager is ready to reform and settle down in a ranch house.

The revolution has succeeded all the more easily because, as has happened before in history, the old ruling class, having lost its good conscience, has voluntarily surrendered the stronghold of authority. There are several reasons for this. One is the vogue of progressive education—an oversimplified version of John Dewey's ideas that has led many teachers and parents to resign as lawgivers in the interests of allowing children more "self-expression." There has also been the influence of Freudian theories—again applied in a superficial way—which have undercut standards by suggesting that a child's "bad" behavior results not from any choice on his part but from the pressure of inner forces he is unaware of and therefore cannot be expected to control. Hence, runs the logic, the solution is not punishment or discipline, or even reasoning, but an attempt to "understand" the child and let him "work out his aggressions." No matter what follies, or worse, the teenager commits, he is never to blame; he just has Problems.

The third reason for the abdication of the elders is one that applies almost exclusively to this country, and goes back a good deal further than the others. "The more successful the immigrant father was in turning his children into Americans," writes the British anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer in "The American People," "the more his foreignness became a source of shame and opprobrium, the less important did he become as a model and guide and

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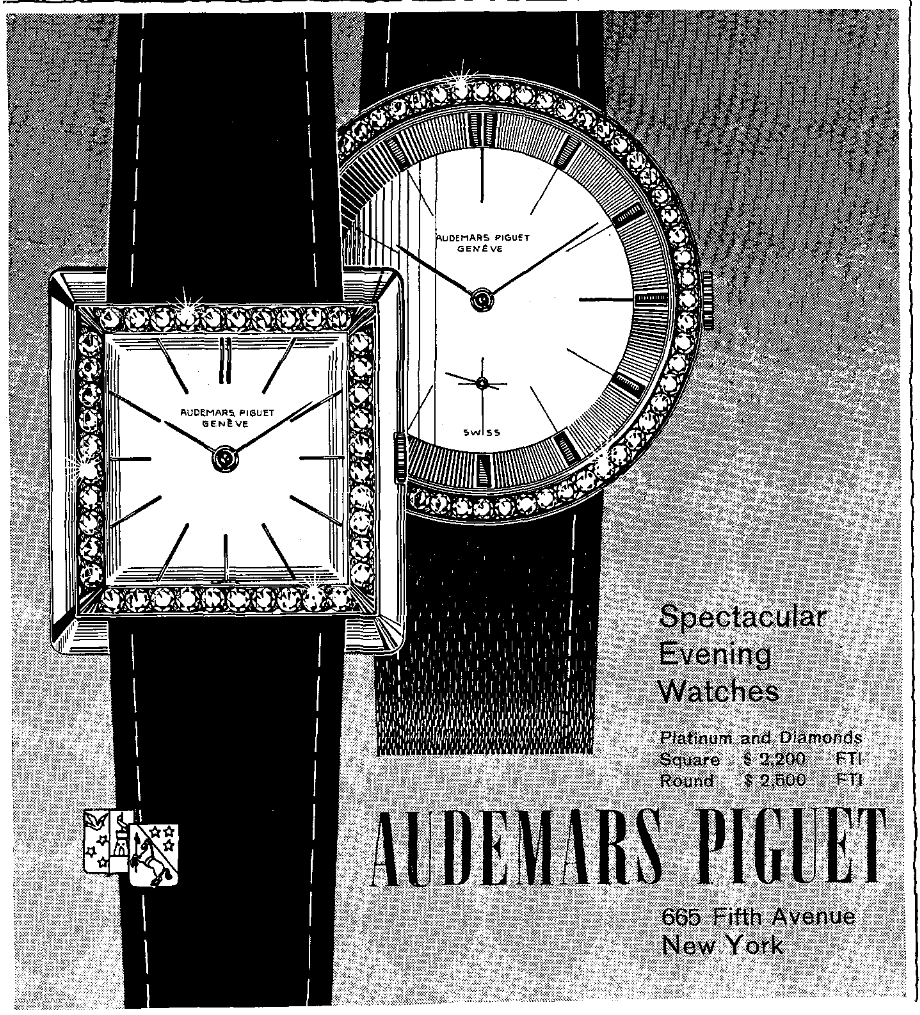

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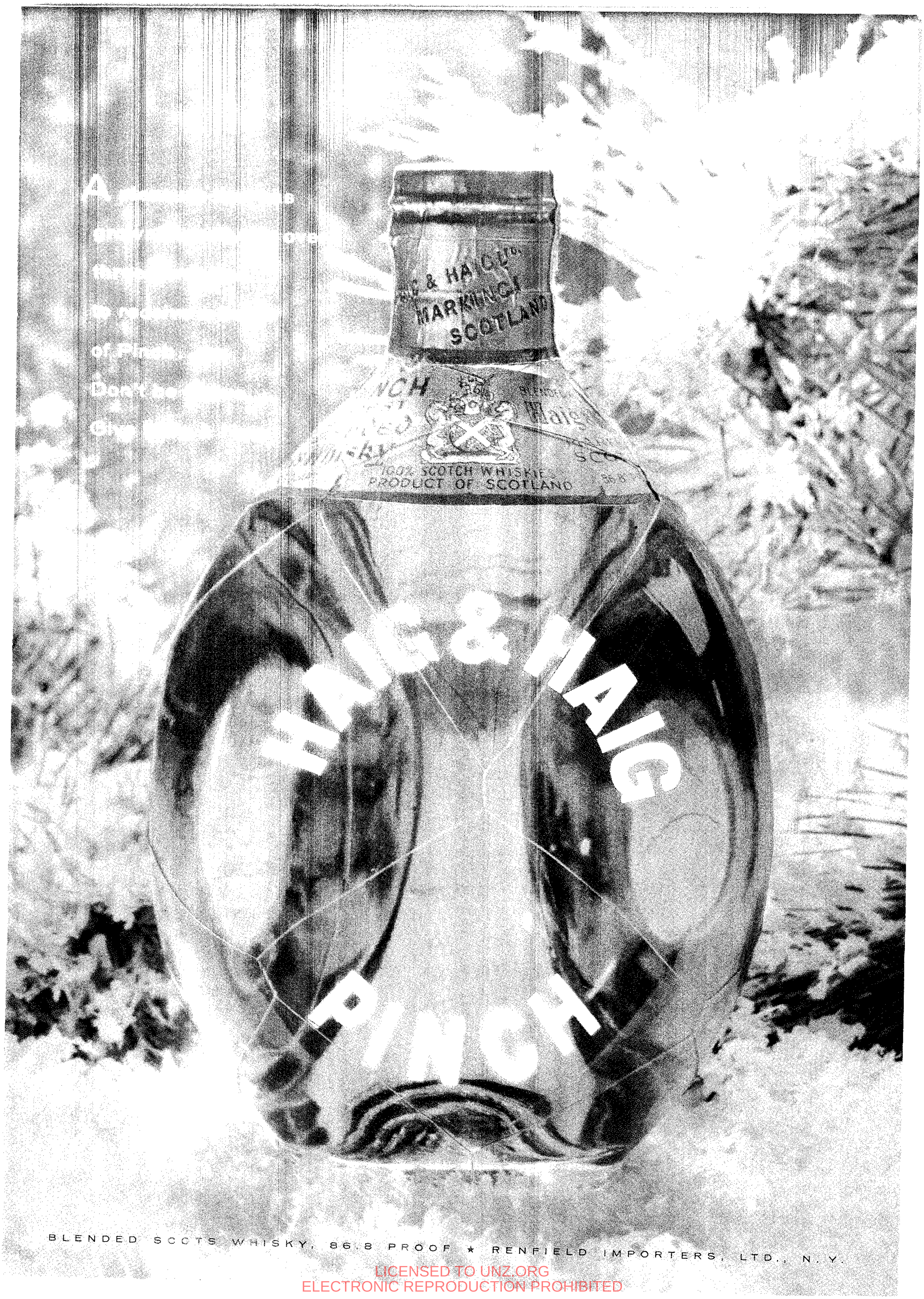
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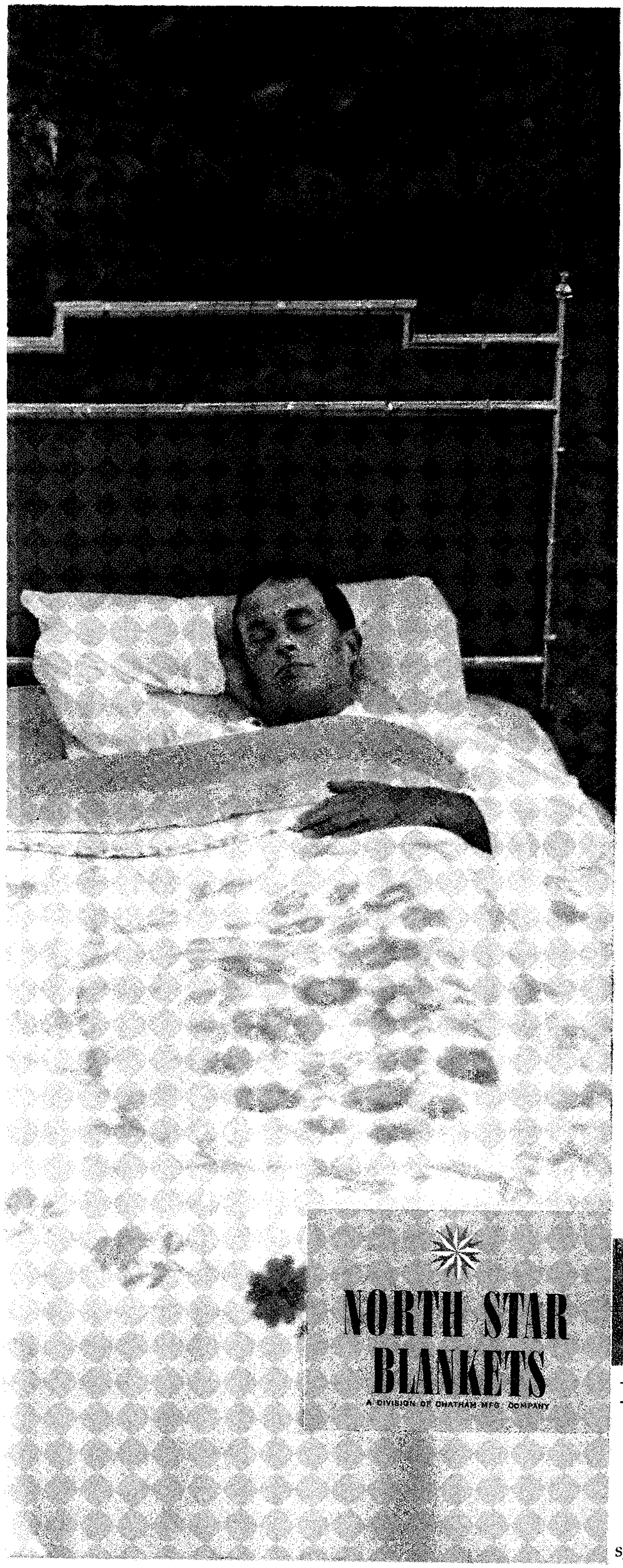

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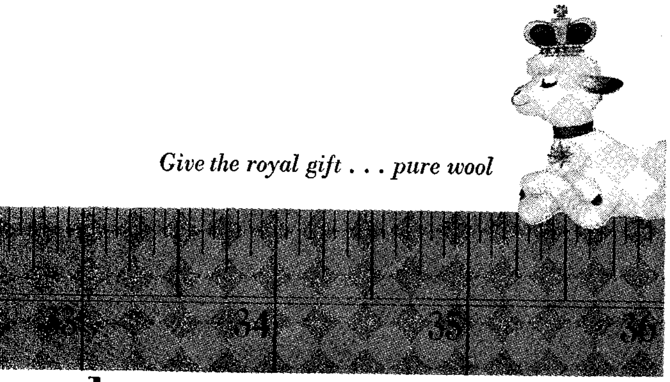

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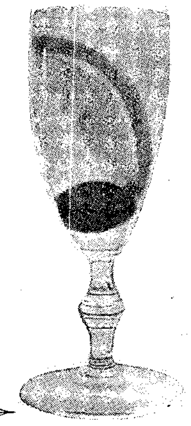

Rum Sour →

exemplar. . . . To grow up to be like the father . . . would be failure indeed, and would be so regarded by the father as much as by the son. . . . It is this break of continuity . . . which gave rise to what might be called, by analogy with genetics, the American mutation. . . . Father never knew best. And once the mutation was established, it was maintained; no matter how many generations separate an American from his immigrant ancestors, he rejects his father as authority and exemplar, and expects his sons to reject him." And there aren't as many generations as one might think, even though mass immigration was abolished in 1921. The last national census, in 1950, revealed that ten million Americans were foreign-born and that twenty-three million others had at least one foreign-born parent.

For fairly obvious reasons—not only less Dewey, less Freud, and less immigration but also less money, differing social systems, and greater control of children by parents—the concept of the teenager hardly exists as yet in Europe. It is slowly spreading, as part of the process of "Americanization," but it will probably be a long time before any European country has either a teenage problem or a teenage market. The English think they have the former, but their so-called teddy boys are fewer and milder than our juvenile delinquents. In 1954, and again in 1956, Gilbert went abroad looking for a European teenage market. He couldn't find one. He tried hardest in London, where he opened a branch office, complete with a native manager, in the Haymarket, but nothing happened. While British businessmen are notoriously resistant to new ideas for making money, especially if these are proposed by Americans, it seemed to Gilbert that in this case they were probably right. Teenagers in England haven't enough freedom, or enough money, to be commercially interesting. In a field report briefing his clients on his foreign explorations, Gilbert wrote:

> The basic pattern of thinking among European teenagers is so unlike that of our typical American youth, it is difficult to set up their differences. . . . However, here goes:
>
> The teenage girls in England respect fashions from America more than fashions from Paris. . . . They are fanatical toward American band-leaders. . . . Guy Mitchell seems to be their favorite American singer (Why, heaven knows). . . . As dancers, they don't compare with our teenagers.
>
> There seems very little teenage life in Italy except in the very high political strata. The children of Italy—even in big cities—grow up from little boys into men over-

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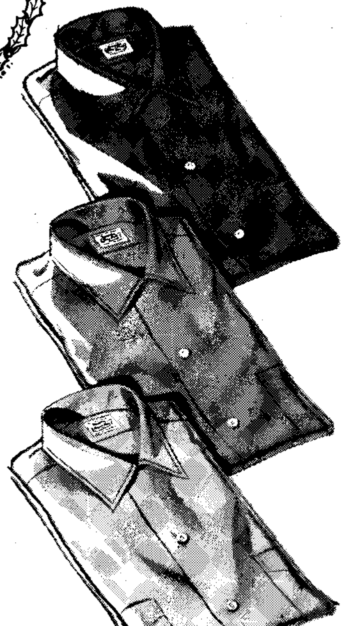

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night. . . . The Paris teenagers are probably more Americanized than in any other big city in Europe. They start dating at a later age—17 as compared with 14 in the States—*but this does not detract them* from becoming fabulous dancers. A teenager boy and girl in Paris love to dance American jitterbug style. . . . Very few styles of clothes are manufactured directly to teenagers in France, and those that are are either poor or out of reach from a price standpoint.

In short, a backward region, Europe.

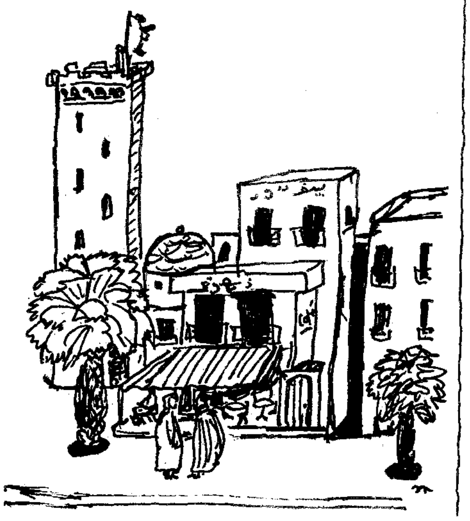
WHATEVER the causes of the teenage revolution in America, there can be no doubt about its existence. Or about its date. Rarely do social changes begin so abruptly and crystallize so rapidly. The first time the word "teenage" appears in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* is in the 1943-45 volume, which has two references, as against eleven in the 1955-57 volume. Also significant is the rise in entries under "Adolescence," from three in 1919-21 to sixteen in 1941-43 to fifty-one in 1955-57. In 1944, *Seventeen* published its first issue. In 1945, not only did Gilbert found his information service but the Purdue Opinion Panel began gathering teenage opinion on a national scale. Probably more books dealing with teenagers have been published in the last fifteen years than in the preceding fifteen centuries. "Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers," "How to Live with Parents," "Milestones for Modern Teens"—the list goes on and on, and it includes many titles that would have been puzzling even in fairly recent times, because their subject matter is not the duty of children toward their parents but precisely the opposite ("How to Live with Your Teen-Ager," "Do You Know Your Daughter?," etc.). Scholars, or at least members of college faculties, ponder over the inwardness of such "field responses" by teenagers as "Another one of my problems is acting like a grade-school kid; I go around hitting people and things like that." An enterprising doctor has founded a Teen-Age Clinic at the Kaiser Foundation Medical Center in Oakland, California (visits by the parents of patients are discouraged), and has staked out an early claim on a new medical specialty, which he calls "ephebiatrics"—from the Greek *ephebos*, meaning a youth between eighteen and twenty. Another case in point is Gilbert's "What Young People Think" column, which has become one of the A.P.'s most successful syndicated features. Its gross income—over a hundred thousand dollars a year—is divided equally between the A.P. and the author. The assumption, apparently valid, behind the column is that the average newspaper reader wants to be informed regularly not only of what teenagers think about teenage matters ("Youth Leans to Simple Weddings," "Snacks a Way of Life for Teeners") but of teenagers' ideas on such issues as de Gaulle ("Will He Help France?"), Soviet Russia ("Can We Trust Her?"), and a third world war ("Is It Inevitable?").

An interesting by-product of Gilbert's column—and one that, unfortunately, hardly ever gets into it—is the mail from readers. The bewilderment and indignation that many adults feel when confronted with the phenomenon of the teenager have seldom been expressed more fully than in a letter recently written to Gilbert by a resident of Cincinnati:

DEAR SIR

The writer a true American citizine in every sence of the way I read your article in the Enquirer should 18 yr olds vote. I am a mother of two boys one 18 yrs and one 20 yrs. I definitely vote No. Most young people of that age we'll say 17 and 18 yrs are of today all they want to do and think about is going places being entertained runing aroring and wanting and talking automobiles. All they talk about is dates having fun playing juke boxes. They are not serious minded of spending their time at home respecting there parents in the manner they should in doing senceable and practicle things, cultivating high standards of morals in every day living. The most boys at that age are chaseing girls and visa versa. It is most disgusting what my 18 year old boy comes home and tells what boys runing around with girls do. It is a disgrace. . . .

My husband in his business fired two boys that just came out of high school graduates and two girls all in one year they just did not know enough knowledge that a pupil in grammer school. They wasted time when my husband was out they said there is no use working when the boss is out. Watching the clock. They got sex on their mind there not decent no man-



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ners saucy impedent to Elders.... And you advocating boys 18 should vote. Us olsters have made our wonderful fine America and the youth of today are breaking it down.... It is you permoters who are trying to push youth ahead so fast there no good.... I hope you choke on every word you speak advocating and pushing these 18 year olds to vote.

> A Mother who has raised two fine boys and they both are against such a law. 21 years is the right age.

Gilbert's column did not, as a matter of fact, advocate the lowering of the voting age; it merely asked how people—of all ages—felt about the matter and printed a summary of the replies. But apparently a good many of his readers, like the Oriental despot, confuse the bearer of bad news with the news he brings.

ONE of the most portentous aspects of this new body of citizens is revealed in cold figures. Last year, the percentage of teenagers in our population began to increase, and it will continue to do so every year until 1965. This, too, goes back to the years 1945, 1946, and 1947 (What a triad! A statistician's delight!), when the birth rate suddenly climbed from 2,850,000 a year to 3,800,000. It is still climbing, though more moderately, and came to more than 4,200,000 last year. In consequence, by 1965 there will be twenty-four million persons aged thirteen to nineteen, as against seventeen million right now. And just as portentous is the effect of this youthful horde on American commerce. These days, merchants eye teenagers the way stockmen eye cattle, thinking in terms of how much the creatures will cut up for. To merchants, the important fact about higher education for women is not that, according to the United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, 284,400 girls entered college last year but that, according to Gilbert, they took with them material goods worth exactly $123,222,168.

Just as in primitive parts of the world the elders teach the young their tribal folklore, taboos, and forms of magic, so in this country the elders must initiate the young into the American way of life, and thereby integrate them into the great American market. But there is a difference—they have help. This difference was created by Gilbert himself when he adopted the policy of having teenagers conduct his polls. For these agents—about five thousand high-school and college students, working on a part-time basis at the rate of around a dollar and a quarter an hour—act as liaison officers between the elders,

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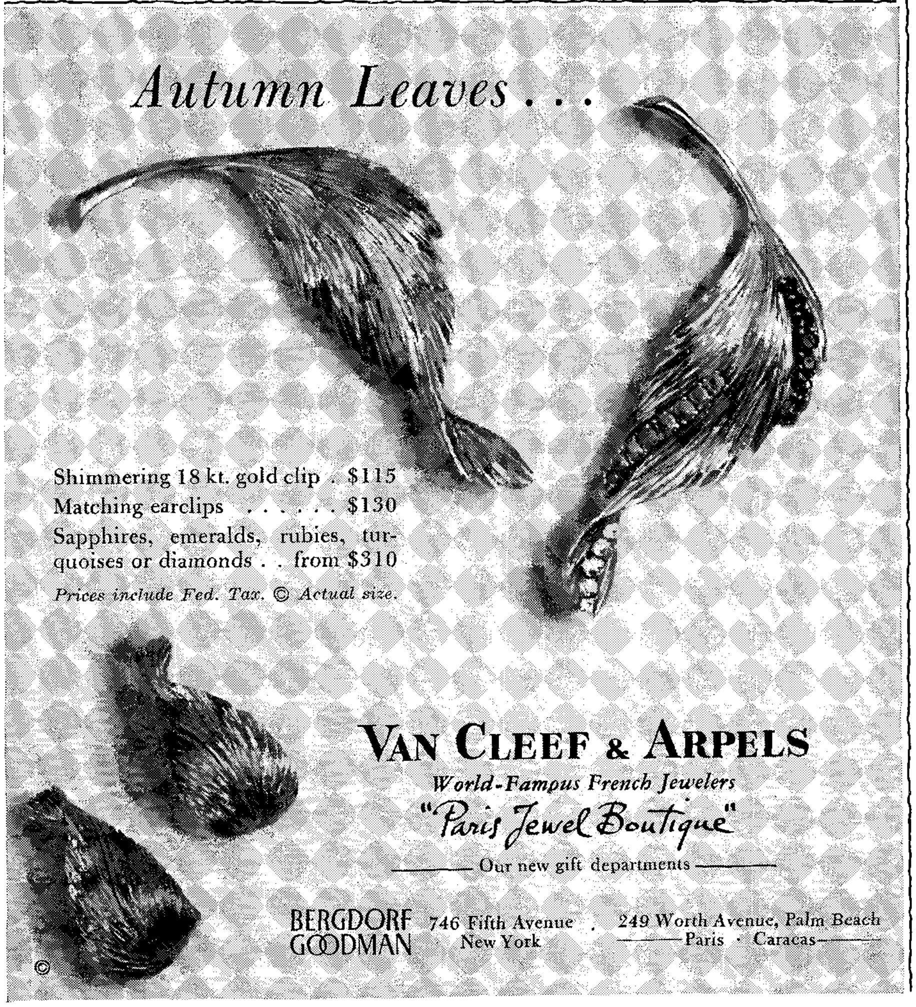
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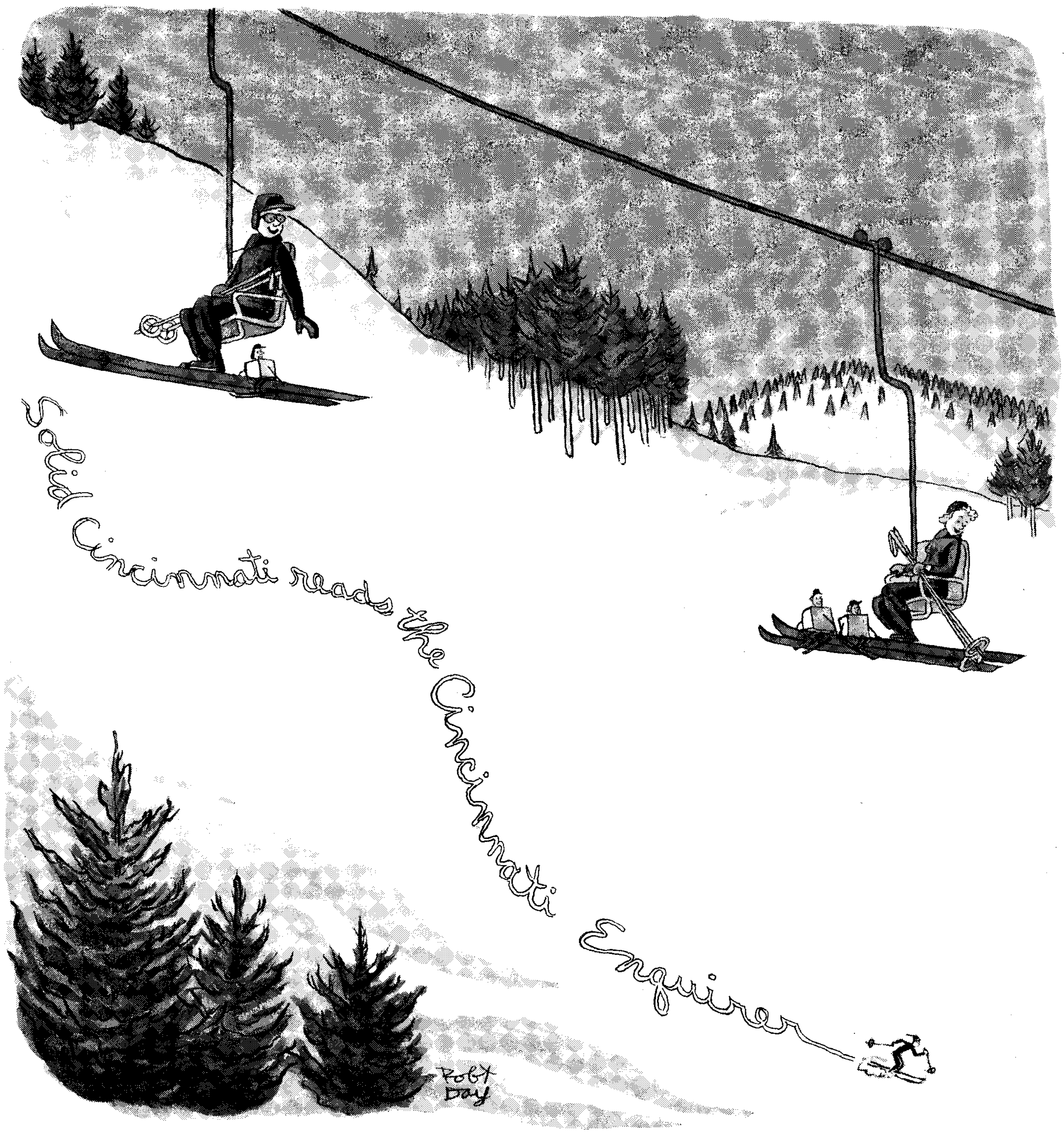

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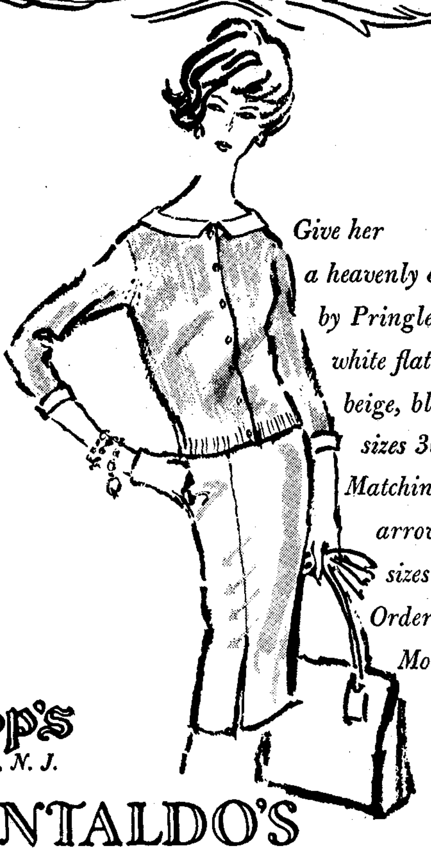

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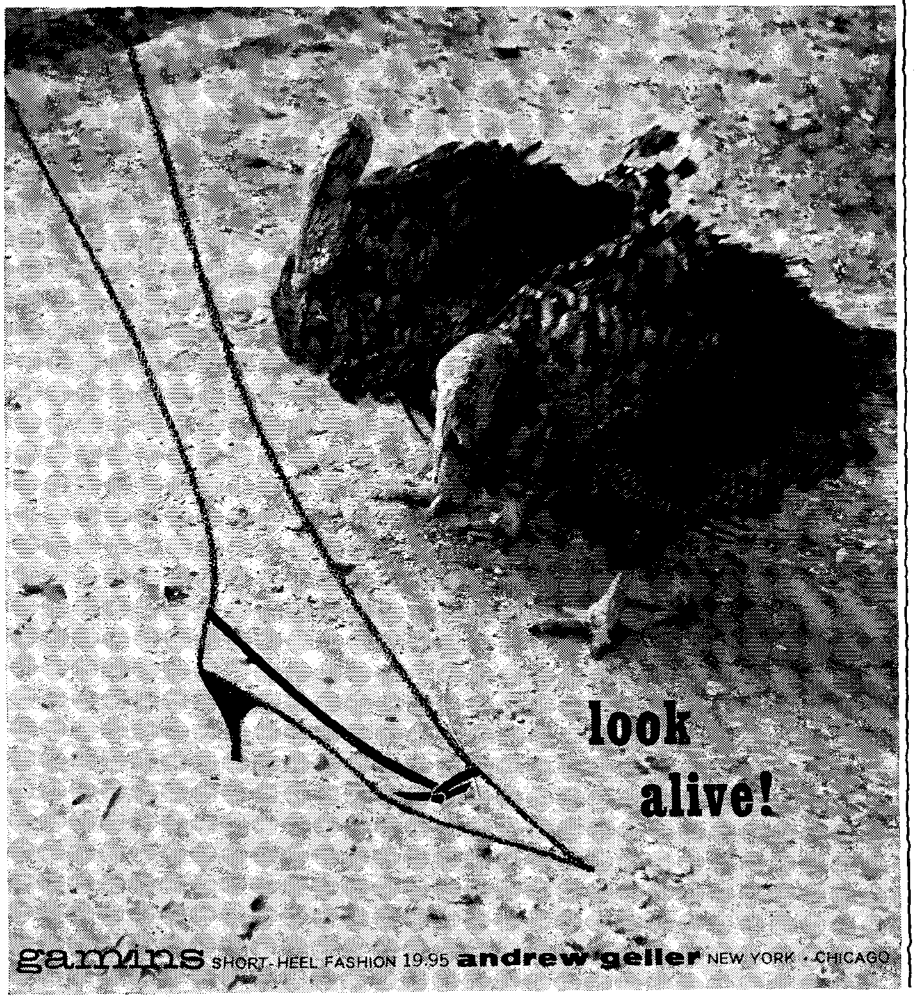
Order from nearest
Montaldo's, or Doop's

Doop's
East Orange, N. J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N. C. • Richmond, Va. • St. Louis
Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Hot Springs, Ark. • Columbus, Ohio



gamins SHORT-HEEL FASHION 19.95 andrew geller NEW YORK · CHICAGO

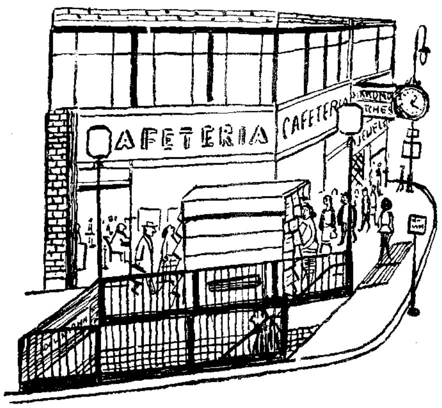
meaning Gilbert and his clients, and the large mass of the young who still require instruction in the most important duty of a good American citizen; namely, the skilled consumption of goods. Some thirty million children are now enrolled in public elementary schools in the United States and eight million in public high schools, and a captive audience of this size is tempting to people with a sales message. This doesn't always mean anything as crude as out-and-out advertising. Sometimes, rather, the approach is "institutional;" the effort is to create a generally favorable "atmosphere" around, say, private ownership of power plants or the wonders of aluminum. "Tons of booklets, stamped pencils, pictures, maps, charts, kits, posters, films, and recordings swamp the schools," the American Association of School Administrators complained several years ago, apropos of handouts, adding, "The sponsors include civic, patriotic, and political groups; business, Government, and labor." This list is misleading; business far outweighs all the other groups combined. In his book, Gilbert notes, "Apparently more money is expended each year by business organizations on educational materials than is spent on all the textbooks per year in the schools." He devotes many pages to advice on how to get one's "message" into the classroom. The main thing, he warns, is that whatever technique is decided on should "meet with the qualifications set up by the various school boards," since otherwise "the entire promotional matter may never reach the hands of even one prospective customer." Nor are the teachers, it seems, wholly to be depended upon: "Another important but unfortunately unavoidable practice that cuts down the advertising value of educational material is the practice of teachers' cutting out or removing the name of the sponsor." Movies are especially tricky, because the sponsor's name, appearing either at the very beginning or at the very end, is easy to cut—and some unethical teachers have been known to take advantage of this fact. But the general drift in the American educational system, despite the occasional grumbling about "junk" handouts, favors the businessman. Gilbert quotes a lyrical passage from "Consumer Education in Your School," a booklet issued some time ago by the National Association of Secondary School Principals, a body that, among other things, sets up and enforces standards for free educational material:

> Skill in consuming is never enough: there must also be wisdom and character.

> Wisdom in consuming, as in all of life, depends on one's having clearly defined high-quality purposes and goals; character is strength to govern one's life accordingly.
>
> Therefore, the foundation of consumer education, in common with all education, is to help each student develop a sense of values, determine what he most wants out of life . . . then act according to his developed principles.

David Riesman, the sociologist, put it more briefly when he described American children as "consumer trainees."

BEFORE the end of 1958, the seventeen million American teenagers will have spent nine and a half billion dollars of their own money, quite apart from what their parents spend on them. This is about twice the national liquor bill, and nine times Hollywood's annual box-office receipts. (By 1965, assuming that conditions then are about what they are today, the twenty-four million teenagers then on hand will have fourteen billion dollars to spend.) About a third of the nine and a half billion comes from earnings, the rest from allowances. The sharp rise in teenage income since the war is due partly to inflation but partly also to an increase in the industry and enterprise shown by the teenagers themselves. In 1956, thirty-five per cent of all boys eligible to work after school had jobs—double the 1944 percentage. More than a third of our college students earn the money to cover at least half of their expenses, and almost all of them contribute something. Teenagers' incomes rise, naturally, with their age. According to a recent Gilbert study, the weekly average for a boy is $4.16 at thirteen, $8.26 at sixteen, and $16.65 at eighteen; a girl averages two or three dollars less. Almost a third—twenty-nine cents—of the teenage dollar goes for school lunches and supplies. (This is a fixed item that should really be charged against the parents, and not included in the disposable income of the children. That it is always so included is an instance of the tendentious nature of teenage statistics; it makes the grand total



Christmas Gifts from Caldwell

GRANDMOTHER'S BRACELET AND CHARMS

in 14-karat gold

A
BOB
B
ANN
C
D
FRANK AND JUDY
E
F
G
H
19 DECEMBER 58
I
J
K
L
M
N
O
P
SAINT CHRISTOPHER PROTECT US
Q
R
S
T
U
V

Actual size *Fed. tax inc.* *Mail orders postpaid*

GRANDMOTHER'S BRACELET *(Order early for engravings)*

A.	Bracelet Others from $13.75	$23
B.	Boy or Girl Charm	12
C.	Heart	7.50
D.	Shoe (to be engraved on sole)	$10
E.	Disc (3 letters each charm free; additional, 15c each)	9.25

OTHER CHARMS

F.	Liberty Bell	$17.50
G.	Independence Hall	17.50
H.	William Penn	14.50
I.	Calendar, date set with ruby	30
J.	Key	5
K.	Jack-in-the-Box	11.50
L.	Pretzel	13
M.	Hourglass	13
N.	Golf Caddy Cart	17.50
O.	Pilgrim's Hat	$15
P.	Poker Chips	11

ENAMELED CHARMS

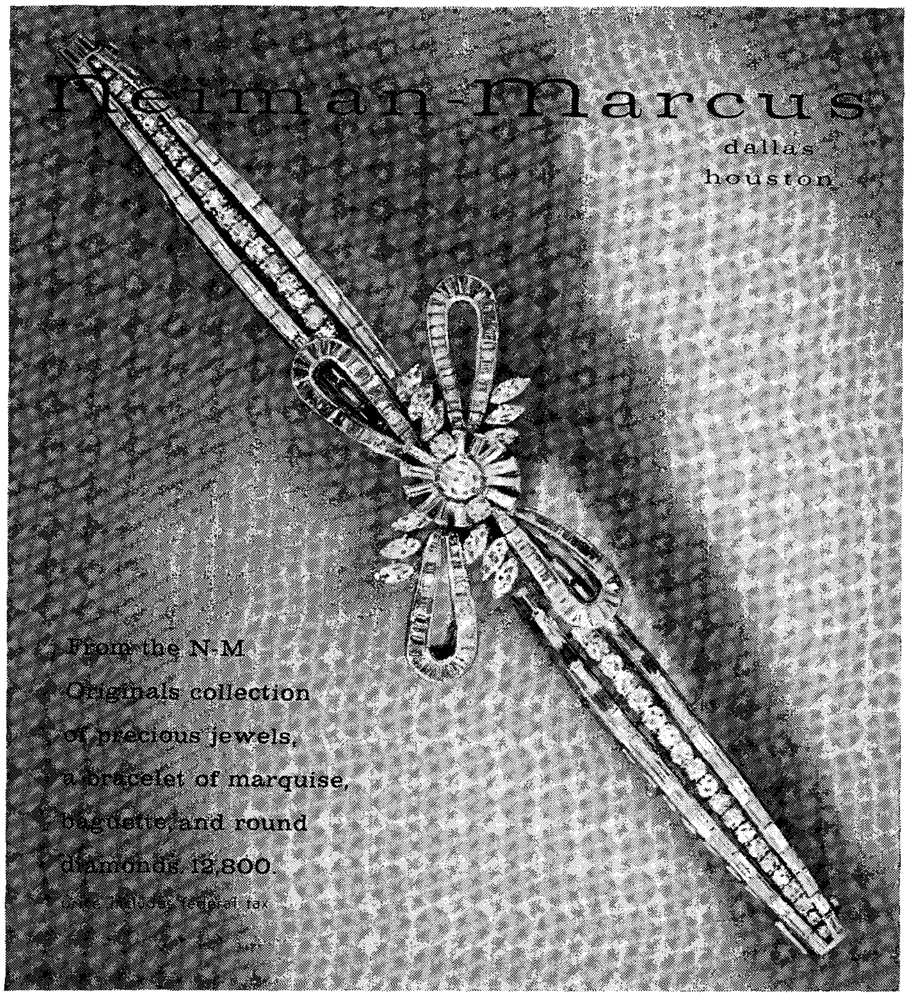
Q.	St. Christopher	$13.75
R.	Santa in Boot	12.50
S.	Santa in Chimney	16.50
T.	Holiday Doorway	24
U.	Wreath	15.50
V.	Christmas Tree	11

Send for the Caldwell Gift Book

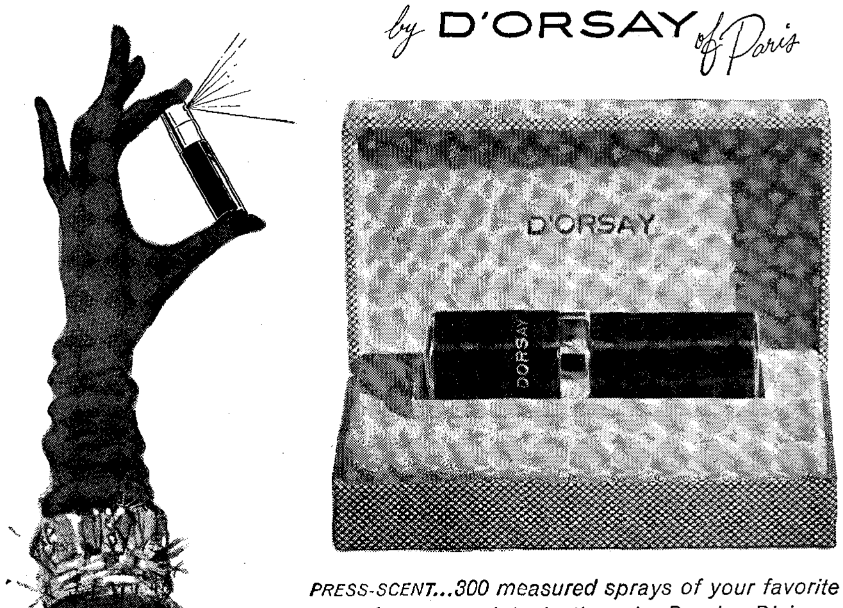
J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers Since 1839

Haverford, Pa. • Chestnut & Juniper Sts., Philadelphia 7, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.



From the N-M
Originals collection
of precious jewels,
a bracelet of marquise,
baguette, and round
diamonds 12,800.
price includes federal tax



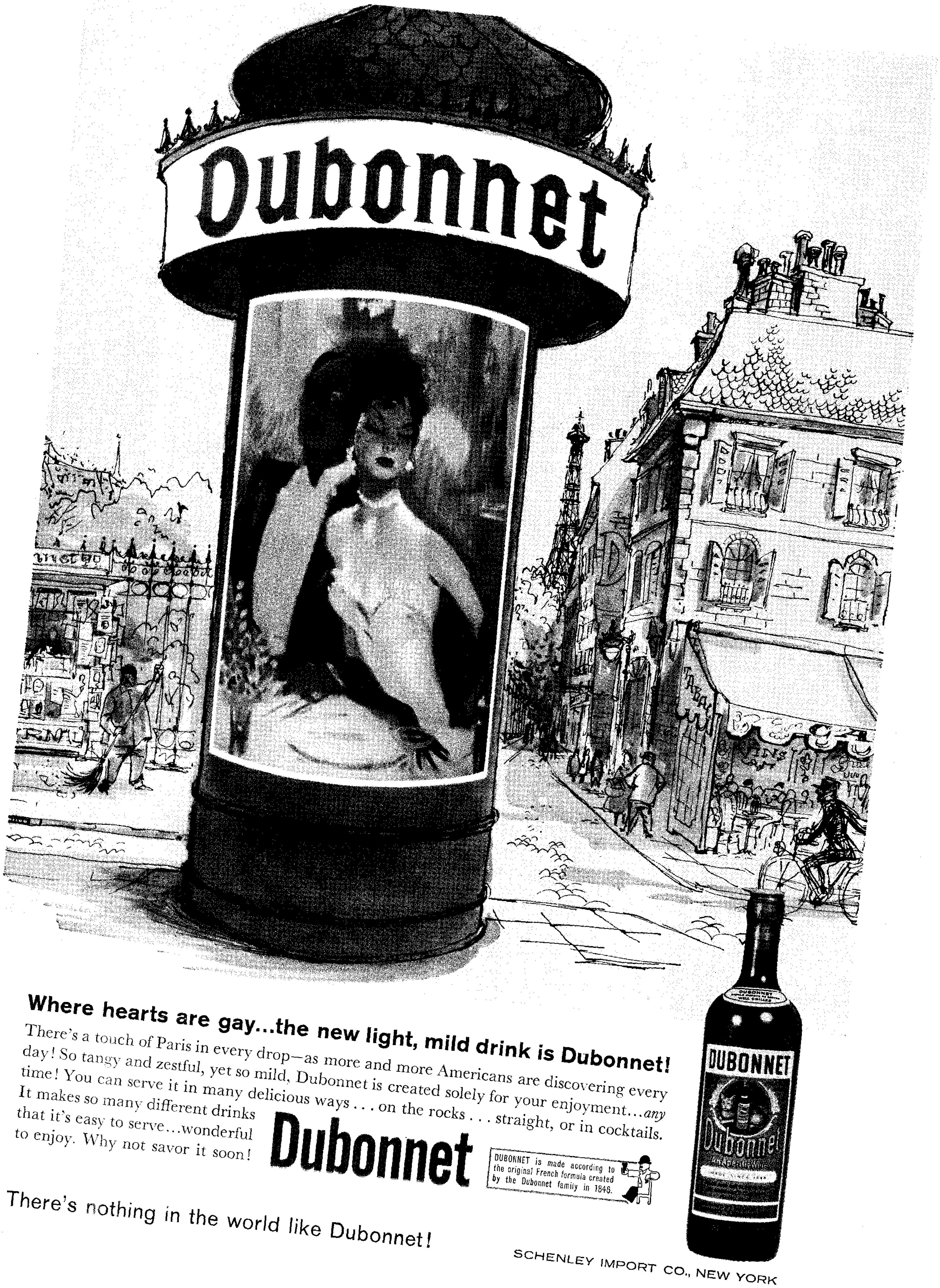
REFILLABLE PURSE ATOMIZER
by D'ORSAY of Paris

PRESS-SCENT...300 measured sprays of your favorite D'ORSAY fragrance—Intoxication...Le Dandy...Divine... Fantastique. Never too little...never too much...just right—always. Won't leak...won't spill. 4^{50} *plus tax*
(refills 2.75) Created in Paris...compounded in U.S.A.

even grander from a merchandising point of view.) Boys spend about the same amount as girls for reading matter (five or six cents) and for records and movies (nine cents), but then the sexes diverge. Boys spend ten cents on dates, four cents on cars and gas, eleven cents on sports, and nine cents on clothes and grooming; girls spend nothing on the first two items, only six cents on sports, and a cool twenty-six cents on clothes and grooming. What's left of the dollar—male or female—goes for "miscellany."

The special charm that teenage income holds for Gilbert and his clients is that it is, as they call it, free money—free from all claims except the possessor's whim (and except for that twenty-nine cents for lunch and school supplies). Some teenagers actually have more free money to spend than their parents, who must meet all kinds of fixed obligations, among them the support (and the allowances) of the teenagers in question. Teenage income is also free from adult control. The percentage of parents who still direct their children's spending is so small as to be statistically negligible, if not contemptible; things that a generation ago were bought by parents for their children are now bought by the children themselves, with "their own money" (two-thirds of which comes out of their parents' pockets). Tirelessly, Gilbert has amassed evidence that fifty-seven per cent of all American teenagers buy their own records and sports equipment, forty per cent buy their own shirts, and thirty-six per cent their own shoes. And, finally, teenage income is free in a psychological sense. "The adult market is a depression-conscious market," Gilbert explains in his book. "Even those who have not suffered financially are nevertheless acutely aware of what they term 'extravagant' purchases.... Young people, on the other hand, have never known a nonprosperous world. What the adult considers a luxury, young people consider a necessity to keep pace with today's living. Furniture, a new piano, a hi-fi set, an automobile—all fall into this classification." The ominous note barely sounded here swells into a major theme a few pages farther on:

> When a youth is sold on a product . . . he resorts to such a subtle and controlled selling campaign that the family finds itself thinking of that particular product as their next purchase. A seemingly casual remark, a preference, a statement of worth, all engineered by the youthful protagonist, will ripen the parent to eventual purchase.
>
> An advertiser who touches a responsive


Dubonnet
TABAC
VINS
DUBONNET
DUBONNET
Dubonnet
An Aperitif Wine

Where hearts are gay...the new light, mild drink is Dubonnet!

There's a touch of Paris in every drop—as more and more Americans are discovering every day! So tangy and zestful, yet so mild, Dubonnet is created solely for your enjoyment...*any* time! You can serve it in many delicious ways . . . on the rocks . . . straight, or in cocktails. It makes so many different drinks that it's easy to serve...wonderful to enjoy. Why not savor it soon!

Dubonnet

DUBONNET is made according to the original French formula created by the Dubonnet family in 1846.

There's nothing in the world like Dubonnet!

SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., NEW YORK

Above all...it's light!
Long John
SCOTCH

100% Scotch Whisky Distilled, Matured and Bottled in Scotland

Please be patient if you don't find Long John the first try! Shipments of this wonderfully light whisky are barely trickling over from Scotland. Understandably—for Scotch as well-mannered as Long John can't be made in vast quantities, nor can it be hurried.

Produce of Scotland
Long John
Blended Scotch Whisky

Dreyfus, Ashby & Co., Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS • 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

> chord in youth can generally count on the parent to finally succumb. . . . We of course do not mean to picture the parent as a downtrodden object at the mercy of his offspring, but it is not to be denied that a parent subjected to requests from the youngster who thinks he is in dire need of an item witnessed on television may find it easier to "give in." . . .
>
> This is not to say that we advocate merciless hammering by the advertiser through the child to make Papa purchase thousands of unnecessary objects, but . . .

For all his disclaimers, Gilbert's drift is clear. Not only the teenager but the small child as well influences the purchases his parents make, even when they are spending their own money. In the case of products used by the whole family, this influence is either nominal (houses, furnaces, washing machines) or minor (television sets, automobiles—although the *Wall Street Journal* has found that teenagers themselves are "a strong secondary market" for used cars). In the case of products paid for by the parents but used by the teenager, however, Gilbert believes that the evidence is conclusive. A survey he made of some five thousand teenagers for the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association in 1956 indicated that eighty per cent of the boys in this country and ninety per cent of the girls believed they had "all or most of the say" about which stores their parents took them to for clothes. Over a third felt that their preference was decisive in the choice of vacation places. Granted that thinking one has the say and having it are not the same thing, and also that Gilbert's interviewers did not ask the parents who *they* thought had the say, the statistics are still provocative. Certainly a couple of generations ago teenagers would not even have *thought* they had any control over such matters. Around 1900, for instance, the Quaker Oats Company directed its advertising to parents: "Fretful children are nervous, peevish, and ill-tempered because of lack of proper and sufficient nourishment. . . . Quaker Oats will build up the child's body and—then comes good nature. . . . It is gratifying to know how many mothers have come to realize its particular value for growing children." This was—in form, at least—a rational argument. By now, rationality has pretty much evaporated from cereal advertising, as it has from that of most other commodities, and only the most naïve copywriter would aim his pitch at the mothers who buy the stuff. The target is the child. According to a survey that Gilbert undertook not long ago for the Columbia Broadcasting System,

BRUCE C. FORBES
PRESIDENT, FORBES INC

LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW
the Value of Time

As mentor of Forbes Magazine, forum of the business and financial world, Mr. Forbes can list many notable achievements. Outstanding is his 1957 awarding of the Forbes Fifty Foremost Business Leadership Medal to pre-eminent personalities in American industry—timed to coincide with the fortieth anniversary of the first issue of Forbes Magazine.

Mr. Forbes makes time for active leisure, too—as skipper of The Highlander and Commodore of the Boca Raton Yacht Club.

At his desk or on the deck, Mr. Forbes times his busy days by the Rolex on his wrist. Like America's leaders of industry you, too, may wear this remarkable watch. Famous Rolex Chronometer watches are at fine jewelers now—awaiting your selection, ready to reward you with a lifetime of the right time. You will find—there is no substitute for a Rolex. Rolex is not just a watch—it is a Chronometer.

The Zephyr . . . 14 K gold, waterproof, Oyster case with matching modern gold dial; rotor self winding *Perpetual* 25 jewel Chronometer movement (Swiss officially certified with timing certificate) $350 F.T.I. Also available with stainless steel case and steel gray, or gold dial. $190 F.T.I., bracelet extra.

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE PANAGRA

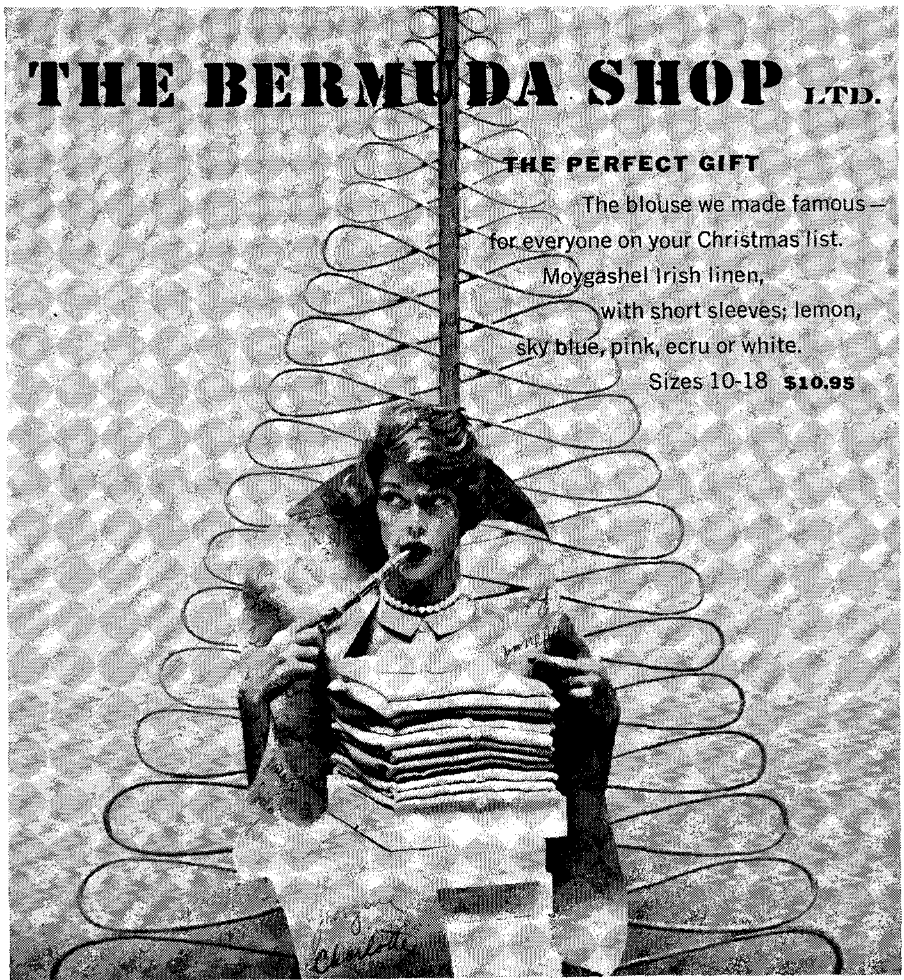
AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

high fashion in *fragrance*

robe d'un soir
carven
ma griffe
carven

robe d'un soir • ma griffe

carven-parfums
paris



THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.

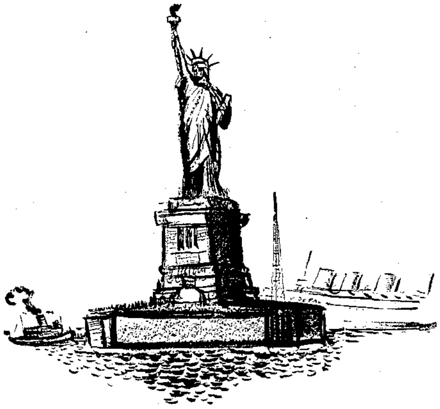
THE PERFECT GIFT

The blouse we made famous —
for everyone on your Christmas list.
Moygashel Irish linen,
with short sleeves; lemon,
sky blue, pink, ecru or white.
Sizes 10-18 **$10.95**

THE BERMUDA SHOP, LTD. 545 MADISON AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

over half of the four million children who regularly watched a television show called "Captain Kangaroo" went along to the store with their mothers an average of three times a week, and eighty per cent of those two million asked Mom to buy things that television was plugging.

Premiums have come to exert a nightmarish kind of pressure on parents, and Gilbert, in a ten-page section of his book listing gimmicks that the public was exposed to from July, 1955, to June, 1956, has given more than a hint as to why. A particularly alarming episode was the mass migration of a million children—many of them presumably escorted by parents—to the filling stations of an oil company within forty-eight hours after it had announced in a radio broadcast that it was giving away stamp albums. "FREE GOLD RUSH LAND!" was the headline on a recent Quaker Oats ad, which promised not to build up the child's constitution but to furnish him with "an authentic deed to . . . land in the fabulous Klondike Gold Country of the Yukon." The deeds were authentic, all right, and each covered exactly one square inch. To acquire an acre of the fabulous Klondike Gold Country, all anybody had to do was buy 6,272,640 boxes of cereal. The Blevins Popcorn Company went Quaker Oats one better with a "deed to one square inch of Davy Crockett Land," locale unspecified. Nobody has yet thought of giving away deeds to square inches of real estate on the moon; it probably depends on whether we or the Russians get there first. "Constant cereal promotions can raise a great deal of antagonism among mothers," Gilbert observes in one of his book's blandest understatements, and goes on to quote one housewife: "A word from a weary mother. Those premiums enclosed in cereal boxes . . . are the bane of my existence." But then, after citing another matron, who was especially upset by the "Ask your mama



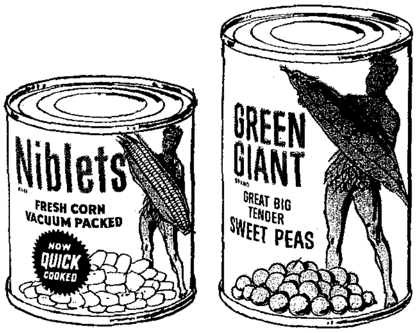
Meet the shyest of green men

As he was growing up, the Green Giant would never go to dancing school like the other little giants. Shy, you know. All green hands and feet. To this day, he doesn't feel at home in crowds—except in grocery stores.

But put him down in his own corn and pea patch, and he's master of all he surveys. He's no social lion, but he's a bear for work. Downright dedicated, he is. When it comes to Niblets Brand corn, for instance, he's dedicated to the proposition that it's got to taste just like fresh corn off the cob.

This wasn't easy and he didn't do it in a day. Fiddled around for years cross-breeding various strains to get just the right corn to begin with—ears with tall kernels that can be deep cut from the cob, heart and all. You might say he had the original do-it-yourself kit for breeding finer corn. Then he was first down the pike with vacuum packing and now, quick-cooking.

An awful lot of people like his Niblets corn an awful lot. And this makes him quietly and shyly happy. Which maybe proves that sometimes it just doesn't pay to go to dancing school.



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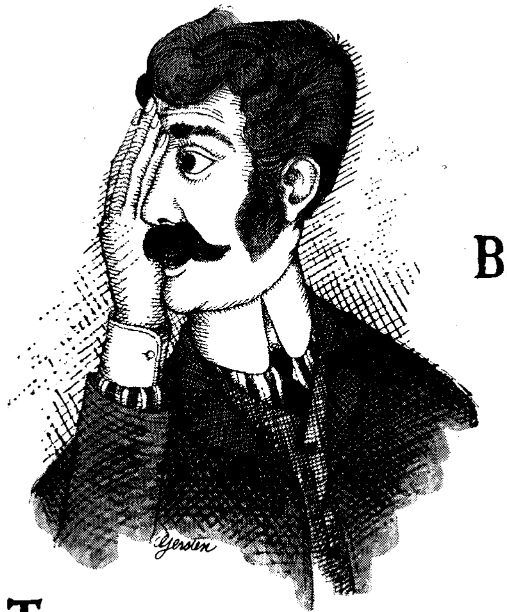


We Never Batted an Eye Before... But Now...

The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland are advertising Irish Whiskey in these pages with a prideful eye to your pleasure and a frankly lustful eye to their own profits. They have our profoundest gratitude and humblest understanding. After all, we're one of them.

But Now! (Here we might stop and keep you guessing "but now *what?*" until the next installment, as TWDOI have been doing . . . rather cleverly, too. Yet at this cataclysmic moment in our lives we *must* go on. So . . .)

For generations we've been calling Power's Gold Label Irish Whiskey (our brand) "The Finest in the World." We know this to be a fact. No one ever gainsays us.

Now, however, we've got another monumental testimonial to the overwhelming superiority of Power's Gold Label to reveal. (Don't read ahead.) One that should convince all Americans—and the rest of the world as well—that warmth, elegance, and the true, burnished, emphatic flavor of Irish Whiskey are all *consummately crystallized* in Power's alone! Here it is then:

In all Ireland today, where whiskey itself was born, there's none that outsells Power's Gold Label Whiskey!

We cordially invite you to put that fact in your glass and drink it. You'll find out why it is true. Before you make up your mind about Irish Whiskies, evaluate the multiple merits of Power's! *We further invite you to write for a free, illustrated booklet about Power's Irish Whiskey by none other than Danny the Leprechaun himself. He was there when they made the first batch of Power's in 1791. Address Canada Dry Corp., 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

POWER'S GOLD LABEL IRISH WHISKEY

IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

A PRODUCT OF IRELAND. 7 YEARS OLD—86 PROOF. CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN POWER & SON
DUBLIN
POT STILL WHISKEY
SEVEN YEARS OLD

to buy" technique, he reports reassuringly, "Nevertheless, this particular mother did buy the items requested by her youngster."

Moreover, the teenager is important in the market place as an innovator and a style-setter for older people. The American cult of youth, also expressed in the idolizing of baseball and movie stars who are hardly out of their teens themselves, is an important factor here. In our grandfathers' time, ice cream and soft drinks were considered hot-weather coolers, and disappeared with the advent of autumn, but now, following the lead of our children, we consume them all year round. The sociologists Elihu Katz and Paul F. Lazarsfeld assert in their recent book "Personal Influence" that unmarried girls are consulted far more frequently, by women of all ages, about style in clothes than older women are. "Fashion leadership declines with every step in the life cycle," they write. Similarly, the informal trend in men's dress—button-down collars, sports shirts, loafers, no vests, no hats (or those little Tyrolian jobs with a shaving brush in the hatband)—began in the high schools and on college campuses. Teenagers were the first to take to pre-packaged, just-heat-in-the-oven-and-serve "TV dinners," and now the family dinner table, once the high altar of domestic life, stands deserted while Mom, Dad, Junior, and Sis consume their provender in the dark, off disposable compartmented trays (down on the floor, Rover has a slightly different menu served in the same style), their eyes fixed on the television set that Junior and Sis pressured Mom and Dad into buying in the first place.

Nor should the influence of Sis and Junior on what comes over the set be slighted. The current plethora of Westerns on TV is a result of the networks' sensitivity to the under-twenty audience; children tend more and more to look at adult programs, and the ones they favor, such as Westerns, are also favored by producers looking for something that will appeal to "everybody from six to sixty." "One consequence of the video age is the astonishing—and frightening—degree of sophistication acquired by youngsters at a very early age," Jack Gould, the New York *Times'* television critic, wrote several years ago. "Since they see so much television intended for general adult consumption, they are understandably impatient with the note of condescension that generally creeps into purely chil-

A Refresher Course on the Various Bottles

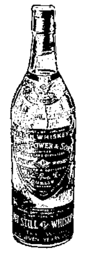
A NEW & INGENIOUS
SHOWING OF IRISH WHISKEYS

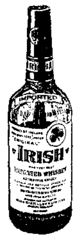
[NUMBER VII]

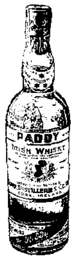
COMPLIMENTS
OF
A FRIEND

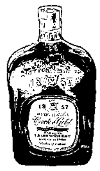
And don't we know the better part of a month has past since we have shown you pictures of themselves to feast your eyes on? ☞ It's not so much that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are thoughtless as that we too often become engrossed in "the hard sell" and fill up the page with words. ☞ But this week we have portrayed the bottles again the better to help you browse at the whiskey store. Bearing in mind that while there are splendid differences between Irish Whiskeys, all share an emphatic, *burnished* flavour. It was no easy task rearranging the lot to present a startlingly different but still attractive "lay-out". Moreover, a pyramid is sticky to build when you have but *nine* grand brands. In the end it worked out beautifully because none of us would allow any of the others to be on top anyway. Time was too short to sub-let the space.

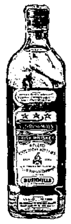
☞ The next issue but one, that of 6th December, will announce an outing. We have taken to announcing coming attractions because a nice woman in Plainfield, New Jersey, we think it was, wrote asking "Where was your page this week?". Well, bless her heart, if we published every week it would have us out in the street, advertising is that dear. But thoughtfulness costs nothing at all.

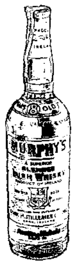

POWER'S
GOLD LABEL

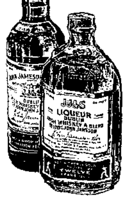

DUNPHY'S
ORIGINAL IRISH

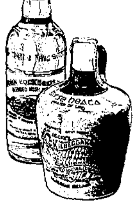

PADDY

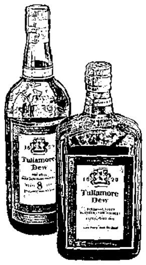

GILBEY'S
CROCK O' GOLD


OLD BUSHMILLS


MURPHY'S


JOHN JAMESON


JOHN LOCKE


TULLAMORE DEW

© 1958, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND (*Box 186, Dublin, Ireland. Air mail is 15c; by boat 8c; postcards 5c*)

Miss Dior

Christian Dior

Parfum
de
Christian Dior

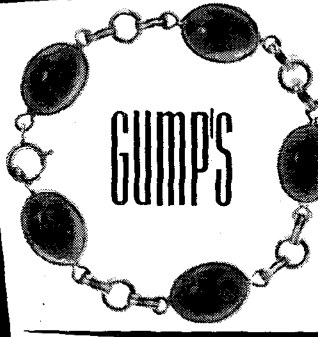
Made in France

Perfumes: $ 5.00 to $ 175.00
Eau de toilette: $ 4.00 to $ 37.50
All Prices Plus Tax

dren's fare. A travelogue may be terribly wholesome, but a child does not have to be very old to appreciate more the violence and action of a Western. The child viewer, in short, graduates with great facility to the slick trash relished by his elders." The growing-up process is quicker in this country than it is abroad, but also less complete; it seems to jam for good at around sixteen. The result is a blurring of age lines, with children taking over the Western from adults, and adults reading comic books; Gilbert's "Captain Kangaroo" survey found that two-fifths of the mothers also watched the program.

There is a theory, advanced by Gilbert Seldes, that the main reason our movies are infantile is that our movie audiences are infantile, literally. Whatever the causal relationship, there is no doubt about the numerical predominance of teenagers in those audiences. A study made for the Motion Picture Association of America revealed that more than half of the people who attended the movies during one week last summer were under twenty. And Katz and Lazarsfeld found that as people grow older the percentage of them who go to the movies once a week or more drops steadily—from sixty-eight per cent in the under-twenty-five group to nineteen per cent among those over forty-five. They also found that young people, as the most experienced moviegoers, are asked for advice about what films to go to twice as often as older people are. All this information is, unfortunately, available to Hollywood.

THE female half of the teenage market has been studied more intensively than the male, partly because of that luscious twenty-six cents spent on clothes and cosmetics, partly because girls get married much younger now than they used to (boys do, too, but the bride does the buying), and partly because in 1944, in response to these phenomena, the magazine *Seventeen* was founded. *Seventeen*, one of Gilbert's oldest customers, is sometimes called "the bobby-soxers' *Vogue*" and sometimes, especially by itself, "the teenagers' Bible." It has a circulation of just over a million, and claims that it "reaches" three out of four teenage girls; that is, they see it at least occasionally, via purchase, borrowing, or exposure to it in home-economics courses, seventy-five per cent of whose teachers are alleged to be subscribers. *Seventeen* takes its readers as seriously as it takes itself. "Today's teenager is intelligent,



JADE IN-THE-ROUND
Leaf green jade cabochons
... bracelet above, gold-filled mounting 27.50. Below, gold-plated silver mounting 55.00
Prices include Federal tax. Add 4% sales tax in California.
250 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 8

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

The Nicest
Compliment
to a woman of fashion
...Coblentz' Christmas idea in
black or navy polished calf.
(N-10) **25.95** plus tax
Mail and phone orders filled • PLaza 9-2000
Also available at our Branches

mature, alert, active, and warm-hearted,” its editor and publisher, Mrs. Enid A. Haupt states firmly. Her assistant editors, grandly affirming their views in the third person, are equally emphatic:

> They believe that . . . the teenager is NOT the popular conception so often nurtured by cartoons and movies—an untidy, irresponsible, flighty child—but a growing, groping, intelligent girl. And it is for this almost grown-up generation that SEVENTEEN is designed. . . . The magazine’s creed is to cover everything that “concerns, excites, annoys, pleases and perplexes the girl between thirteen and nineteen.”

On the magazine’s tenth birthday, the editors issued a direct communiqué to their Average Reader, whose age they put at seventeen years and one month:

> You are a young girl on the verge of maturity. You think along serious lines. You are planning a career and a home; you look toward mature human relationships, including marriage, your place in your local community, and your larger community, the world. Truly, we are proud of you, our guest of honor.

Truly, one might think, malarkey. But even if such a paragon could exist only in the fevered brains of women’s-magazine editors, there is some truth in the picture. Aaron Cohen, research director of *Seventeen*, gives a more prosaic, and more convincing, description of the readers: “They tend to date earlier, marry younger, accept more responsibility than their mothers did in their own teen years. Sure, they follow fads, but the main interests of the teen-age girl today are her family, her home, her education, her career, marriage, and a home of her own.” The shift in subject matter of the advertisements appearing in *Seventeen* seems to bear him out. In 1946, for instance, when the magazine carried seventeen hundred pages of ads, only thirty-six of them were devoted to household furnishings and equipment; ten years later, it carried a hundred and sixty-four such pages out of a total of fourteen hundred. Meanwhile, the so-called “one-shot”

TANNER
of North Carolina
by Dorothy Cox

Clothes that do it right and make it look easy

Fluttering color, Flowering Leaves print on Moygashel linen, a Tanner exclusive. Dress with a little collar about $35, and shorts about $15, with a lighter weight linen shirt about $11.

Abercrombie & Fitch New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Palm Beach
B. Forman Co., Rochester Harold Inc., Minneapolis J. P. Allen, Atlanta
488 Seventh Avenue New York 18

BY PLANE FROM ROME, FOR FESTIVE MOOD THIS SHORT EVENING DRESS, CUSTOM-MADE IN ITALIAN SATIN. JADE GREEN, ROYAL BLUE AND LUSTROUS BLACK. SIZES 10-16
$135

Photograph by
Robert Emmett Bright

Eleanora Garnett

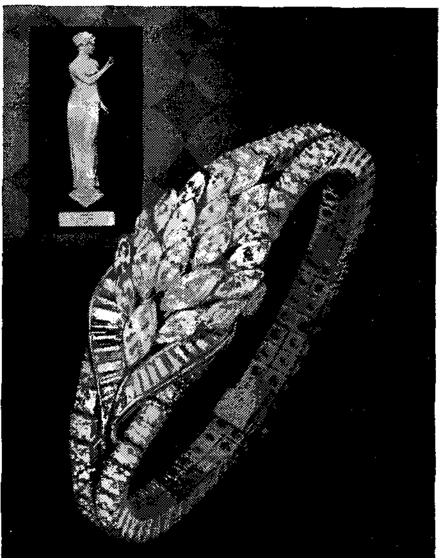
47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
ELDORADO 5-5275

VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

fashion ads fell off sharply. In fact, *Seventeen* began as a fashion magazine and has evolved into more and more of a "service" magazine, like *McCall's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, giving out heavily with advice on health, psychology, food, entertaining, "homemaking," and the milder phases of intersexual relations. This change in editorial emphasis was in part brought about by the fact that for some years now Cohen has been closely following the Census Bureau statistics that relate to the age at which American girls marry. The statistics are moderately startling. At present, fifty per cent of all women marrying for the first time are under twenty, five hundred thousand teenage girls marry every year, and the age at which most women marry is eighteen—"lower than in any peasant country abroad," Gilbert says. Moreover, the median age at which a man marries for the first time is twenty-two; fifty years ago, it was twenty-six and a half. The increase in undergraduate marriages has been fantastic. Alarmed by the fact that sixty per cent of the students in Protestant seminaries last year were married, in contrast to fifteen per cent in 1935 and thirty-six per cent as recently as 1955, the *Christian Century* editorialized:

> By what great shift in sociology, psychology, temperature or radiation are we to account for that clamant coupling of preministerial students which threatens now to turn our dormitories into nurseries, our campuses into playpens, our graduate schools into pre-schools? Ordinarily, we would plead for no ivory tower, but if the choice is ivory tower or brooder coop, the remoter symbol looks better all the time.

Merchandisers, however, find the commercial effects interesting. One is that *Seventeen* now has more ads for table silver, engagement rings, and luggage than any other magazine. Another is that teenage girls are now no less mature, at least as consumers, than their mothers. By sixteen, according to *Seventeen*, they are buying nearly all their own clothes, and are often "helping their mothers in clothes selections." The average female teenager buys two pairs of nylons a month, and owns eight slips, three crinolines, two girdles, and seven bras. She starts wearing bras at thirteen, girdles at fifteen. Thus equipped, she is in a good position to get a husband at eighteen. "Thirteen years ago," the editors reminisce, "*Seventeen's* readers queried the Beauty Editor: 'May I use a foundation? Is cologne all right for school? May I use eye make-up?' Today, educated by *Seven-*

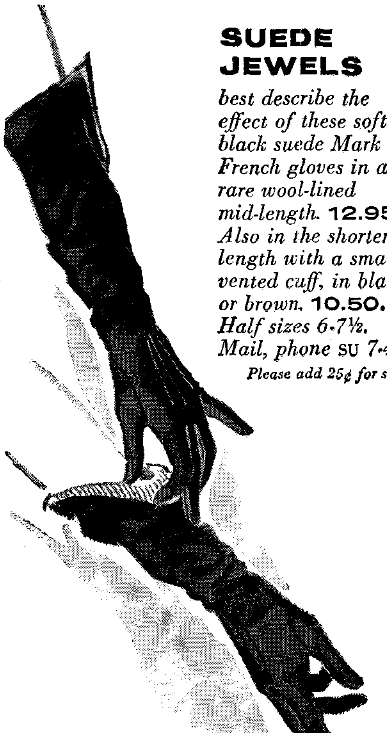


1957 DIAMONDS—
INTERNATIONAL AWARD
BRACELET WATCH

A dazzling timepiece
representative of Gubelin's
incomparable mastery.

GUBELIN

The world's leading watch fashion designers
673 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
AT 53RD STREET PLAZA 5-0053
LUCERNE ZURICH GENEVA ST. MORITZ



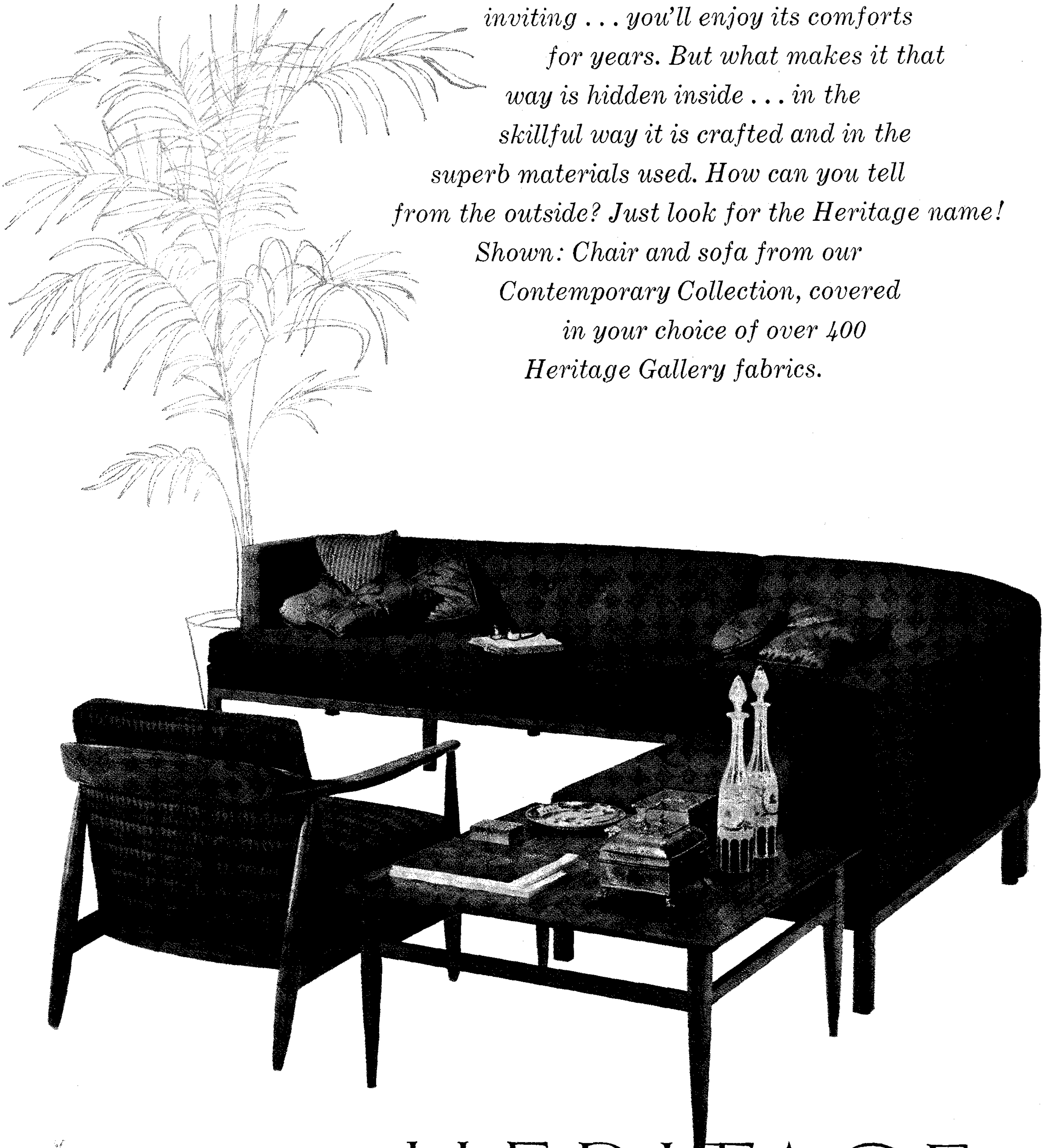
SUEDE JEWELS

best describe the effect of these soft black suede Mark Cross French gloves in a rare wool-lined mid-length. **12.95.** *Also in the shorter length with a smart vented cuff, in black or brown.* **10.50.** *Half sizes 6-7½.*
Mail, phone SU *7-4000*
Please add 25¢ for shipping

MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22
and at the Waldorf-Astoria

Write for our new 64 page Christmas Catalog

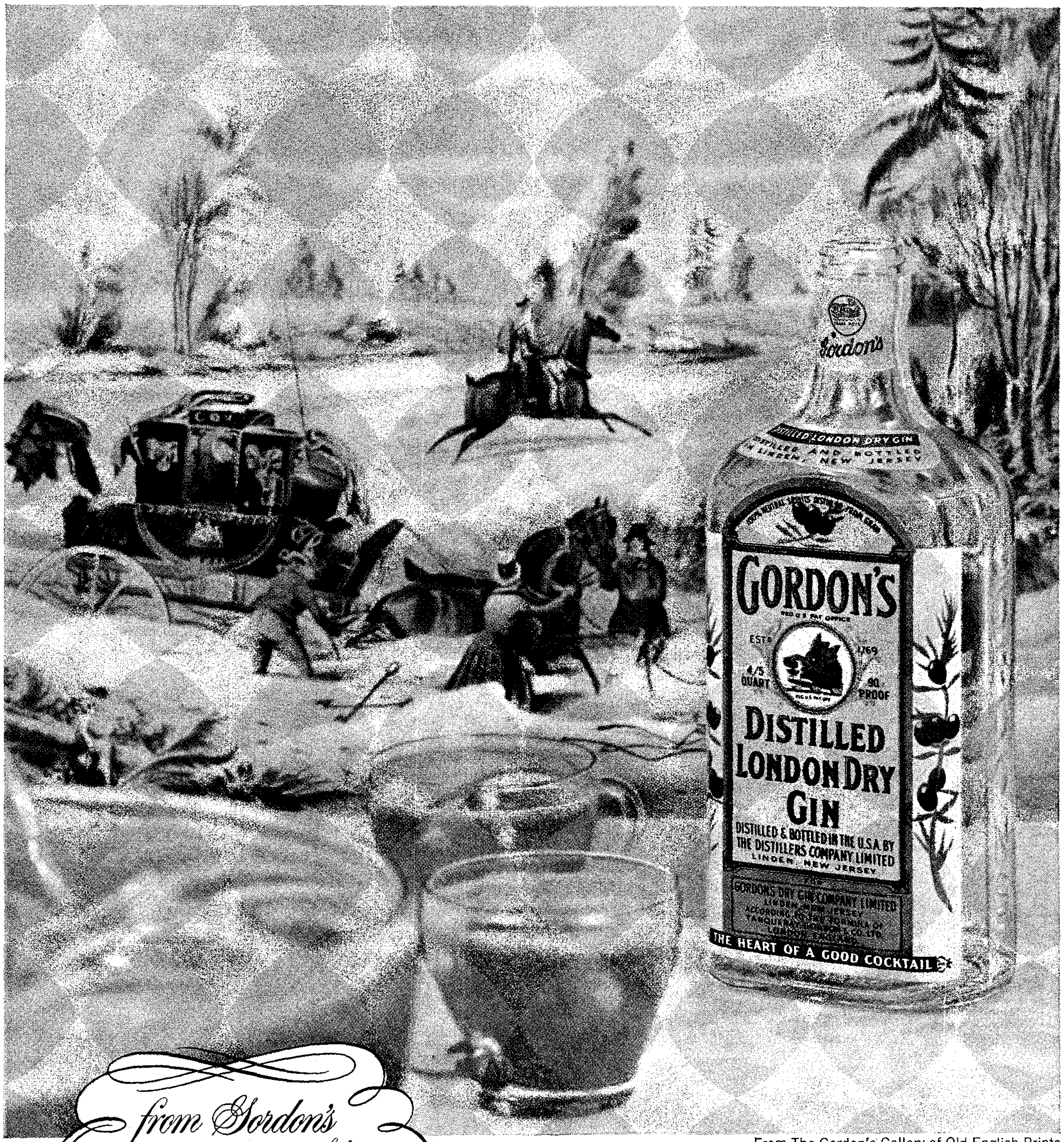
Upholstery with hidden talents . . .
Heritage upholstery is beautiful . . .
inviting . . . you'll enjoy its comforts
for years. But what makes it that
way is hidden inside . . . in the
skillful way it is crafted and in the
superb materials used. How can you tell
from the outside? Just look for the Heritage name!
Shown: Chair and sofa from our
Contemporary Collection, covered
in your choice of over 400
Heritage Gallery fabrics.



✳ Mail fifty cents for
complete Booklet . . . living,
dining, bedroom collections
to Heritage Furniture, Inc.,
Dept. NY-11, High Point, N. C.

HERITAGE

DESIGN ✳ CRAFTSMANSHIP


Gordon's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S
EST'D 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

From The Gordon's Gallery of Old English Prints

from Gordon's 189 year old tradition...

2 Recipes for Happy Holidays!

RECIPE I—Gordon's Original English Recipe Gin is still traditionally distilled for perfect flavor... *the one gin* you can rely on to make perfect gin drinks. For Holiday serving or Holiday giving, remember There's no Gin like GORDON'S—world's finest since 1769.

RECIPE II—Gordon's Gin Holiday Punch. (Makes 25 generous servings, 4 ounces each.) 1 fifth of Gordon's Gin, juice of 4 lemons, juice of 10 oranges, 2 ounces of Grenadine. Pour over a large cake of ice in bowl. Add large bottle of soda. Mix well. Garnish with fruit slices.

there's no gin like

GORDON'S

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 90 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

teen to the propriety of making themselves prettier, teenagers take cosmetics in their stride and apply them with the light, light touch always recommended by *Seventeen.*" Sometimes the touch is so light as to be nonexistent, for there are nonconformists even among teenagers. One of Gilbert's surveys for *Seventeen* found that 5.4 per cent of girls between seventeen and nineteen don't use lipstick and 3.1 per cent never use a comb. In polls, it is the mavericks who stimulate the imagination. One might also mention the three or four per cent of Britons who said "Don't know" when the British Travel & Holidays Association asked them recently where they spent their last vacation. And then there was the nine-year-old boy who told a Gilbert researcher he ate "about fifty" candy bars a week—a figure his mother sadly confirmed.

All in all, the teenage market, male and female, is a tricky one. Crazes and fads play a big part in it, but sometimes the customers reveal a logical simplicity that is, to a merchandiser, rather unsettling. "I've always thought that if a product had to be advertised a lot, it probably wasn't too good," a fifteen-year-old girl remarked to a Gilbert researcher. A major difficulty is the heterogeneity of teenagers. "From the marketer's point of view," Donald B. Armstrong, Jr., a vice-president of the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, told a group of businessmen recently, "a thirteen-year-old is more different from a nineteen-year-old than a thirty-year-old is from a fifty-year-old." The Coca-Cola Company has found that a picture of a boy and a girl drinking Cokes together means romance to older male teenagers but that to their kid brothers it just means that the boy will have to pay for both bottles. There is also the delicate problem of suggesting to teenagers that they buy something their parents would not approve of, without actually coming right out and inviting them to. The *Wall Street Journal* has reported one solution: "Many a teenager smokes, of course, but no cigaret company would risk the opprobrium that probably would attach to a direct sales appeal to teenagers. American Tobacco [Lucky Strikes], however, conducted a careful study of teen musical tastes to guide its Hit Parade show . . . long a teenage radio and TV favorite." Considering the mounting evidence of a connection between cigarette smoking and lung cancer, one might view this solution with reservations. But such is the pace of teenage sophistication that things

S.F.A. presents the Sharkskin cotton weather coat by Aquascutum of London

A new weave in cotton coating, developed by Aquascutum, and tailored into handsome coats that cover the weather situation year round. Exclusive at Saks Fifth Avenue: The Balmacaan, as shown, or The Regent box coat model, both in natural, light grey, bronze or black, 55.00 each. From our International coat Collection, Sixth Floor. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE MEN'S SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills

COUNTRY & CASUAL

Exclusive

Shirt, $15

Pants, $25

Entertaining in an intoxication of color—in a pure silk shirt in lacquer-red, light blue, melon, white or goldenrod, $15. Linked to our tight-as-Scrooge pants, of a rayon brocade predominately red or gold-color, $25. This is home-dressing at its best for the many little soirees that make the holidays a wonderful time. Both come in sizes 8 to 16. Made for us by Haymaker.

Add 40c for sending beyond our delivery area. No C.O.D's.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
Third Floor BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

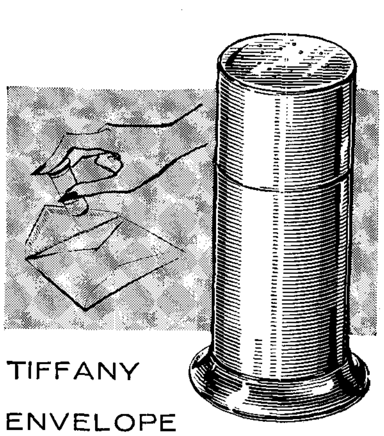
could easily be worse. Lucky Strikes are at least made of tobacco, whereas a scene in a current movie, "High School Confidential," shows a father and mother congratulating themselves because their teenage daughter smokes "only" cigarettes—not marijuana. This belief, incidentally, proves to be unfounded.

THE basic tool in Gilbert's business is the questionnaire, a remarkably complex instrument, full of nuances and contingencies and refinements. The questionnaire he drew up for his Soft Drink Survey 1455-H, conducted for the Hires beverage people several years ago, explored the drinking habits (non-alcoholic) of teenagers with a thoroughness at times reminiscent of the late Senator McCarthy. There was, for example, this ten-part question on page 3:

A. About what time of day did you drink this bottle of ——? Did you drink it with a meal?
B. Were you alone or with someone you knew when you drank it? (If with someone) Whom were you with?
C. (If with someone) Did you share the bottle that you drank or did you drink it by yourself?
D. Did you pay for this drink yourself?
E. (If "Yes") How much did you pay for it?
F. (If "No" to D) Who bought it for you?
G. Did you finish this bottle of ——, or did you leave some of it?
H. (Showing the pictures of the bottles) Compared to these pictures, about what size was the bottle?
I. Why did you have a soft drink at this time?
J. Why did you drink —— in particular at this time? Why was it —— instead of some other kind or brand?

After disposing of that one, the teenager being interviewed still had five pages of questions to go, among them "How often do you read a newspaper?" (as well as "What is your favorite section?") and "Have you had a party at your home in the last six months?"

Gilbert's questionnaire for his Gasoline Preferences Study 1557-E, which he did for Esso, asked teenagers, in addition to the obvious questions, "How mechanically inclined do you think you are?" and "Do you feel that you could have any influence on your friends' purchase of a particular brand of gasoline?" For the answers to have practical significance, the respondent must have achieved considerable self-awareness. Other questions took for granted a high degree of connoisseurship. For instance, Question 14 assumed a knowledge of the gasoline business that, to one who buys gas at the first station that comes



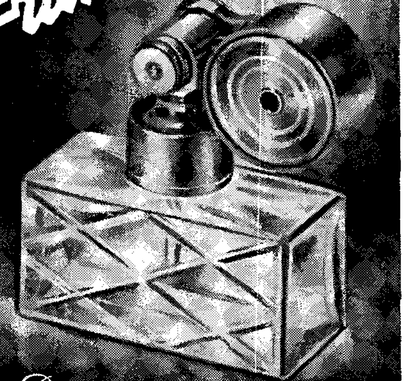
TIFFANY
ENVELOPE
SEALER $6

The efficient sealer that
moistens envelopes, stamps
and all gummed surfaces.
In Tiffany sterling silver, six dollars.
In Tiffany Vermeil, nine dollars.
Gift packaged.
Prices include federal tax.
Add fifty cents for shipping.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Marcel Franck

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS IN
THE WORLD



Don't waste your precious perfume!

Spray it on. Smart women always do. It is the only way to get the full fragrance from every drop.

The smart woman's atomizer is a Marcel Franck. Made in France, it is leak-proof and evaporation-proof and travels perfectly. Chrome, 16.00; Gold Finish 26.00. Other beautiful styles, 7.50 to 30.00.

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

along after he has noticed the tank is low, is impressive: "What oil company, if any, do you think of or rate highest on the following points?" A list of ten companies—Amoco to Texaco—was given, together with eleven characteristics on the basis of which the teenagers were asked to judge them: Community Affairs, Efficiency, Fairness, Friendliness, Good Product, Most Human, Promotion of Safe Driving, Public Service, Research, Scholarship, and Size. Both Esso and Gilbert were disappointed when most of the young people interviewed proved unable to rate the oil companies on some of these, for the American teenager is supposed to have opinions on such matters; he is a skilled consumer, and it is this *expertise* that Gilbert's surveys exploit and, to some extent, create. A survey should, and doubtless will, be undertaken to determine the effects of surveys. Americans set great store by knowing all the answers, and asking a question in itself implies that there *is* an answer.

The questionnaire is to our civilization what art and philosophy were to the Greeks, or law and sewers to the Romans—a natural form of self-expression. Far from resenting a stranger's asking them to donate half an hour to answering a set of complicated questions that have no direct bearing on their own interests, most teenagers, like their parents, are flattered. They also feel obligated, as consumer-citizens, to reply. "Actually, the problem is not to get them to answer but to get them to stop answering," says one of Gilbert's teenage interviewers, whose beat is Barnard College. *Seventeen* has a panel of two thousand volunteer readers who fill out lengthy questionnaires six times a year. In return, the panelists are given a "Certificate of Membership in the

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
FOUNDED 1796

Costly—but incomparable

When you tilt this famous bottle, you pour *the noblest sherry of them all.* Served with dessert or coffee, BRISTOL CREAM sherry brings a good dinner to its golden climax. For no choice liqueur is so delicious as this rarest of Spanish *Olorosos.* And no vintage brandy is more famous—or more *special.*

HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM

SPAIN'S FINEST SHERRIES SINCE 1796. Remember, Harvey's ships a *whole range* of magnificent Spanish sherries including moderately priced HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO, a superb Pale Medium Dry—right for all occasions.

®HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM®
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

LUXURIOUSLY LINED WITH
Bemberg®

the shawl collar is at home everywhere

Forever correct, Lord West's classic single-breasted shawl-collar dinner jacket moves with gracious assurance through the glittering cascade of the season's festivities. From $69.50 to $125.

IT'S FUN TO GO FORMAL WITH
Lord West
FIRST NAME IN QUALITY FORMALS
WEST MILL CLOTHES, INC., 101 W. 21 ST., N. Y. C.

Advertising Advisory Board of Seventeen Magazine," plus, after six months of service, a gold-plated charm. Through their services, *Seventeen* gets information of considerable commercial value, and it gets publicity, too. A Missouri high-school student, for example, sent in a clipping from the front page of her home-town newspaper:

> Miss Kathy Woodfill, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Woodfill, has been notified of her selection as a panel member of the Seventeen Magazine Advertising Advisory Board. . . . She is now one of the on-the-scene reporters from all over the United States who will keep the magazine staff posted on the interests, activities, fashion likes and needs in this area. She also received a vellum certificate of appointment signed by Enid A. Haupt, publisher of the teenage magazine.

In her accompanying letter, Miss Woodfill wrote:

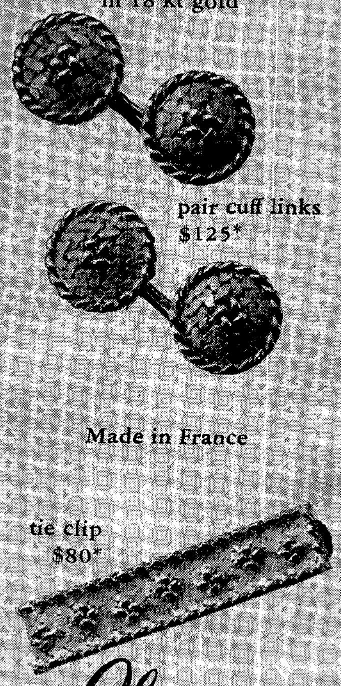
> Needless to say, I was pleased as Punch and Dad and Mother were proud. Also the school paper carried approximately the same article. And "Tiger Tales," our snoopy escort every place we go [probably a school gossip sheet], told of my appointment. So "Seventeen" got a plug three times in this town and in the county!

So it did, proving that asking questions can be a form of advertising—a proposition that was also demonstrated by the United States Coast Guard when it commissioned Gilbert to poll fifteen thousand high-school seniors on what they knew about the Coast Guard Academy, at New London. Before the poll, applications for the Academy's admission examinations had run around two hundred a year; after it, they rose to around two thousand. This particular questionnaire was designed to give information rather than to get it, and also to build up a favorable picture of the client. One of the questions, for example, ran like this:

> Which of the following facts about the Coast Guard Academy interests you the most?
> A. The Academy has a B.S. degree second in prestige only to M.I.T.
> B. You get paid for studying—$60 a month.
> C. The Academy is across the street from the Connecticut College for Women.

Perhaps the surprising thing is that *only* two thousand boys applied for the Academy. Gilbert does not do much with the results of these "informative" questionnaires, since it is the questions, not the answers, that are the point.

To the non-commercial and non-academic layman, a curious aspect of many questionnaire surveys is that they come up with answers one might think



BOUTONS MANCHETTES
ET LE FIXE-CRAVATE
in 18 kt gold

pair cuff links
$125*

Made in France

tie clip
$80*

Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included

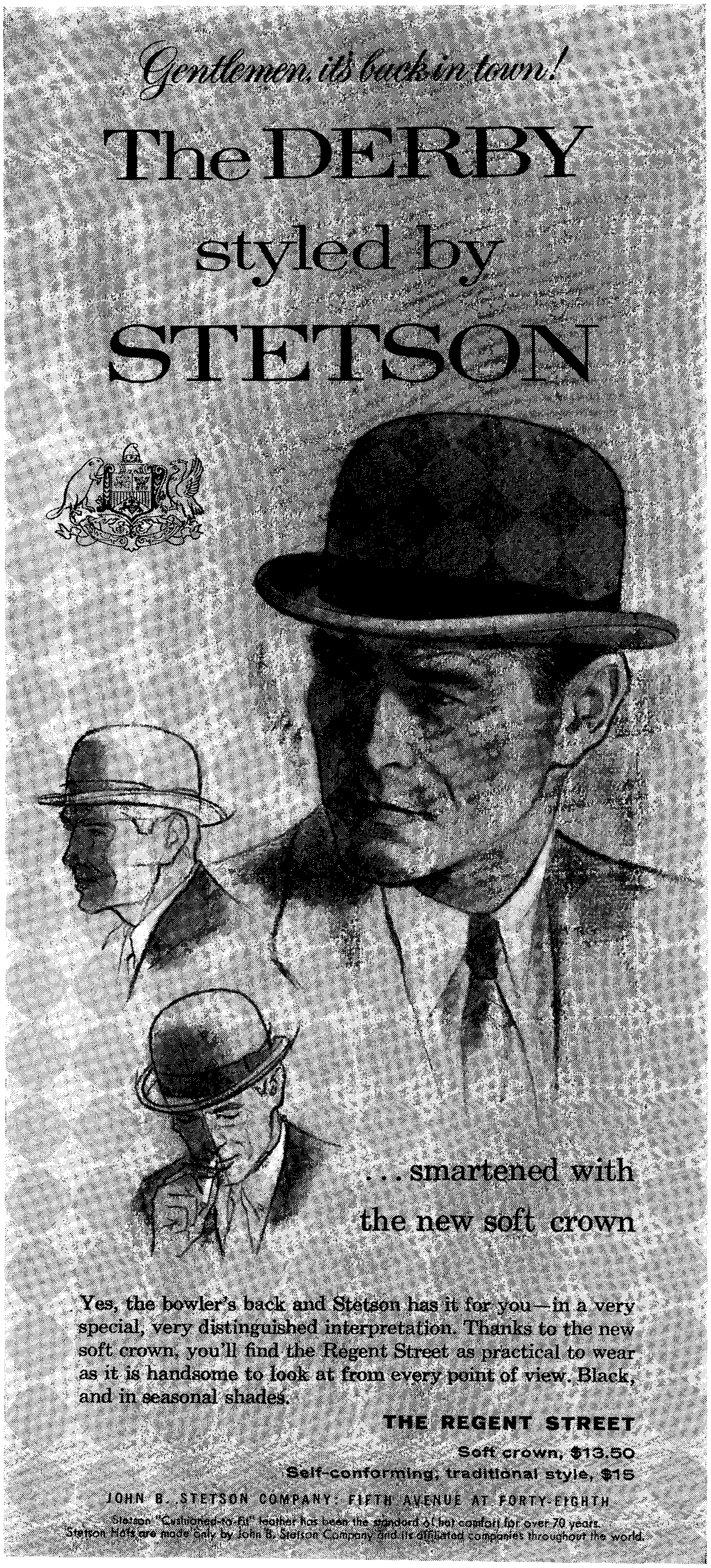
Cheers, Chaps,
here comes that
English Leather
after shave...
after shower...
after hours...
English Leather
the only
all-purpose
men's lotion
From $2.00 to $6.50
MEM COMPANY, INC.
67 Irving Place, New York

could have been arrived at by plain common sense. The Elgin National Watch Company was gratified to learn from Gilbert, after an extensive survey, that "nineteen out of twenty watches purchased by or for young people are specifically intended for their sole use" (do some teenagers share a watch?); that eighteen out of twenty young people who own watches got them as gifts, usually on their birthdays or at graduation; that "the immediate family plays the most important part (86.7%) in the purchase of watches for young people;" and that young people tend to damage watches more than their elders do (a jeweller who sells a watch to a teenager can count on some repair work). Researchers more academic than Gilbert are also truism-prone. In "The American Teenager," H. H. Remmers and D. H. Radler write:

> In summarizing the results we find that the typical teenager is responsive to the feelings and opinions of his peers on such questions as what to wear to a party, what clubs to join, how to act when out with the gang, and personal grooming.... In regard to "What to wear at a party," girls, as we might expect, are more sensitive to peer-group pressures than boys.

Also as we might expect, a group of sociologists at Rutgers, after a three-year study of three thousand teenagers, revealed that they are more likely to consult one another than their parents on such subjects as the opposite sex, whom to ask to a party, what to wear, and how to get along with other teenagers.

"Sometimes our research merely confirms what the client already knows," Gilbert admits. "It's like getting in a C.P.A. to check the books." His clients agree. Last year, he did a study of "Purchasing Habits and Expectations of the Young Male Market" for the Petersen Publishing Company. The resulting hundred-and-fifty-page document begins, "The most outstanding difference between the young male Petersen readers and non-readers is found in the ownership of cars. When asked if they or any member of the family living at home owned an automobile, 91% of the Petersen readers responded 'Yes,' compared to only 75% of the non-readers." Since the firm specializes in the publication of automotive magazines, one might think that its head, Robert E. Petersen, would have experienced a slight letdown on reading this revelation, which cost him almost fifty thousand dollars. On the contrary, he was delighted. "I had always assumed that to be the case, but you can't go to



Gentlemen, it's back in town!

The DERBY styled by STETSON

...smartened with the new soft crown

Yes, the bowler's back and Stetson has it for you—in a very special, very distinguished interpretation. Thanks to the new soft crown, you'll find the Regent Street as practical to wear as it is handsome to look at from every point of view. Black, and in seasonal shades.

THE REGENT STREET

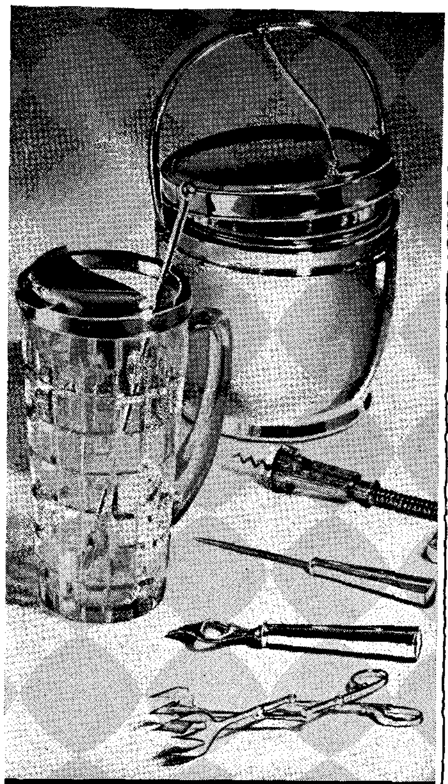
Soft crown, $13.50

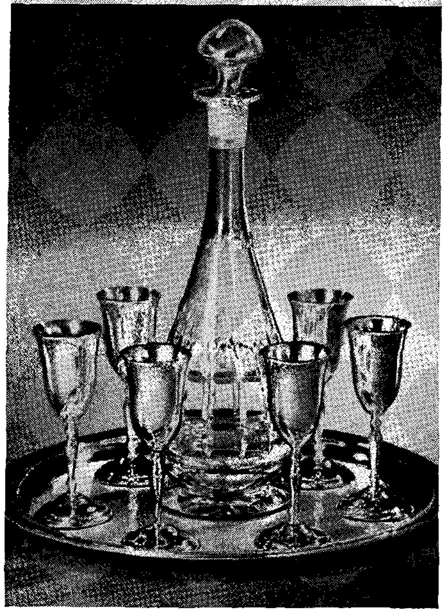
Self-conforming, traditional style, $15

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY: FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-EIGHTH

Stetson "Cushioned-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years.
Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847





Serviceable Gifts in Silver

(Top)
Ice bucket, 11" high, $175; 2 qt. crystal Martini pitcher with top and spoon of silver, $55.50; bottle opener, $12; ice pick, $11; corkscrew, $18.50; ice tongs, $22.50.

(Bottom)
11" high crystal decanter with silver top, $35; cordials, $11 each; tray, 10¼" diameter, $38.50.
Federal Tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
PLaza 3-0111

an advertising agency and sell space with assumptions," he says. "You have to have proof. Now I can take them this report and there it is in black and white." John Goldwater, who presides over Archie Comic Publications, Inc., an outfit that gets out eight monthly comic books (mostly about teenage life), with a total circulation of three million, feels much the same way. One of Gilbert's first jobs after he moved his business from Chicago to New York was a survey for Archie Comics designed to find out whether its teenage readers influenced their parents in the buying of products like bicycles. After ten thousand interviews, plus twenty-five hundred checkbacks with parents, Gilbert was able to inform his client that fathers usually give their children the make of bike they ask for. "Of course, we expected that," says Goldwater. "But we had to prove it to the advertisers. They're a tough bunch, very hardheaded. Once we had the figures, we got a lot more ads. Gene Gilbert seemed to know just how advertisers would react."

It would appear, therefore, that what Gilbert knows about advertisers is at least as important in his business as what he knows about teenagers. In the merchandising world, as in the entertainment world, the ultimate consumer has become lost in a jungle of executive vice-presidents. Advertising men and movie and TV impresarios try to "sell" one another, and if they succeed, the ads are run, the movies are made. In those esoteric realms, all the apparatus of Science—graphs, tables, bar charts, and the rest—are highly regarded, and this is where Eugene Gilbert & Co. most decidedly comes in—for Gilbert's job is not only to know what teenagers want but also, by appropriate ceremonial gestures, to convince merchandisers that he knows.

EVERY polling agency is haunted by the vision of a dishonest field-worker who simply fills in his allotment of questionnaires at random, without going to the trouble of questioning anyone. Gilbert has developed several means of combatting this threat. He writes to a sampling of people who have allegedly been interviewed, to make sure that they exist and were interviewed, and he includes in each questionnaire several specimens of what he calls "cheater-meters;" recently, for instance, in a list of radio programs sponsored by a client he inserted a mythical one called "The Lost Legion." If any agent reports any interest at all in

wonderful things for men
Christmas Cashmere Kimono

$150

Send For Our Christmas CATALOG

Black or Red
Lined in black & white pure silk stripes

DESIGNED AND MADE BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK • NEW YORK • PL 5-2588
Now open in PALM BEACH—220 WORTH AVE.

DOMINO belts
IL DONO SUPREMO
(the gift supreme)
CREATO IN ITALIA
(crafted in Italy)

Incomparable craftsmanship in a gentleman's stitchless belt that's slim as *a rapier* . . supple as a whip . . smart as the devil! In precious leathers, $6 to $15.

. . . and see the new men's watch straps
hand-made, stitchless, slim and tapered to slide right under the watch! In precious leathers, $2 to $4

At a fine store in your city or write—
GREENHALL BROS., Inc., 18 E. 30th St., N.Y. 16

"The Lost Legion," Gilbert draws the appropriate conclusion. Deception is rare, he says, but when it is discovered, he writes a letter demanding a refund of the pay, and if that fails, he goes over the interviewer's head to someone in (theoretical) authority. Although this procedure usually works, it was without effect on one occasion last summer, when Gilbert tried to get his money back from a girl in the Midwest who had been filling in her own questionnaires for several weeks before she was detected. She refused to reimburse him, and her mother not only backed her up but counter-attacked:

> In answer to your letter dated January 8, 1958 . . . Your demand for repayment of money paid my daughter seems ridiculous to me. Inasmuch as you claim incompetence as grounds for repayment ["falsification" was the word Gilbert had actually used] you might consider your own shortcomings in this department in having school children do a service of such value without screening or training them in any way. . . .
>
> As far as the second letter, dated January 22, 1958, is concerned, intimidation on your part is, in my opinion, indicative of an insecure feeling toward the situation regarding an adolescent and is hardly an admirable attribute to a businessman. Reviewing this situation, I am sure you will, as I already have, consider this matter closed.

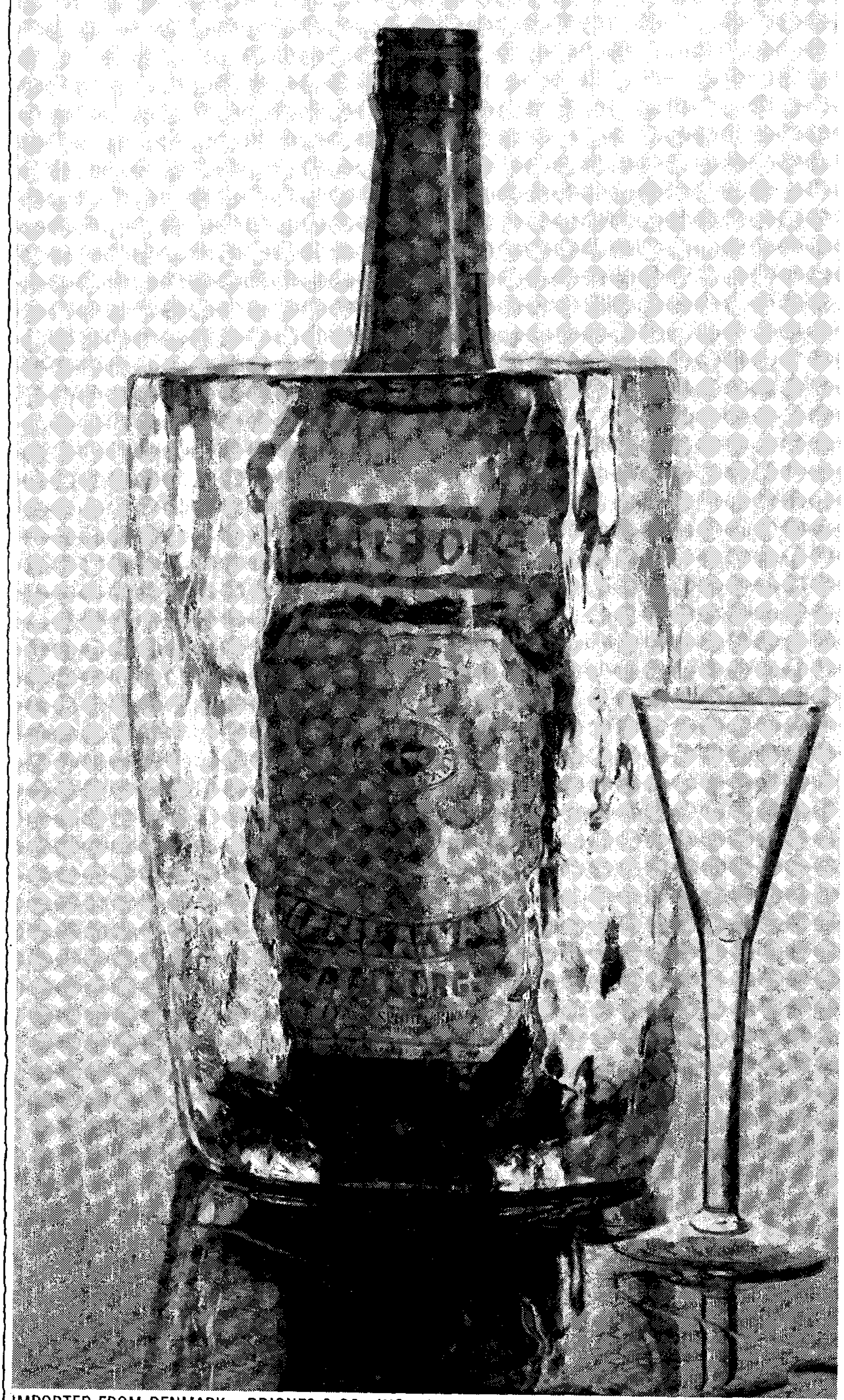
Insecure or not, Gilbert does not consider the matter closed. "Should we be expected to pay our interviewers for the time they spend falsifying interviews?" he asked the mother, rather plaintively, in a subsequent letter. But, with Freud and the Harvard Business School pressed into her service, the indignant parent has so far refused to disgorge.

Five years ago, Gilbert devised still another safeguard against slothful or deliberately dishonest fieldworkers when he began enlisting—also on an hourly basis, though at a somewhat higher rate of pay—a number of his agents' teach-

THIS IS ONE WAY TO SERVE

AALBORG AKVAVIT

An ice jacket — that's the dramatic way that some restaurants chill Aalborg Akvavit. But your home refrigerator will do superbly. It's the chilling that makes the difference, you see. It brings out the smooth and incredibly dry **hint-of-caraway** taste for which Aalborg Akvavit is famous. Serve Aalborg straight as an apéritif. Try it with tidbits, canapé or smörgåsbord. Or mix it for a sensational Bloody Mary. Ask for "Ahl-bor Ah-kwa-veet" at better stores, restaurants and bars.



IMPORTED FROM DENMARK • BRIONES & CO., INC., N. Y. 4 • 90 PROOF-100% POTATO NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Evan-Picone

Very Evan-Picone...
the couturier-detailed skirt
with its twin-buttoned yoke...
in the choicest imported
flannel...about $25.
The fly-front shirt by Epic,
in pure silk...about $14.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
J. W. ROBINSON
JOSEPH MAGNIN

ers to supervise their polling activities. This idea has worked out so well that Gilbert has built up a corps of about five hundred teacher representatives. In high schools, they are likely to be faculty advisers to the leading student publications, while in colleges most of them are professors of marketing, statistics, and other business subjects. Many of them have proved to be valuable as interviewers themselves, for Gilbert's business has expanded in so many directions that over a third of it is concerned with asking questions of people who are no longer teenagers. Last spring, for example, Wide World Photos signed a contract to use Gilbert's field staff for all its commercial research jobs. Gilbert feels that his adult academic pollsters give him something of an edge over other polling outfits, which normally employ housewives as interviewers. As teenagers are best at questioning teenagers, so, he reasons, business teachers are best at questioning businessmen. His faculty agents also have the advantage of being in a position to gather trade information for his clients under the disarming banner of academic research; closemouthed businessmen, he has found, will open up more readily to a seeker after Ph.D. material than to a run-of-the-mill pollster. "And our interviewers *can* use the material for a thesis, if they want to," Gilbert points out. "It's all theirs—once we've had a look."

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Gilbert.*)

•

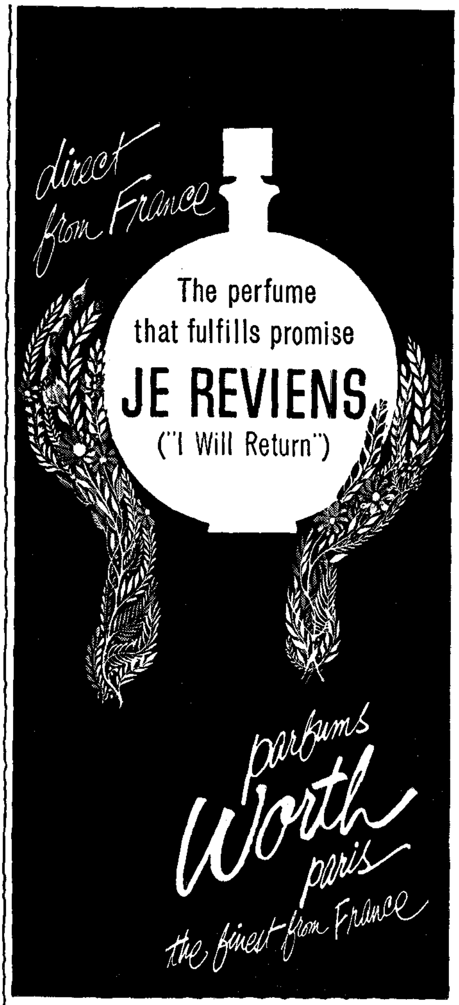
Key West is a corruption of the Spanish Cayo Hueso meaning "Bone Island." Cayo is pronounced "Key" and Hueso, "Wesso." It is the most westward of the island chain and the mistake is understandable. The name, Boca Raton, which in Spanish means "rats mouth" was given because the rocks in the harbor gnawed at the ship's cables. Pinellas was fashioned from the Spanish, "Punta Pinal," meaning "point of pines." It has the distinction of being the only word in the English language. —*Raleigh* (*N. C.*) *News & Observer.*

That's good enough for us.

•

Do you occasionally overdraw your checking account? Try this remedy. Though not too businesslike, it's effective. Write a check to John Doe for $20 (or some other suitable sum). Fill in the stub, but tear up and throw away the check itself. Then try to forget the whole thing except, of course, when you reconcile your bank statement. You'll have a $20 margin of safety.—*Changing Times.*

Will it work for months that have no R in them?



direct from France

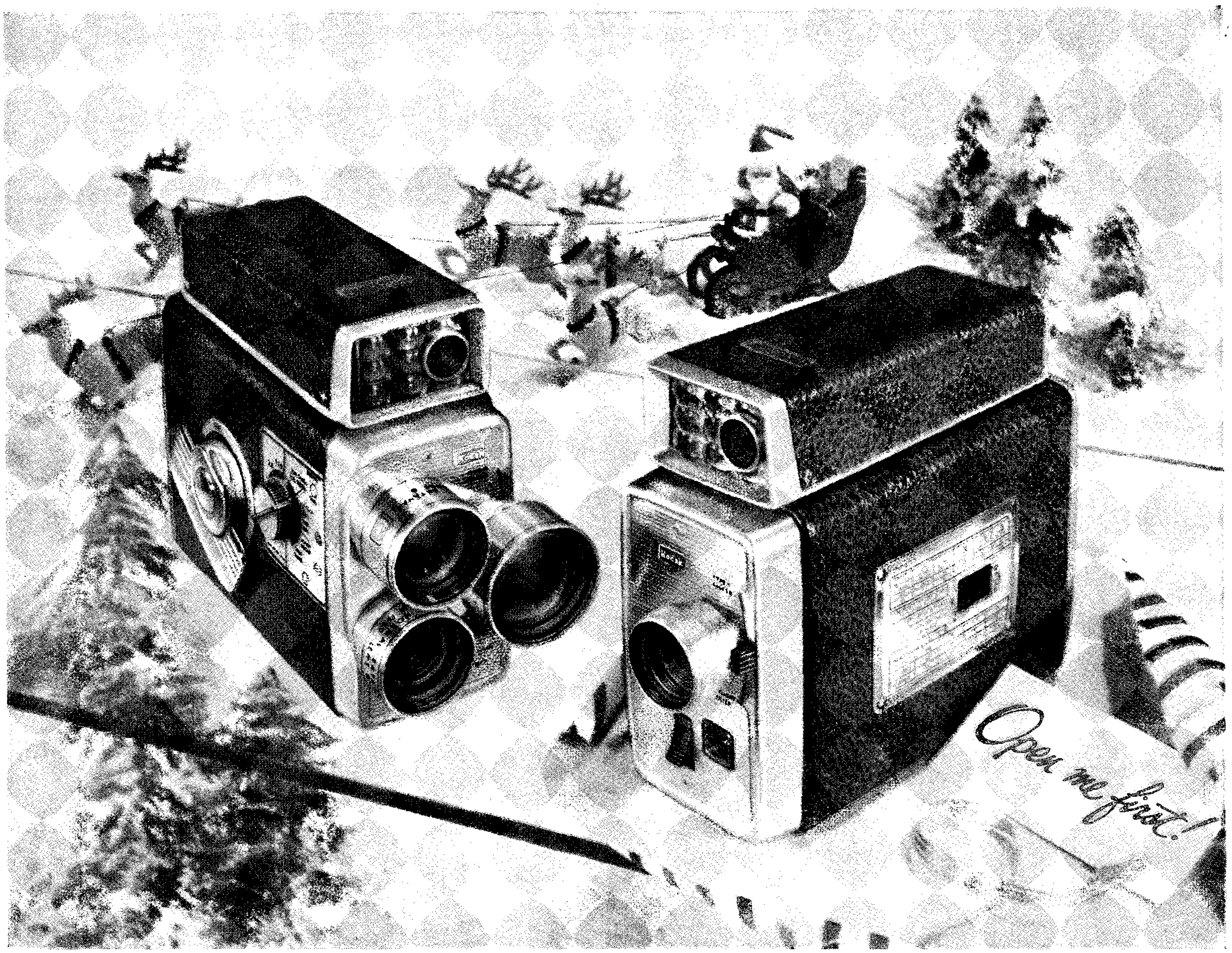
The perfume
that fulfills promise
JE REVIENS
("I Will Return")

parfums
Worth
paris
the finest from France

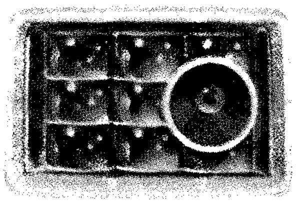
Miss Bergdorf

A Pretty Piece of Change
in a party bag for gifting your young fashionable daughter. It's flat, about 8" high, of rayon satin in brown, white, black, navy, red, green, sapphire or beige. A Josef Original. $15.95 plus 10% Fed. tax
Mail and 'phone orders accepted.
Add 30¢ for sending beyond our delivery area.

5th floor BERGDORF GOODMAN
746 Fifth Avenue New York 19 N.Y.



Brownie Movie Camera, Scopesight *f*/1.9 (Exposure-Meter Models). Single-Lens Model, $79.50. Turret Model, $99.50



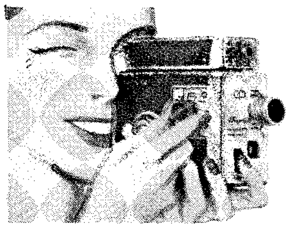
Brownie Movie Cameras with built-in exposure meter!

Automatically shows you correct exposure setting . . . for beautiful color movies, reel after reel!

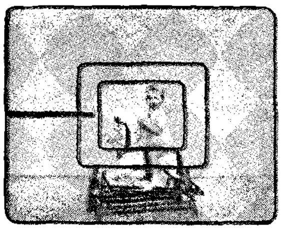
Kodak presents the easiest-to-use movie cameras in Brownie history . . . with an exposure-meter pointer right in the viewfinder! No more computing settings! These 8mm cameras have true telescopic viewfinders . . . fast *f*/1.9 lenses . . . built-in Skylight and Type A filters . . . easier loading mechanism.

Give a new Brownie Movie Camera for Christmas. Tag it "Open me first," for movies first thing Christmas morning! Most dealers offer convenient terms.

(Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.)



The exposure-setting dial is coupled to the meter. You see the exposure-meter pointer right in the viewfinder. It moves as you turn the dial.



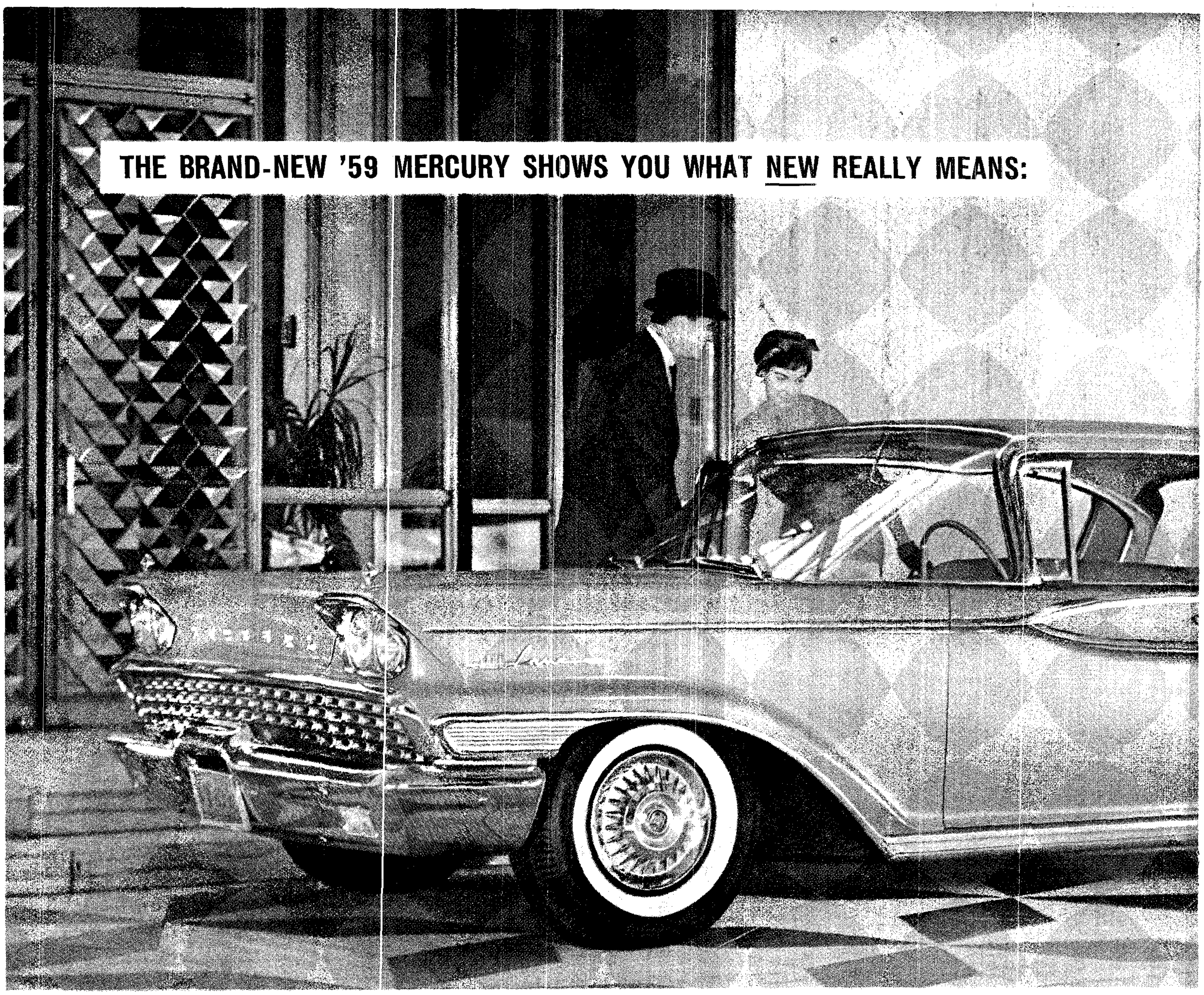
You get perfect exposure indoors or out, simply by centering the pointer as you view each scene.

All the action perfectly exposed . . . and you need never take the camera from your eye!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak
TRADEMARK

THE BRAND-NEW '59 MERCURY SHOWS YOU WHAT NEW REALLY MEANS:



THE '59 MERCURY—EVERYTHING YOU

- NEW STYLING
- NEW COMFORT
- NEW PERFORMANCE
- NEW ECONOMY

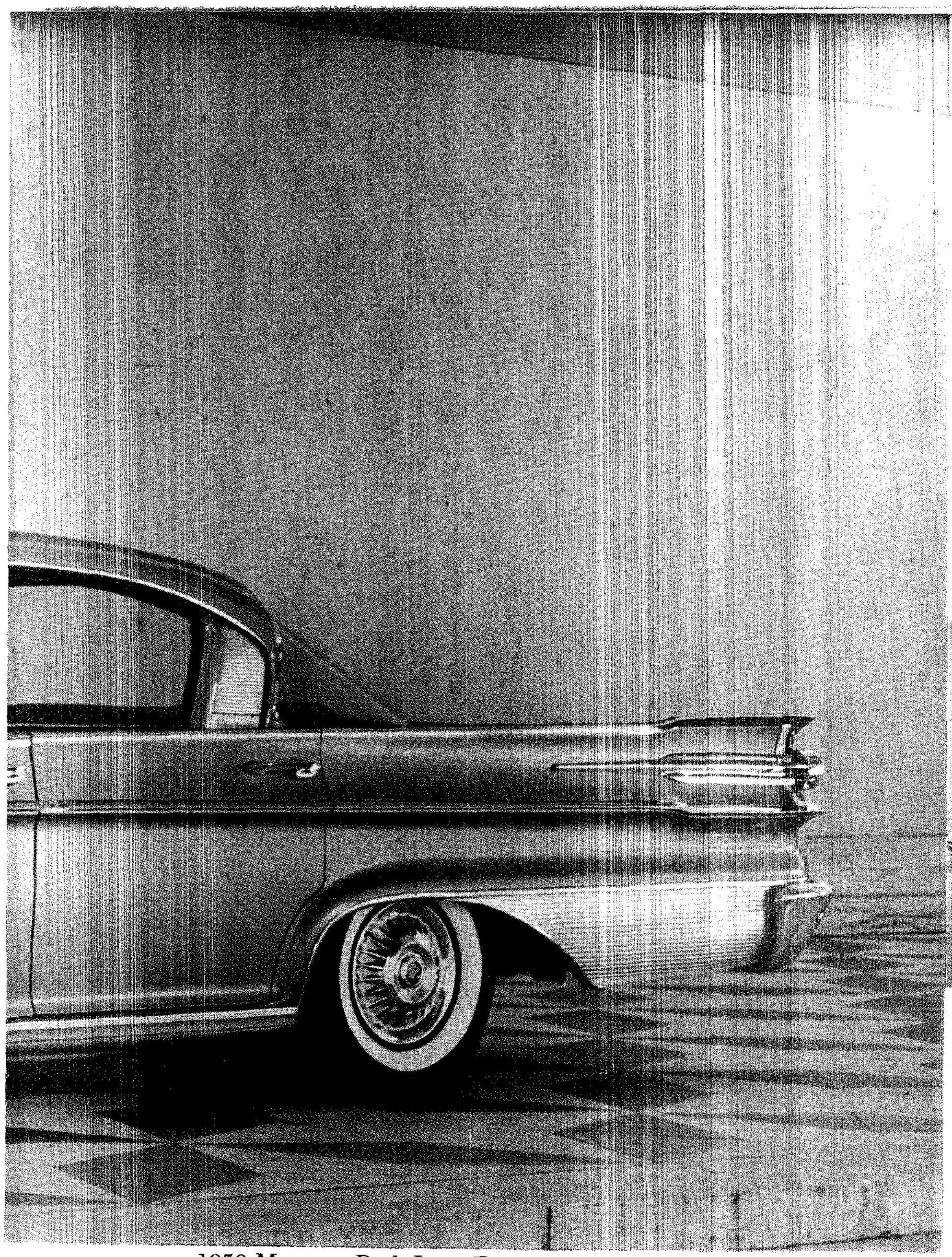
all beautifully combined in the 20th Anniversary MERCURY

Americans are looking at the new cars with a new look in their eyes. They're searching for the best combination of all the things that count in a car. The answer in 1959 comes from this completely new Mercury. For in its 20th Anniversary year, Mercury offers the finest models ever presented. You get the grand total of everything you want on wheels:

SEE NEW CLEAN-DYNAMIC STYLING. Distinctive—because Mercury has its own exclusive body design; it is the only car in its class that does *not* use a dressed-up body shared by a low-priced car. Delightfully airy looking; more than 35 square feet of safety glass all around.

RELAX IN A NEW KIND OF COMFORT. No car in its price class has more usable room than this new Mercury. Examples: 6 more inches of entry room, 9 more inches of knee room up front, 31½ cubic feet of luggage space. We've even cut

'59 MERCURY BUILT TO LEA



1959 Mercury Park Lane Four-door Hardtop Cruiser. Color: Blue Ice

WANT ON WHEELS!

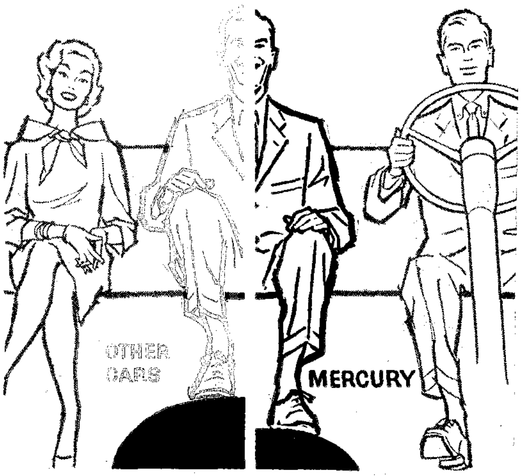
down the hump in the center of the floor; the man in the middle doesn't sit with his chin on his knees (as he does in other 1959 cars).

FEEL LIVELY NEW PERFORMANCE. Mercury has always been known as a top performer and now it's even greater. Not just high horsepower—although Mercury offers as much as 345—but a *new* kind of response, quiet, obedient, effortless.

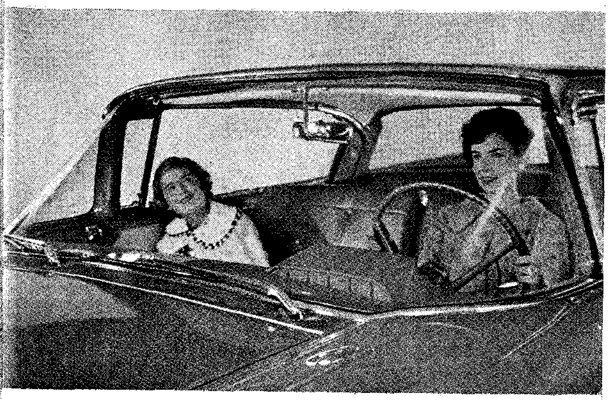
ENJOY NEW ECONOMIES. The 1959 Mercury has been priced so that 2 out of 3 new car buyers can afford one. The big special is the Monterey which offers a new economy engine that works beautifully on regular (not premium) gasoline—you save 10% right there! And this engine squeezes more mileage out of every drop of gasoline.

See your dealer—try a Mercury. **Built to lead—built to last—built to give you the most for your money in 1959.**

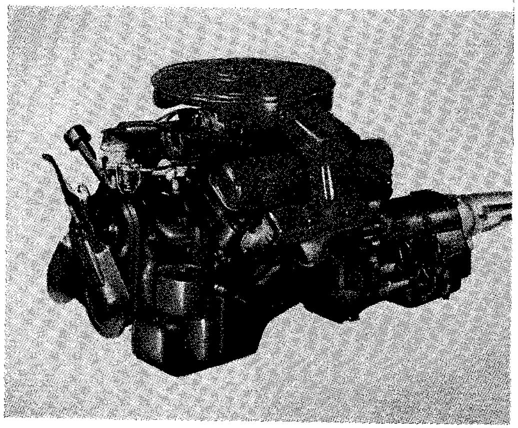
—BUILT TO LAST



NEW COMFORT UP FRONT! That hump you'll find on other '59 cars has been cut in half in the Mercury. 3 full-size riders can stretch out (including the man in the middle).



FIRST CLOSED CAR WITH AN OPEN-AIR FEELING! More than 35 square feet of safety glass all around. The big new windshield sweeps up into the roof, as well as around.

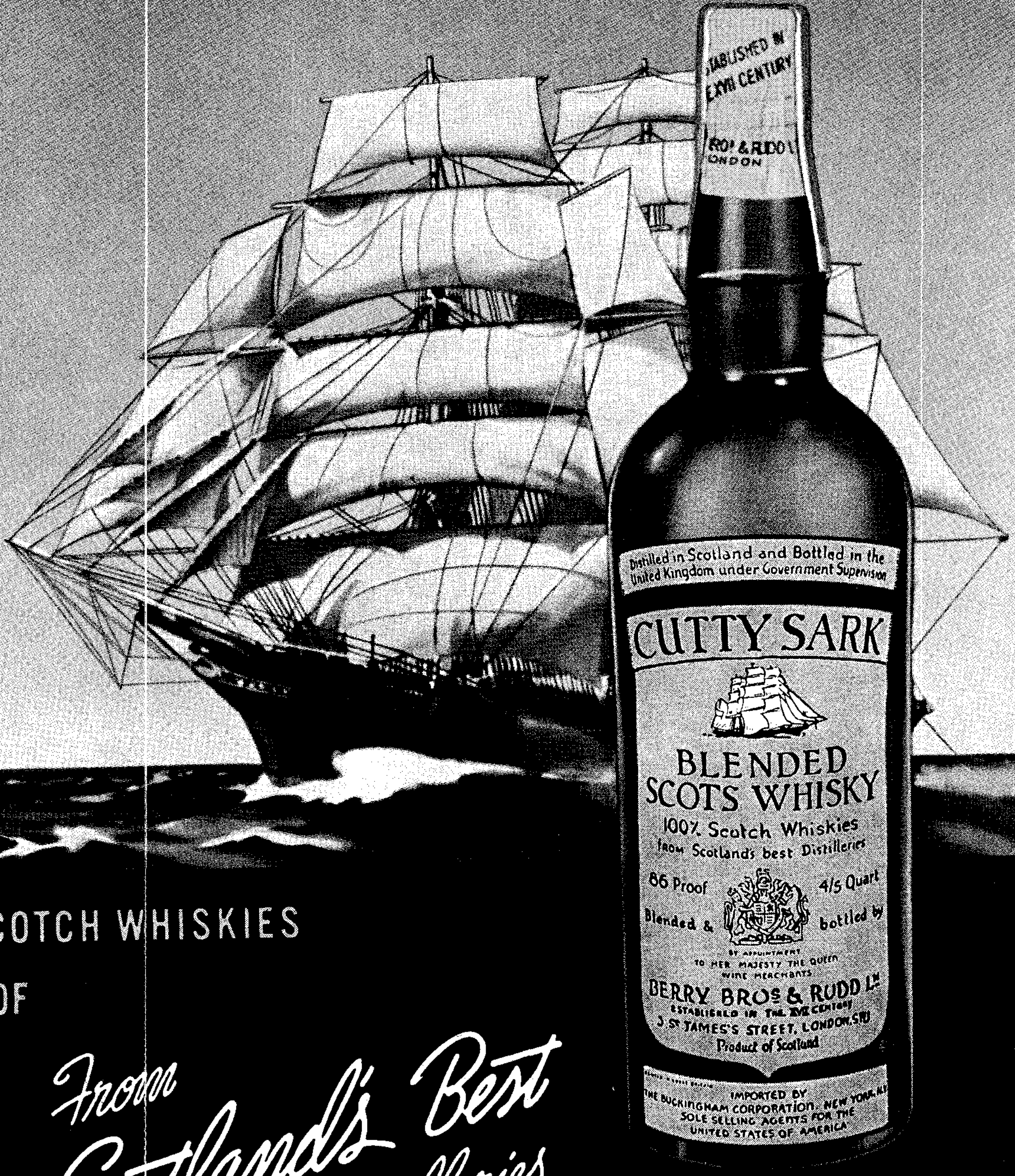


POWER WITHOUT WASTE! Marauder engines designed for modern power requirements deliver more power, more efficiently. Only Mercury has these budget-minded engines.

MERCURY'S COUNTRY CRUISERS—NEWEST IDEAS IN STATION WAGONS— Mercury is the only station wagon with beautiful hardtop styling plus retractable back window (no heavy liftgate). First to offer you a self-storing third seat that faces front; a hidden, locking luggage compartment.

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY


ESTABLISHED IN XVIII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE THEATRE

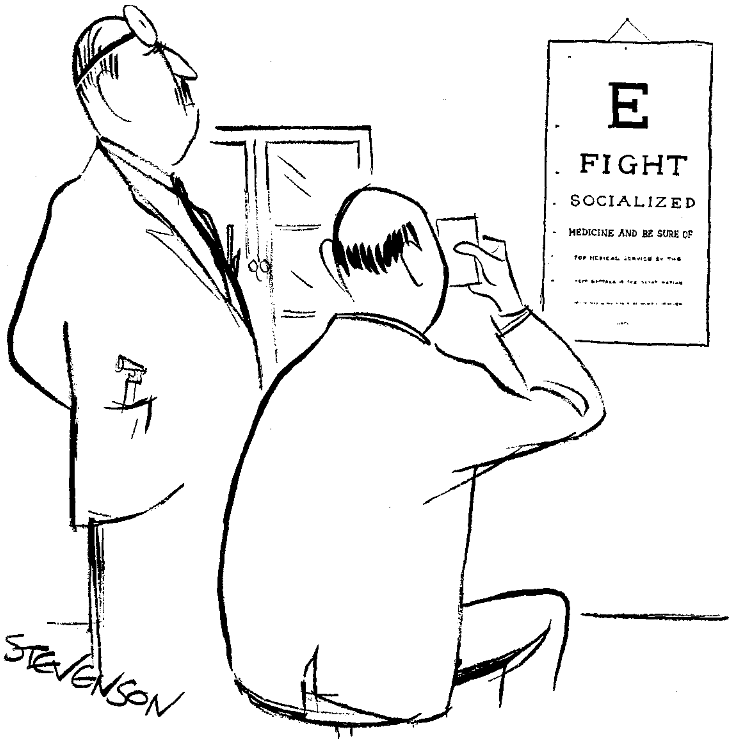
DISORDER FROM FRANCE

"A FRENCH clown," according to the late Robert Benchley, is the superlative form of the adjective "unfunny." One knows what he meant. You have only to utter the phrase and I see a milk-faced, red-nosed, popeyed oaf (later to be described as "a Chaplinesque droll") falling backward off a kitchen chair while in the act of blowing low C on a slide trombone. Beside him, doubled up with laughter, crouches his partner, or *deuxième banane,* who wears spangles and carries in one hand a soprano saxophone. They are both, you understand, brilliant musicians; only brilliant musicians could pretend to play so badly. They are in the great line of Continental clowns, and that, as far as Mr. Benchley and I are concerned, means the firing line.

I say this to reassure anyone who might have suspected that "La Plume de Ma Tante," the new French revue at the Royale, fell (or pratfell) into that sickening category. It does not. Nor, despite the presence of a token chorus line, is it one of those gaudy, rump-brandishing extravaganzas that run for years in Paris, under titles like "Pschtt! C'est Fou!" or "T'es Nue, Tu Sais?" It is something much rarer and more intimate, which cares as little for belly dancers as it does for belly laughs. It belongs to what we may call the post-boffola era of Gallic clowning, as represented in the cinema by the films of Jacques Tati, who has the same deadpan demeanor in the face of calamity, the same wild fertility in the matter of visual gags, and the same reluctance to regard dialogue as anything more than a last resort. Robert Dhéry, the author, director, and *compère* of "La Plume de Ma Tante," has been experimenting with this kind of comedy for ten years now, first in a pocket theatre on the Rue Daunou and latterly in London, where the show ran through two seasons. Most of his actors have been with him from the beginning, a harassed squad of stoics who know each other's habits so well that they converse mainly in pouts, raised eyebrows, tentative shrugs, and (when really stirred) barings of the teeth accompanied by muffled snarls. Nothing in their revues ever goes quite right; some tiny threat of disaster is always on hand to unnerve them. To such threats, they react not with panic or alarm but with calm, fatalistic acceptance; this has happened, you feel, a hundred times before, and will happen a hundred times again. In their pocket-theatre days, they were able to convey, by the faintest tremor of unease, that a lion had escaped backstage or that a fire was raging in the basement. Two numbers later, a distant roar would be heard to the right, and the girls, by now embarked on a flamenco routine, would exchange helpless shrugs and edge almost imperceptibly to the left. The Royale, however, is not the ideal place for nuances, and some of M. Dhéry's inventions (including the lion and the fire) have had to be dropped, while some that were retained have been coarsened, but enough remain untouched to make the show an object lesson in comedy as the art of quiet desperation. Its postulate is that worried actors are funny. From this, it goes on to prove that they get funnier the less they show their worry.

The curtain is hardly up when M. Dhéry, hopeful, ingratiating, and endowed with a charming lisp, skips on to introduce the program. At once, a heavy iron ladder falls to the stage within a foot of where he is standing. He does not leap, shriek, or recoil; he merely turns toward the wings in mild, reproachful appeal. Similarly, when Jean Lefèvre, whom M. Dhéry chooses to present as "my brother-in-law Amsterdam," shambles on to play his electric guitar, the instrument blows up in his face, whereupon M. Lefèvre, betraying no surprise at all, turns and shambles off. Shortly afterward, a sombre baritone appears, clad in yellow oilskins, to sing a song about the irresistible lure of the sea that would be entirely convincing if he were not riding an Arab stallion at the time. M. Dhéry then shows us, with the tact of one treading on eggs, how a waiter in a Paris *bistro* contrives, by using everything short of strychnine, to make life hell for a late-arriving customer; this is a magically delicate vignette. There is also an enigmatic sylvan ballet, in which Pierre Olaf, a rueful little man with steadily twinkling eyes, plays a romantic princeling profoundly embarrassed by tights that are somewhat too explicit. In this number, Colette Brosset, concealing her qualms beneath a dumbstruck, fawning stare, appears as an understudy partnered by a stern ballerina in black tights, whose interest in her becomes, as the ballet progresses, much more than professional. "She's not *normale,*" hisses Mlle. Brosset, suddenly naïve and aghast, and one sees her point.

And I have not yet mentioned Jacques Legras, who looks like a troubled cod, eats dog biscuits for comfort, and gets trapped, along with M. Dhéry, in a circular curbside construction from which there seems to be no exit. Or Roger Caccia, the bald traveller who arrives at a fog-bound airport, climbs the boarding steps, spins his


E
FIGHT
SOCIALIZED
MEDICINE AND BE SURE OF
TOP MEDICAL SERVICE BY THE
STEVENSON

Elizabeth Arden's

Star Topaz

For a brilliant role at home . . . Elizabeth Arden's hostess robe of shimmering enchantment, made of lamé like molten gold, it clings and falls into sculptured lines of live beauty. What a wonderful look for you at home! What a Christmas gift to give—or receive! Sizes 10 to 18, 45.00. This robe in stained glass rayon print, 22.95; in jersey, 25.00; in velvet, 35.00.

Elizabeth Arden Salon

691 fifth avenue • plaza 9-2940
boston · philadelphia · washington
chicago · san francisco · hollywood
surfside miami · miami beach

bow tie, and, after a few preliminary sputterings, makes contact and zooms off, unboosted, into the dark. (M. Caccia is M. Dhéry's expert in the art of the delayed take; an example is the frozen dismay of his posture as a Peeping Tom who finds himself peeping, by an error in timing, at an obese middle-aged man.) And still I have omitted much that is odd and splendid, such as the weird item announced as "Domingo Blazes and His Courageous Latin-American Band"—courageous in what sense I do not know, unless it takes courage to work for a conductor less than three feet tall—and the blithe rebellion that enters into the souls of four somnolent bell-ringing monks and impels them to a mounting ecstasy of jive.

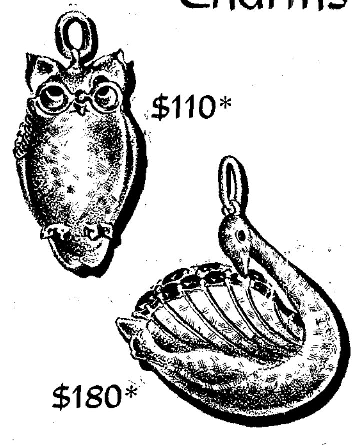
M. Dhéry has a way of repeating himself, especially in the matter of skirts that turn out, when ogled or fondled, to be kilts or trousers, and the second half of the show distinctly droops. Some of his gems are embedded in muddy puddles of ingenuousness. But they are worth wading, and waiting, for, and Benchley, I dare swear, would have loved them.—KENNETH TYNAN

OFF BROADWAY

Import News

THE presumptive moral to be drawn from Sean O'Casey's "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy," which opened last week at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse, is that an Irishman who sets out to write a defense of reason is flying in the face of nature. Consider the discrepancy between the intention and the deed. "This play," Mr. O'Casey has written, "is filled with laughter against superstition. It is anti-puritan. I believe the happy life comes from one's own efforts. We all have minds and should use them. That is why the play laughs at superstition." Very well. Then why is there a six-foot rooster in it, who can change into a top hat and back again before you can say "Wisha!"? And why is there a bewitched whiskey bottle that explodes before one's very eyes with a blinding flash of light? And why is there a houseful of evil spirits who split the front wall from rafters to lintel when the priest comes to give them a bit of exorcise? Are these reasonable phenomena? Or are they symptoms of the awful retribution that nature visits upon Irishmen who try to be sensible? It does seem odd that Mr. O'Casey, even while asking us to laugh at people who believe in enchanted bottles, should feel obscurely compelled to bring out an enchanted bottle for us to laugh at, too.

"Christmas Charms"



$110*

$180*

The scholarly owl is eyed
with black star sapphires. The
Swan is pavé with topaz
or amethyst. Both are chunky,
fabric finished 14K gold.

M GEESIE INC
630 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

*federal tax included.
Swan with aquamarines $230

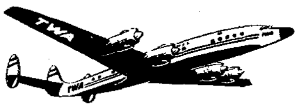
It's paradise—
sun-bathing on Adam and Eve's beach. Our two-yard terry towel by Pat Prichard, 6.95

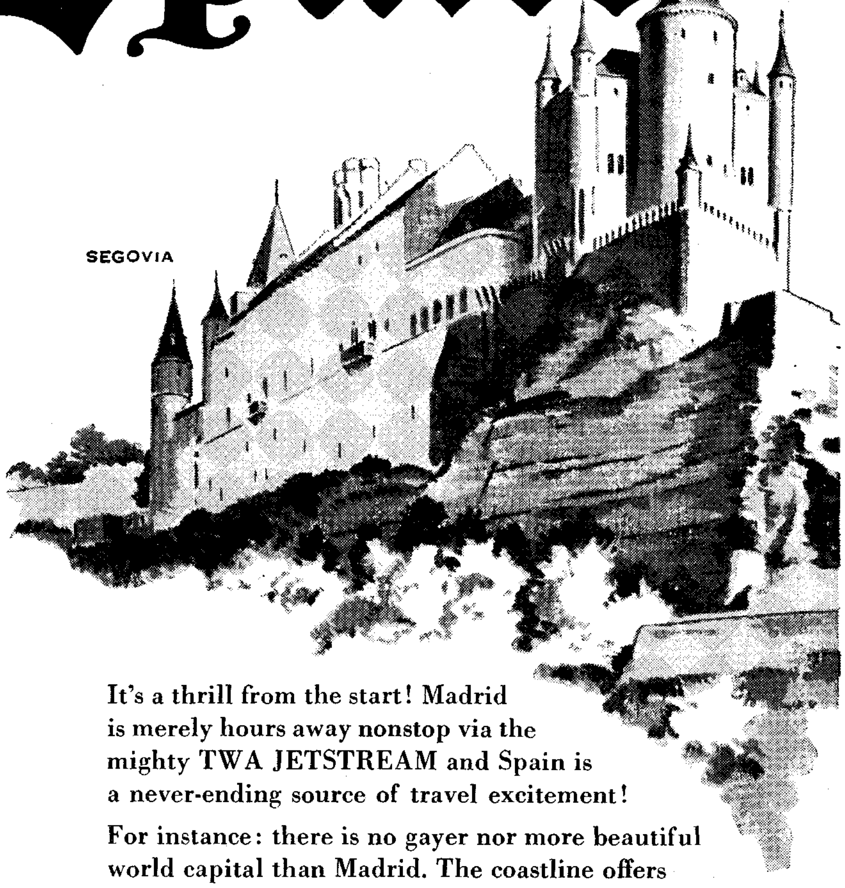
Lord & Taylor
424 Fifth Avenue, New York 18

The play concerns a superstitious, bigoted old man named Michael Marthraun, whose grown daughter, Loreleen, has just returned from London, where she so far forgot her pious upbringing as to read books about Voltaire. Marthraun is worried that Loreleen might demoralize his young second wife, Lorna, and does his best to make life miserable for both of them, by way of improving their moral tone. The neighbors are very helpful in correcting Loreleen, for they fling bits of the old sod at her every time she steps out of the house, on the theory that she might be a witch. Taking one thing with another, Loreleen would as soon leave Ireland as not, but Marthraun won't give her the money to go. In her perplexity, she turns for help to another old hypocrite, Sailor Mahan, who promises the passage money in exchange for a night in her arms. Reluctantly, she accepts this unappealing offer, only to be caught in the act by a pair of rough fellows, who steal the money and take her before Father Domineer, the harsh parish priest. His Reverence has already struck and killed a mild parishioner who disobeyed him, thereby emphasizing the author's dim view of the clergy. Now he tells Loreleen that she must leave the parish at once, money or not, and crawl if she cannot walk. At this, Marthraun's young wife determines to leave as well, and the two set off for a place where "life is less like death." And that is the end of it, except for the bottle, the demons, and the rooster, which take up most of the evening.

It would require a very keen man to tell what they are doing in a play that is "for reason" and against superstition. They quite spoil the effect of the scene in which an invalid who has gone to Lourdes for the miraculous cure returns an invalid still. In context, the episode does not so much demonstrate the folly of Catholic superstition as indicate a preference on the playwright's part for his own miracles over those of the Church. And with all respect for the poetic intention of O'Casey's marvels ("The cock," he says, "is a symbol for man to lead a full life"), they do not harmonize with the rationalistic message of the play.

The production suffered from the customary lack of synchronization among the brogues. Some of the players frankly despaired of the proper accent and spoke plain American. Others followed the example of Gaby Rodgers, who played Loreleen, and so fervently sought to capture the Irish lilt that they overshot the mark now and then and





fly **TWA JETSTREAM*** *nonstop to golden*

Spain

It's a thrill from the start! Madrid is merely hours away nonstop via the mighty TWA JETSTREAM and Spain is a never-ending source of travel excitement!

For instance: there is no gayer nor more beautiful world capital than Madrid. The coastline offers infinite variety from the rugged beauty of the Costa Brava to the wide stretches of sandy beaches and fishing villages to the south. The countryside is softly scented and verdant, dotted with orange, lemon and olive groves. Castles . . . some of them modern *Paradores*, others fabulous monuments to the ancient era of splendor . . . are to be seen all over Spain.

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entered the realm of absolute music—all sound and no sense. Will Geer as Marthraun, Ian Martin as Sailor Mahan, and Rae Allen as Lorna, turned in competent but by no means electrifying performances. And the same tepid congratulation might be extended to their principal supporters, Paul Shyre, Jack Betts, Anne Meara, and George Ebeling. I did think Carlo Mazzone looked splendid in his rooster suit, and he crowed with commendable enthusiasm, as well he might, with no brogue to trouble him. There was one small flaw in his strut, however. A cock's knees do not bend forward, like a man's, but backward. Mr. Mazzone should remember henceforth to bend his knees in the contrary direction.

SINCE it is so much easier to say what is wrong with Bernard Kops' first play, "Hamlet of Stepney Green," than to account for the pleasure it gives, let us follow the sensible precedent of the daily reviewers and consider the faults of the work. They chiefly derive from the first act, which deals with the death of Sam Levy, a Jewish herring merchant who lives in one of the seedier neighborhoods of London's East End. On his last afternoon, Sam ponders his unsatisfactory life. There is his son David, a major source of discontent, who flatly refuses to take an interest in the herring business and dreams of becoming a popular singer. There is the business itself, which by tethering Sam to London has defeated his dream of seeing the world. And there is his marriage, from which all love has long since departed. By the end of the act, when Sam does succumb, presumably to a heart attack, he has come to the conclusion that he has been "poisoned by life, and my wife is my life." And it is on this rather wobbly foundation that the parallel to "Hamlet" is erected.

Sam subsequently returns as a very mild ghost, and insists that David avenge him, not so much for his death as for his life. But David, who has a highly developed sense of drama, insists on playing his part in the grand Shakespearean manner, transposing the soliloquies into a hideous mélange of slang and Yiddish, and popping his eyes in a menacing fashion at his mother's suitor, one Solly Segal, until the widow Levy, in desperation, pleads with him, "Do me a favor. Be a good boy. *Leave home.*" Under the guidance of the ghost, though, David comes to realize that the marriage of his mother and the stingy

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Mr. Segal is itself the perfect revenge. As for himself, he determines to marry a young lady named Chava, who is the Stepney Green Ophelia, and combine his singing career with the herring business. And so the play ends, with its questions not so much answered as cheerfully begged.

For all that, "Hamlet of Stepney Green" remains a thoroughly entertaining work. There is more than enough pleasant foolery in the production to keep one from brooding on the author's occasional disregard for the niceties of plotting. And the character of Sam Levy, a gentle, latter-day Job who persists in questioning the meaning of life, is an extraordinarily mature creation, on which Mr. Kops maintains a firm but tactful grip throughout. Since any fool can learn the mechanics of playwriting, as our theatres abundantly testify, while few playwrights ever master the subtle dialectic of a living character, Mr. Kops is obviously a man to watch. And his present play, for that matter, is a play to see.

The cast is altogether excellent. Michael Gorrin played the elder Levy with a tact that matched the author's own, and Jeanette Rony's portrayal of his wife left nothing whatever to be desired. In the first act, Dino Narizzano, who played David, seemed concerned to keep a certain distance between himself and the part, but when David turned Hamlet, he cast aside his reserve and gave a splendid performance. Menachem Rubin made an irresistibly wheedling Solly Segal, caressing every speech with a voice whose lightest tone seemed dipped in chicken fat. The set, by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, was a fine piece of work that contrived to show, on the small stage of the Cricket Theatre, both the garden of the Stepney Green house and its interior.

LIKE the proverbial man who is twice warmed by his kindling, once when he chops it and once when he burns it, a playgoer may be twice amused by the same joke, once when it is fresh and once when it has become so stale that he smiles gently at the idea of finding it laughable. In the latter case, the quip is usually described as "so bad it's good." But before it attains this mellow, sunset time of life, a humorous invention must pass through a lonely period when nobody can stand it. This period, it must be added, varies with the individual, so that one person will laugh tolerantly at a joke that causes a second to bury his face in his hands, while a

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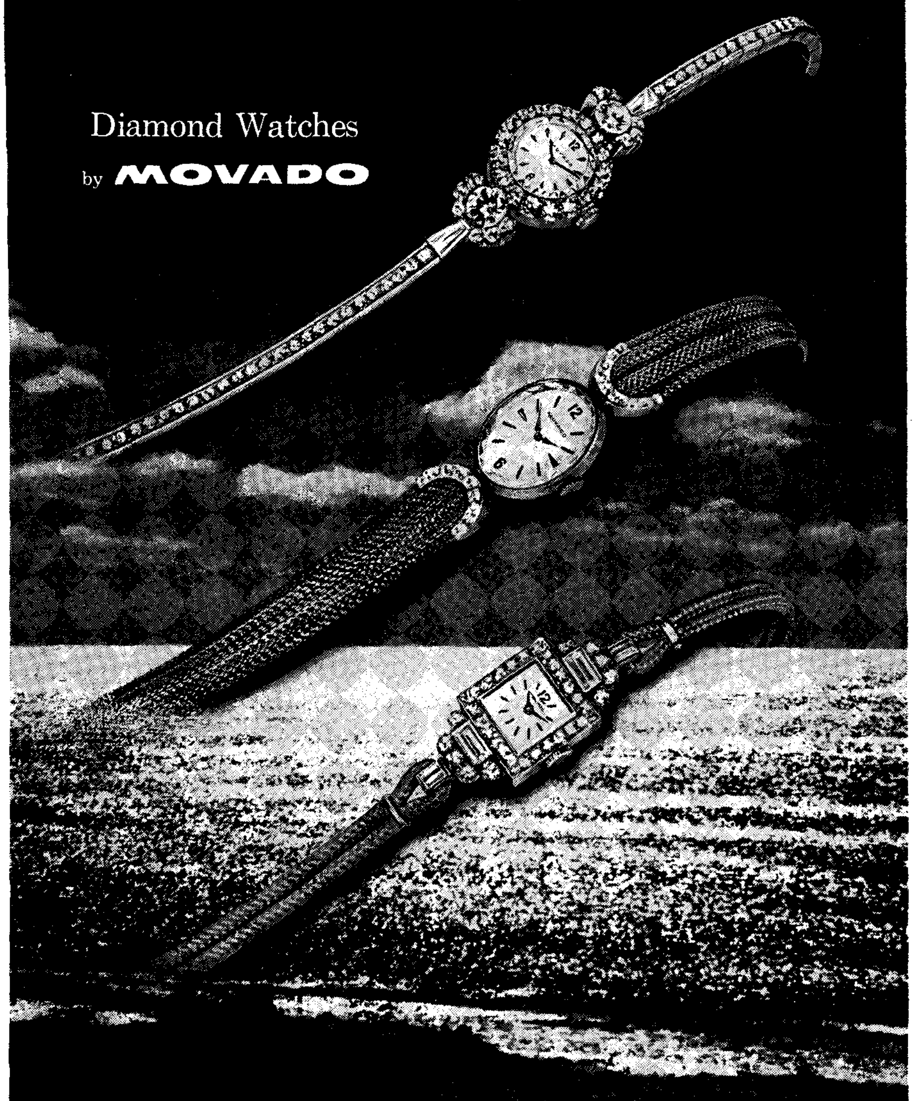

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third will clutch his sides at what he takes to be a newly minted witticism—for the young, like the poor, are always with us. With such reflections as these, I try to console myself for the fact that I am apparently the only person in the world who thinks "Salad Days," the English musical comedy that opened last week at the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, is awful.

The story involves a magical sidewalk piano, owned by a tramp, that inspires everyone who hears it to frisk about the stage and sing, "Look at me! *Oh*, look at me! *Oh*, look at me, I'm *dawncing!*" This curious instrument is loaned by the tramp to a young married couple, whose parts are taken by Barbara Franklin and Richard Easton, and the latter immediately sets himself up as a sort of Hyde Park Lawrence Welk. Speaking for myself, I found the tunes quite as resistible as the lyrics, but honesty compels me to report that at least one member of the audience was so extremely pleased by them that he tapped not only his own feet but frequently mine as well. Eventually, a police constable tries to arrest Mr. Easton for creating a public nuisance, merely to find himself dancing like everybody else, and so returns to the station to report an "offense in the park." His superior, however, understands him to say "a fence in the park," and the ensuing effort to wring the last drop of amusement from this withered contretemps does a great deal to explain why the English are said to take their pleasures sadly. The piano, meanwhile, has been mislaid, which gives the entire cast an opportunity to descend among the audience and waggishly pretend to search under the seats and in coat pockets. Just when it begins to appear that the instrument will never be found, the timely arrival of a flying saucer—to the tune of "You never saw a saucer so saucy as mine"—saves the day. This saucer contains a cup, and is guided by a spoon, and—but why go on?

Twenty-five years from now, a revival of "Salad Days" will doubtless extract from me an ungrudging smile. And twenty-five years ago, it surely would have caused me to brandish my teething ring for perfect joy. But right now I find it unbearable, and must beg to be excused from the general celebration.

—DONALD MALCOLM

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FOOTBALL

And Then There Were Two

THE workers of miracles having been restrained by a mystic injunction last weekend, there were no surprises during the hour of truth that began at half past one on Saturday afternoon, when Dartmouth met Cornell and Princeton met Yale. Dartmouth, Cornell, and Princeton—the three teams most likely to succeed to the championship of the Ivy League—all had to win to stay afloat, and the people's choices, Dartmouth and Princeton, did not disappoint anyone. (Now there will have to be another hour of truth, at Palmer Stadium this Saturday, to saw one of these two squads down to size and award the championship to the other.) Disappointment was plentiful, however, not because of the victories but because of the manner in which they were accomplished. Before the first quarter had ended, Princeton was ahead of Yale by 22–0 and Dartmouth was ahead of Cornell by 12–0, and the matches might as well have been called off then, for neither rain (at Yale) nor rain and mud (at Cornell) could stay the victors' carriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds. The final scores (Princeton 50, Yale 14, and Dartmouth 32, Cornell 15) seemed accurate summaries of the disparity in strength and skill between the two sets of performers, as well as an excellent indication of how things can go in the League when miracles are in total abeyance.

Dartmouth, it could be said, was leading from strength all afternoon, relying on footwork and not at all on such fancy exhibitions of skill as the forward pass, and Dartmouth at full strength, which it attained on Saturday for the first time this season, is a reasonably formidable sight. Cornell, too (for all the good it did the team), was at full tide. It must have been the first time in years that two League teams were in proper physical condition for an hour-of-truth engagement. In New Haven, things were more in the ordinary course of events. Princeton's fabulous invalid, the halfback Sachs, and Yale's fabulous invalid, the quarterback Singleton, were both in uniform and in practice before the game, but they got the lightest of workouts (Singleton's punts were notably flabby) before disappearing for, as it turned out, the rest of the day. Pyle,

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KIVA (Yuma, Ariz.) After an Army plane failed to locate two men and a woman stranded 80 miles in the middle of the Sonora desert, Production Manager Art Fszol and a news announcer tried it again in another plane. They found the stragglers circling aimlessly in a clump of mesquite, picked them up, and later televised the rescue to Yuma citizens.

KSYD-TV (Wichita Falls, Tex.) Ordered by the police to evacuate the station in the face of an approaching tornado, KSYD-TV kept its cameras focused on the swirling columns of dust less than a hundred yards away, broadcast the course of the tornado *live* to the city's horrified viewers and helped to prevent a serious panic.

KBET-TV (Sacramento, Cal.) made available its closed circuit facilities to the University of California's School of Veterinary Medicine where 600 veterinarians watched a series of animal operations including the cesarean section of a cow and the surgical repair of a cat's eye.

WBTW (Florence, S.C.) From a description furnished by the police television producer E.D. Wade drew a picture of the mysterious Walking Bandit who had been holding up local gas stations. The drawing was televised and the bandit identified by a viewer. Result: Walking Bandit now stationary.

CBS

the main force of the Yale line, was another involuntary absentee; Jack Sullivan and Iseman, Princeton backs of repute, were withheld from the game; Szvetecz, Princeton's first-rank center, was removed early in the first quarter and did not return. Clearly, it was a great day for the substitutes, and it was a day in which almost nothing could go wrong for Princeton, no matter who was on first. It never once lost the ball on a fumble, it was forced to punt only twice, eight of its nine passes worked, and it caught two Yale passes and picked up three Yale fumbles. And as the size of the Yale disaster grew, even the Princeton partisans, a remarkably unoppressed minority group at the start, slumped into silence.

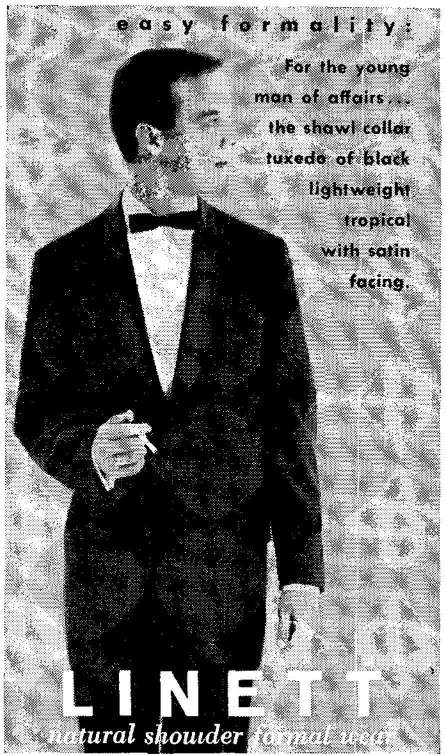
RUTGERS, operating without benefit of Austin, its backfield prize, lost its first game of the fall, 13–12, to the Quantico Marines, a collection of Old Boys, several of whom played football while they were in college. Navy, operating without benefit of practically everybody, beat George Washington, 28–8, but then George Washington is the sort of institution that now and then goes in for Friday-night football under lights. An observer who follows Navy through thick and thin (i.e., from the likes of Notre Dame down to the likes of George Washington) says the team is so travel-stained and muscle-bruised that the two weeks it will be allowed for rehabilitation before it goes up against Army will be none too much. Army, with its own set of invalids—Dawkins and Walters—once again at work in its backfield, beat Villanova, 26–0, and only Navy can now put an end to its winning streak. Army, which doesn't get around as much any more as Navy does, and therefore has a lot more bedtime at home, should be able to beat Navy, miracles abstaining, just as Dartmouth should be able to beat Princeton, Princeton's invalids abstaining. But we'll know more about all that soon enough. —J. W. L.

•

THE SHIFTING SANDS OF TIME
(INEPT CANDIDATES DIVISION)

Wisconsin: The G.O.P. rates Democratic Senator Bill Proxmire's seat as one it could grab away from the Democrats. Reason No. 1: Tireless Bill Proxmire, 42, elected to Joe McCarthy's seat last year, has turned out to be an inept Senator. —*Time, November 3rd.*

Wisconsin: Amiable Bill Proxmire, 42, Democrat elected last year to Joe McCarthy's seat, easily skipped in ahead of inept Republican Tyro Roland J. Steinle, 62. —*Time, November 10th.*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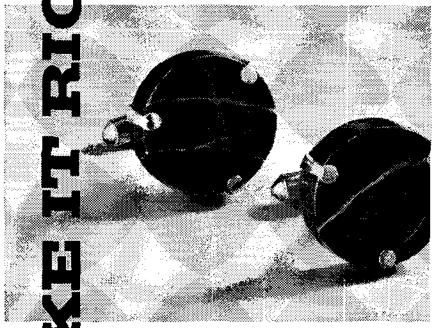
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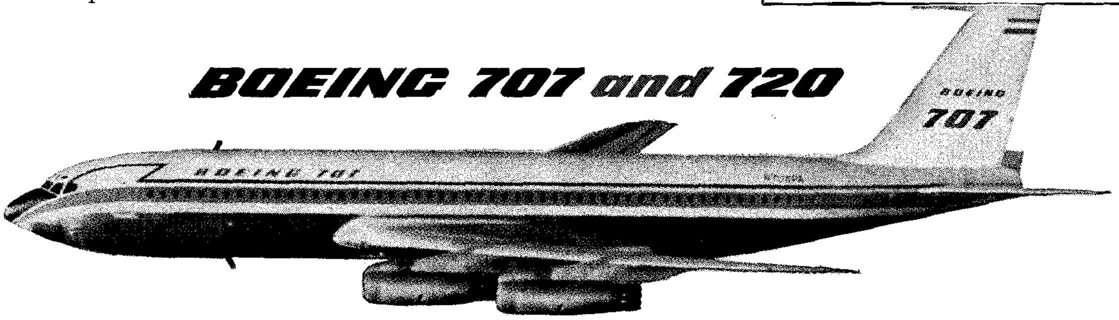

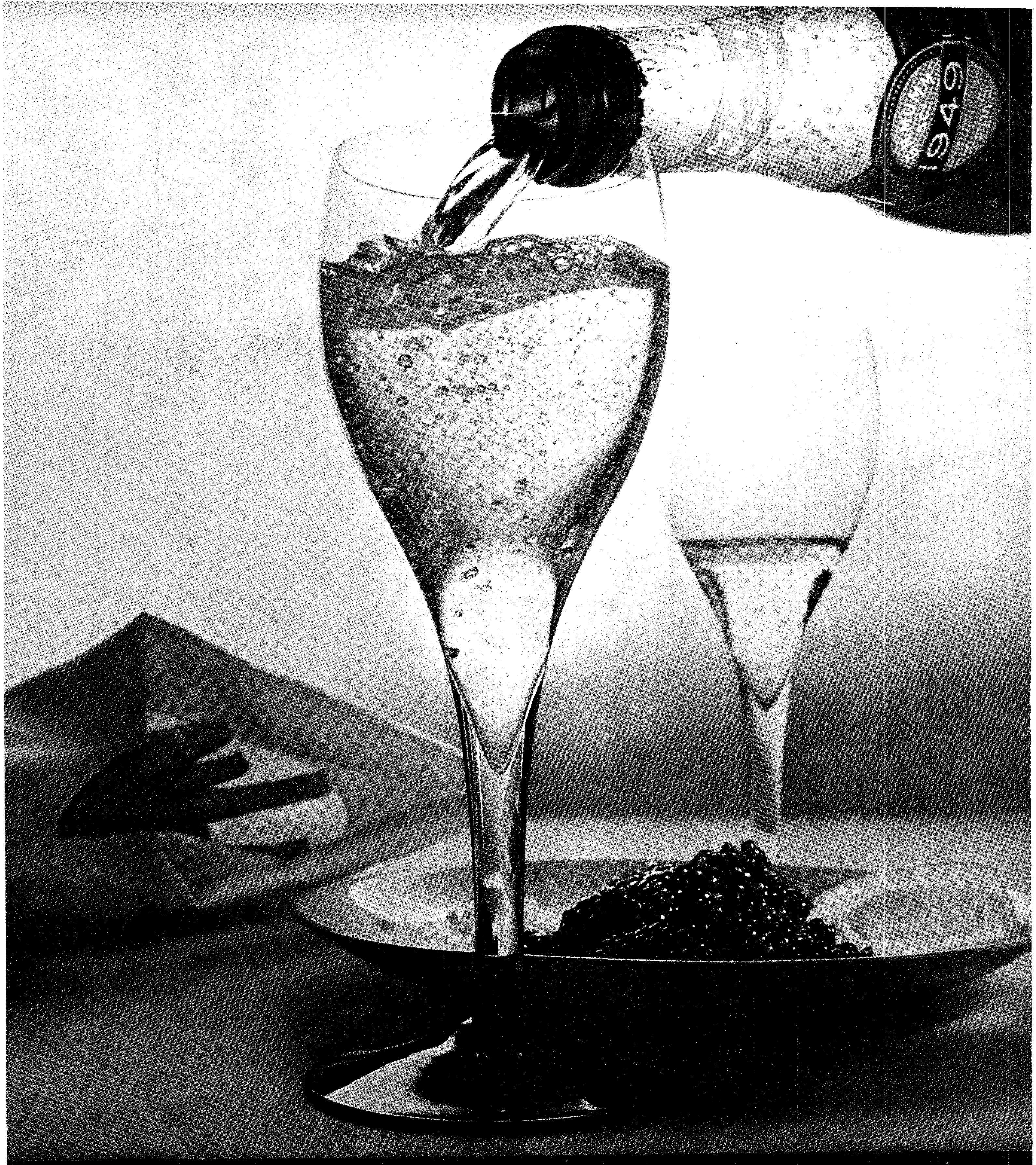
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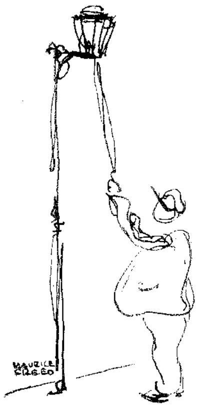
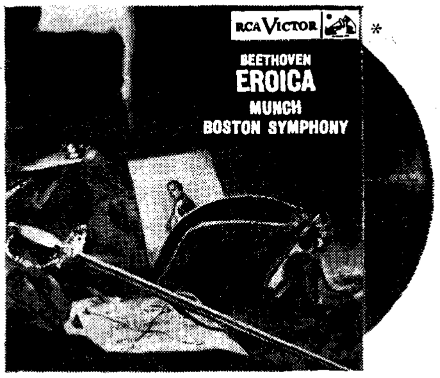
LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 13



THE French took almost as much interest in our elections last week as if they had themselves been Americans and also voting Democratic. This identification with our national political affairs was, of course, a natural, unavoidable tribute to the postwar importance of the United States on the Continent and a measure of France's frank disappointment in how our presence there has turned out. Before General Eisenhower went back home and into politics, the French felt that they knew him better and more appreciatively than we did—the only extravagantly popular American figure here during the first two postwar years, the single figure who, in French eyes, personally stood for America's helpful, permanent new influence in Europe. Unfortunately, French appreciation of him began sliding with his first campaign speeches back in the States, and further doubts set in with the advent of Secretary of State Dulles. Then, perhaps illogically, the recent economic recession magnified French dissatisfaction and the decline in their admiration. This week, a very simply stated front-page editorial in the liberal, anti-Communist *Combat*, headlined "CRUSHING VICTORY OF THE DEMOCRATS," analyzed what it called the American voters' "anti-governmental tidal wave of discontent on November 4th." It said, in part, "A unique opportunity had been offered the Republican Party, owing to the popularity and initial merits of Dwight Eisenhower, to prove their administrative aptitude for 'doing better' than their adversaries had done. This extraordinary opportunity has now been lost, as Vice-President Nixon himself has just admitted. With the failure of the Eisenhower experiment, the average American, as before 1952, turns to the Democratic Party as having long been the guarantee and agency of United States greatness."

French correspondents in New York supplied the readers of Paris newspapers with immediate and expert election interpretations, including one reporter's observation that New Yorkers seemed



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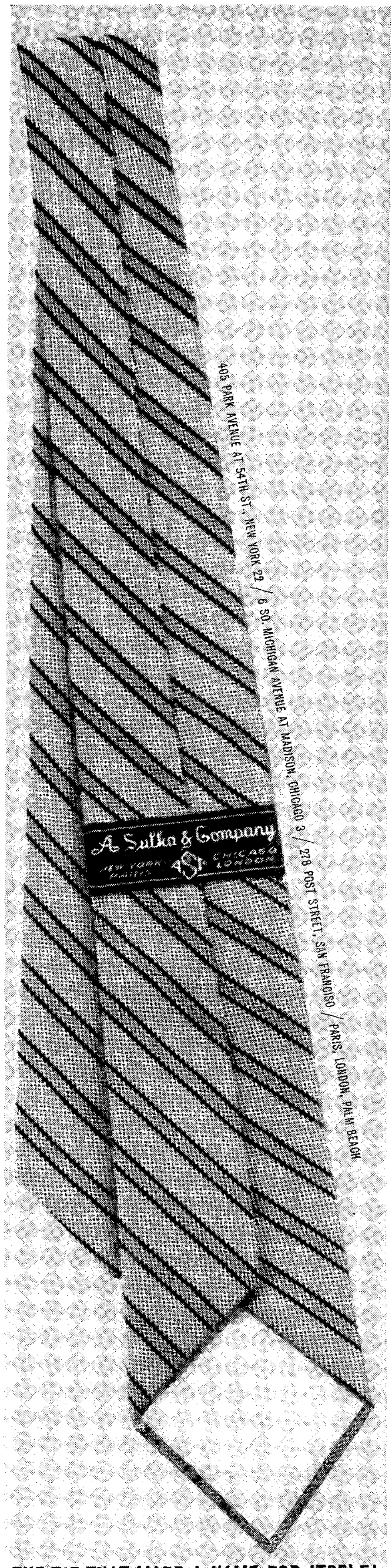

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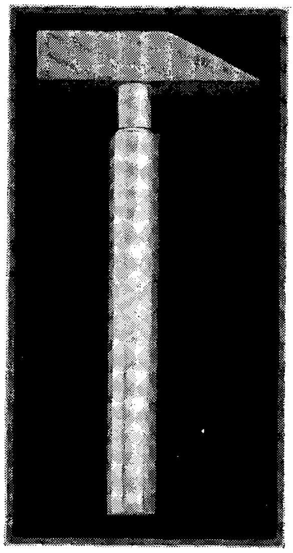
to be more interested in getting their first public Election Day drink than in getting the first election returns. The winning and losing personalities and issues were gone into in perspicaciously accurate detail—Knowland, Knight, Kennedy, Pat Brown, Governor Faubus, "*le Middle West et le Grand Old Party*," and, above all, the New York gubernatorial "*match entre milliardaires*" and the elimination of the Democrats' former E.C.A. Ambassador in Paris, Averell Harriman, from Presidential consideration. Nelson Rockefeller's election was identified as a victory for "*neo-républicanisme progressiste*," gained by the scion of a God-fearing family that has been rich enough long enough to produce a liberal, as a result of the "edifying dynastic, paternalistic formula, early taught him, that each right implies a responsibility, every advantage an obligation"—or an admirable kind of Baptist Saint-Simonianism. Most papers approvingly mentioned Rockefeller's interest in art and in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Only one French paper called him Monsieur Esso.

OWING to the out-and-out novelties and the unparalleled confusions facing the French in their own Parliamentary elections ten days from now, on November 23rd, the Paris political reporters here at home can write only in a state of more or less complete muddle. As you may have heard, General de Gaulle created so many new rulings for the opening electoral and Parliamentary practices in his Fifth Republic that even the French voters are hard put to it to keep them all straight. There will now be seventy-nine fewer deputies for metropolitan France than there were under the Fourth Republic—merely four hundred and sixty-five seats, which de Gaulle hopes will make for a more manageable Chamber. For these seats—and a five-year term of office—there are 2,784 candidates now preparing for the scramble, from half a dozen major parties and about a dozen minor parties or splinter combines. Yet, in a way, twice four hundred and sixty-five deputies must be elected, because, in de Gaulle's most startling invention, beneath each aspirant deputy's name on the voting list there must, by law, be printed, in smaller, fainter type, the name of his Siamese twin, as these second-stringers are already nicknamed here. If the elected deputy is called to be a government Minister, he must resign his seat and salary as a deputy, in order to be free of party ties and serve

Unusual Christmas Gift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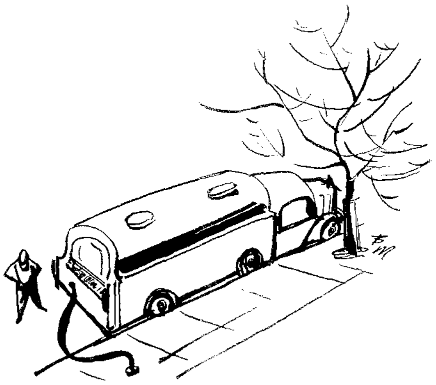
only France, and allow his Siamese half to take over his Parliamentary seat, pay, and duties. (In several cases, the announced Siamese twin is the candidate's wife.) This elaborate, optimistic de Gaulle maneuver to prevent a repetition of the Fourth Republic's hated, destructive Parliamentary *système*, by which coalition Ministers played nothing but party politics until they brought the government down, is almost as unpopular with the Fifth Republic voters as was the *système* itself, but if a voter crosses out the Siamese twin's name, his ballot will be annulled.

A more normal de Gaulle change is his dropping of the Fourth Republic's election formula of proportional representation, which encouraged the *système*, since each party put up a list of candidates in each of France's ninety geographical *départements*. If a party, or an alliance of parties, got a majority of votes in a *département*, the winner took all—all the seats in the *département*, that is, since only in the event of no majority were they (in theory, at least) distributed proportionately. In de Gaulle's arbitrary new slicing up of France into four hundred and sixty-five voting districts, each entitled to elect exactly one candidate, the winner will be the one with the majority on November 23rd, or with the plurality in a runoff election one week later. With an average of twelve candidates now running for every seat, it looks as if nobody could obtain a majority in such a panting crowd. By his single-constituency voting system, de Gaulle, of course, hopes to break up the feudality of the big parties' localized power and to favor the election of individual, responsible deputies, instead of the party-machine hacks or the intransigent party devotees, who, between them, brought the helpless Fourth Republic to its knees.

Certainly Premier de Gaulle, in a late-October press conference, warned the public and whoever was aiming to compose this new Parliament of what was facing them in the Fifth Republic. "After a certain number of months'



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suspension, the Parliamentary institution will reappear," he declared. (It is now thought that its reappearance will be in a special, brief session in January.) "But [Parliament] will no longer be omnipotent. . . . The future Assemblies will have precise limits and powerful brakes. . . . If it should unhappily come to pass that tomorrow's Parliament does not wish to accommodate itself to the role assigned it, there is no doubt but that the Republic will be thrown into a new crisis, from which no one can know how it might emerge—except that, in any case, the Parliamentary institution would be swept aside for a long time."

As further warning and advice to all the political parties that are trying to sail into power in the new Parliament on his coattails and under his name—their own party nomenclatures under the Fourth Republic being now so weakened in appeal as to need a timely refresher—de Gaulle said, "Everybody understands that I neither desire nor am able to lend myself in a direct manner to this competition. The mission that the country has confided to me excludes my taking part. Therefore I shall not favor anybody, not even those who have offered me friendly devotion through all the vicissitudes. *Bien entendu*, I shall not disapprove of those political groups that publicize their adherence to what de Gaulle has done," he interjected, in one of his most historic third-person references to himself. "But impartiality obliges me to insist that my name, even in adjectival form, be not used as a title for any group or any candidate." This prohibition has added the final confusion to the election campaign. A brand-new Gaullist group known as L'Union pour la Nouvelle République cannot call itself what it is, nor can another new group, formed of Army veterans and Second World War Resistance fighters under de Gaulle and inscribed, under the title Renouveau et Fidélité, on the electoral lists literally a few hours before they closed, declare what its real purpose is—to fight on his side in Parliament, if it ever gets there. This will be as strange an election as any French Republic has ever known.

The obscurities surrounding the elections in Algeria (in many ways far more important for France than those in France itself), where nearly no candidates for deputy turned up until just before the lists were closed, have produced in Paris almost a paralysis of interpretation and hope. In a belated rush, almost two hundred candidates finally appeared—either Europeans of

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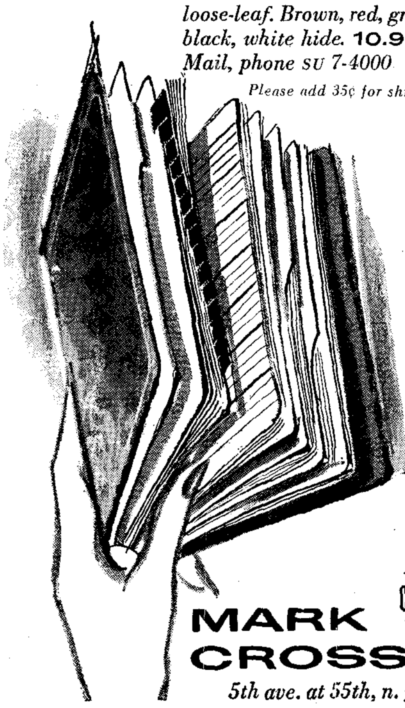

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the May 13th persuasion or Moslem Right Wingers, both in favor of Algeria's remaining French—to run for the sixty-seven seats in the Paris Parliament. De Gaulle had hoped that the election would provide élite Moslem political figures of all political convictions—including native representatives of the rebel National Liberation Front group—with whom the political and military arguments about ending the war and establishing Algeria's status with France might have been debated and settled, in true democratic form. Parisians can only suppose that the rebel Moslems' fear of identifying themselves publicly as candidates for the French Chamber, which might bring death by having their throats slit in reprisal, shows to what extent the ninety-six-per-cent yes vote that the native population gave to de Gaulle last month was false, owing to the vote's being secret and, furthermore, steamrollered by the French Army there. The fact may well be that de Gaulle, in his voting offer to the Algerians, is too superior and too refined to be understood and followed—too idealistically republican in his offer to let France's belligerent enemies come here and argue with and against him in Parliament to be comprehended by a primitive people who might better grasp his brutally repressing them. It may be that, in having already offered them "a peace for brave men" and now Parliamentary rights—both refused—de Gaulle, remarkably experienced as he is in modern French history, has been too civilized to be immediately useful.

WHILE the case of Boris Pasternak and the Soviet Union has furnished for the past month the most passionate international controversy in our time over the position of a writer in Russia, there seemed to be nothing special said or printed here that was not being said and printed in all the other Western capitals until a few days ago. Then the weekly *Figaro Littéraire* published some souvenirs of Pasternak, and some general reflections on the earlier fates of other Soviet writers, by Giorgi Annenkov, a Russian painter in exile here, who was a friend of Pasternak's youth. Annenkov, from St. Petersburg, first met Pasternak in Moscow before the revolution. (The last time they met was in Paris in 1935 at the Hotel Madison, on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, where Pasternak was staying, and where he asked Annenkov to show him the nearby Montparnasse house, on the Rue Campagne-Première, in which the

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poet Rainer Maria Rilke, whom he much admired, had lived.) In Russia, both Annenkov and Pasternak had belonged to the Futurist movement of artists and writers, as did all the more brilliant young intellectuals there, including Vladimir Mayakovsky, the other great coming poet. The war was still going on, and Pasternak hoped, "by closing his eyes," to ignore it. His ideal, Annenkov reports, was "a creative union among all men, regardless of language, color, or the history that had made them—an orchestra of humanity, an orchestra without a leader." Annenkov quotes Pasternak as having said, in explanation of his theory, "I am a violinist, let us say. I have ears. I can do without the orchestra leader's baton, and play with the other instruments. Furthermore, his baton prevents my concentrating; I lose my inner equilibrium, I become a conformist." He loved musical talk, in which he often invoked the family relationship between music and poetry. "His poems," Annenkov states—and this is news here—"were always based on verbal phonetics, on musicality, on the orchestration of neighboring sounds. You can find in Pasternak's poems strophes in which all the vowel sounds in the first line are *oi*, those in the second line *ou*, those in the third *a*, those in the fourth again *oi*, and so on. This is why his poetry is untranslatable; you can translate the words, but the sound of their poetic sense disappears." In 1921, Pasternak posed for a portrait by Annenkov, used the next year as frontispiece for a Berlin edition, in Russian, of "My Sister, Life," supposedly the best collection of his early poems. "Though many poets and writers remaining in the U.S.S.R. committed suicide, or simply disappeared from sight, or became bootlickers of the regime to obtain the Stalin Prize and extra privileges," Annenkov explains, "Pasternak, like the superb poetess Anna Akhmatova, accepted silence instead, and disappeared from the printed page." It seems worth adding that Russian-speaking French visitors to Moscow over the past few years saw, read, and reported on Pasternak's poems, which they said were passed around among Russian intellectuals like chain letters, each new reader making a new handwritten copy for further circulation—a poetry-loving habit that may have suddenly ceased since the alarming Nobel Prize incident.

To his *Figaro Littéraire* article, which is entitled "Pasternak and the Martyrology of Soviet Writers," An-

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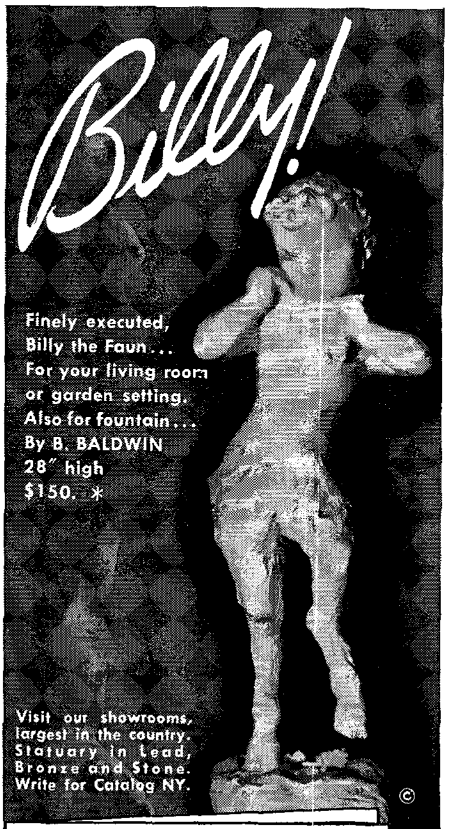

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nenkov adds, as his finale, a brief necrology. The most important name on it is the internationally appreciated poet Mayakovsky, who committed suicide in Russia in 1930. Annenkov made a sketch portrait of him in 1924 in Nice, where the poet had lost all his money at roulette and stated, amid sobs, "I shall have to go back to Russia, because I am now no longer a poet but only a functionary"—a government employee in verse. This summer, when the "Doctor Zhivago" trouble was already brewing in Russia, it was unfavorably reported in a Paris Communist paper that Pasternak had helped to drive Mayakovsky to his death by withdrawing his faith in him as a true poet. Also high on the necrological list is Sergei Esenin, Isadora Duncan's friend, who opened his veins and also hanged himself. Vladimir Piastre hanged himself with his trouser suspenders; Marina Tsvetaeva and Andrei Sobol were suicides of some sort; Adrian Pëotrovsky, theoretician of the Soviet theatre, the novelists Pilniak and Yasensky, and the writers Gumilyov and Tretiakov were all shot; the novelist Isaac Babel and the poet Osip Mandelstam merely disappeared. The end of the writer Viktor Khlebnikov was unique. According to Pasternak's friend, he died "from hunger and lack of lodgings"—a fate that (one hopes) was possible only in Stalin's time for the isolated nonconformist intellectual in Soviet society, free only to perish in exile at home.

—GENÊT

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Some of the items are on the periphery of folklore, but many are as homespun and mellow as apple cider.—*The Saturday Review.*

That homespun cider is especially tasty with nice tweedy chestnuts.

•

The women's prison at Jessup was without power during the afternoon, and State police from Waterloo barracks were rushed there to see that prisoners did not take advantage of the situation to start a trio.—*Baltimore Sun.*

It's an ever-present danger.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From a 1902 issue of The Theatre*]

The editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

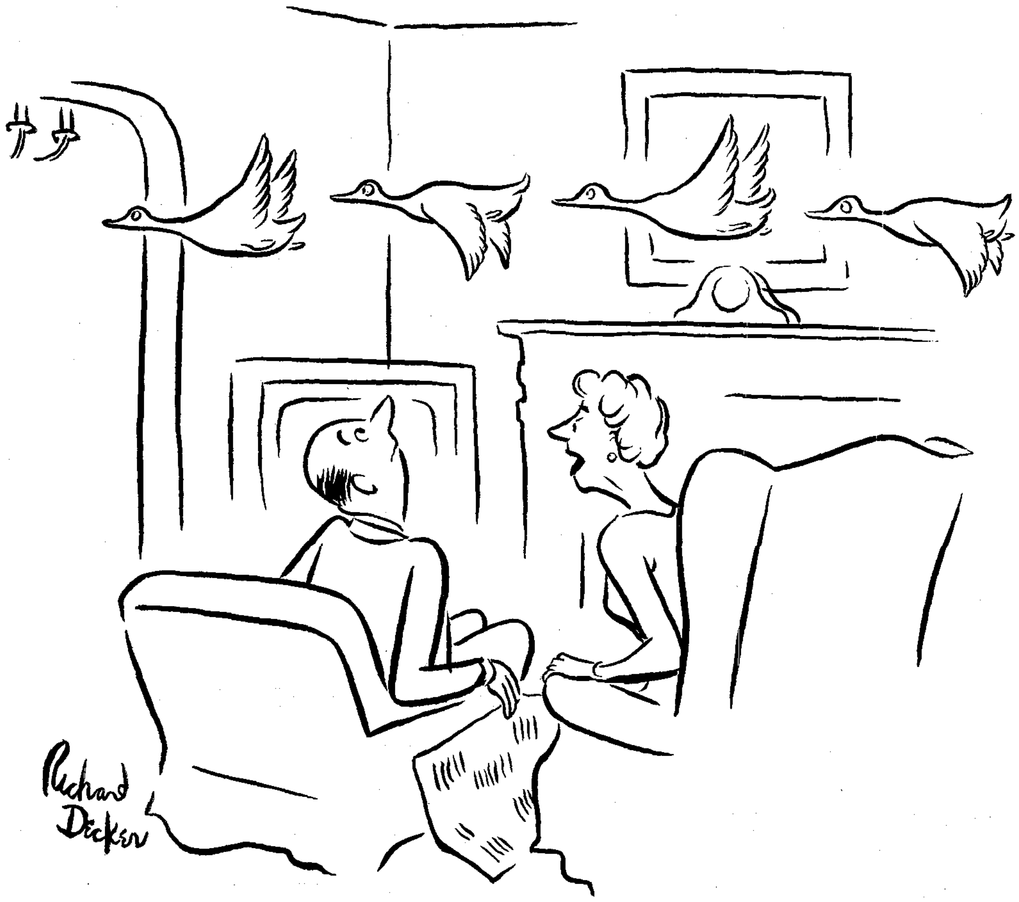
INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

IT used to be considered incredibly forehanded to start thinking about Christmas before the Thanksgiving table had been crumbed. But not nowadays. This year, the shy, bright clusters of Christmas cards have long since bloomed in all the lending libraries, crowding Birthdays and Get Wells toward the rear of the racks; in local banks, the imminent dissolution of the 1958 Christmas Clubs is proclaimed, along with the news that applications for 1959 memberships are acceptable; and everybody has started receiving mail-order catalogues for smoked turkeys, hams, and cocktail sausages, and the magnificent, hand-packed sugared fruits of California.

Does anyone think we've been blind to these harbingers? Of course not! We've been out in the market place, looking thoughtfully at the useful and resplendent treasures assembled from Hong Kong and Peru, Italy and Seventh Avenue, and keeping our readers' needs firmly in mind. This week—in fact, right here and now—we'll tell you what we've found in the way of presents for women, along with a few things for girls. And in the weeks to come we'll deal with gifts for children and men, and such matters as food for the holidays and both presents and decorations for the manor. (Our idea is to help you shop for other people, but, come right down to it, there is no house rule forbidding you to think about what those other people, blessed as they are, could give you.) All prices quoted include luxury taxes wherever they apply.

They apply to furs, for instance—certainly one of the most useful of luxuries. Since we discussed coats of mink and broadtail and so on in these columns a few weeks ago, we won't go into them again; let it suffice to say yes, Virginia, any woman who gets a mink coat for Christmas will be happy to answer your question. We do, however, want to mention a few lesser, and yet appealing, fur whimseys, turned out by the little helpers up at the North Pole. The whimsey news this year is the fur boa, the height of elegance some thirty years ago and very much in favor once again. Boas are bewitching on fairly tall, graceful girls; if the lady you have in mind is neither tall nor graceful, give her emeralds, or even a book. Bendel has a sumptuous boa—six feet long and wondrously fluffy—in either red or silver fox; $220 for the former, $286 for the latter. And while you're at Bendel, you might take a look at a white sheared-rabbit evening jacket ($154) and a rabbit capelet ($82.50), either one suitable for the very youngest of fur-wearing young women. Back to boas. They can be found, without much searching, in the widest variety of furs. For instance, there's a handsome hank of natural Canadian lynx (four feet long and $187) at Alfred Rainer, 17 East 55th Street, and a handsome hank of natural wolf (a hundred inches long and $95) at Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th). S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street, has a sable boa about two yards long, for $715—something rather more than whimsical, really—while J. Diamond, 32 East 57th Street, takes a yard of cloud-blue mink, four inches wide, and by putting a snap mouthpiece at each end produces something between a boa and a scarf, which can also be used as a turban. However it's used, it's a fanciful addendum to any costume; $145. One other word about fur: The innocent vicuña, who drew so many snickers from Washington last summer, is no longer funny. Abercrombie & Fitch, undeniably a straight-faced kind of store, is offering a lap robe of furry vicuña hide for $340—a thoughtful gift for a girl whose limousine has a broken heater.

NO matter how mild Christmas Day may be in our unpredictable latitudes, it's safe to assume that a spell of cold and sleet is on the way, when plenty of women will be perfectly happy to stay indoors. For a stay-at-home who is expecting company, Elizabeth Arden shows a hostess gown with a V neck and a hem that rises slightly in front to bare a well-turned ankle—a sight that made our grandfathers dizzy



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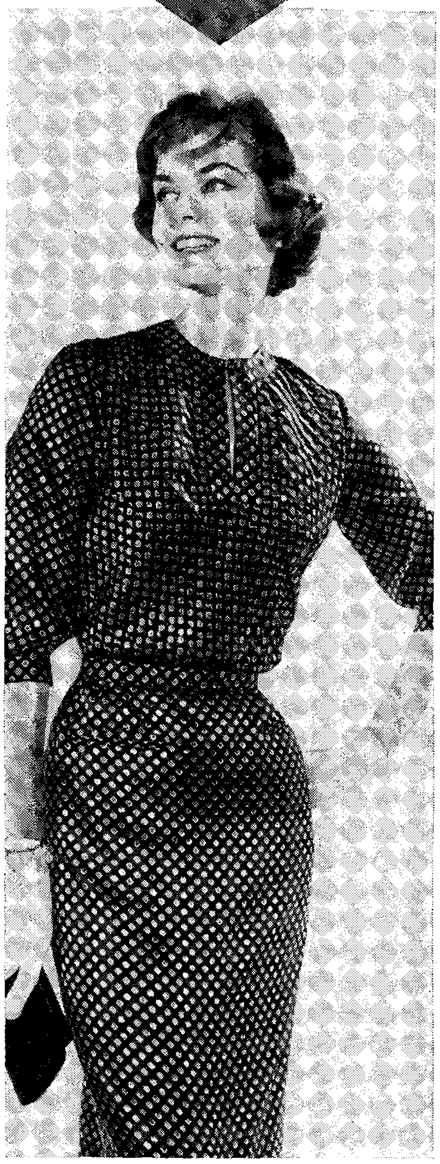

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and may be fairly intriguing even today. The gown is available in black rayon crêpe printed with a charming, improbable garden of purple, turquoise, and teal-blue cabbage roses, for $22.95, or in red or royal-blue rayon velvet, for $35. Gunther Jaeckel's at-home notion is a coverall, like Sir Winston's famous siren suit, except that it's made of red, green, or black velveteen and has a Neapolitan-striped rayon-satin sash; $20. Another at-home costume is Hattie Carnegie's lovely ensemble—a moss-green velveteen hostess gown with a V neck and an Empire waist, and an evening slip of gold lamé chiffon. It costs $110, and it's the same price, and just as handsome, in rose velveteen over white. Amie, at 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has got hold of a mysterious new French fabric—a blend of wool, angora, and nylon, which feels as soft as cashmere—and has run up a group of robes with cape collars and Empire waistlines and corded sashes. The fabric is printed in a number of sweetly colored allover patterns—green cherries, for instance, or flowered medallions in soft gray, green, and lilac—and the robes are lined with China silk; $125. Speaking of mystery fabrics, there is Vocama (of domestic origin, in spite of its Esperanto-sounding name), a downy washable synthetic, which Bergdorf uses for mother-and-daughter robes. These come in turquoise, rose, or pink, and in sizes 3 to 6X ($15) and 10 to 16 ($45), and the waistlines, naturally, are Empire. . . . For a small extra amount of warmth indoors, Carnegie has a lady's vest, ribbed knit in back and French fleece in front, in red, purple, beige, or gray; $20. And for reading in bed, the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, recommends a shrug—a minuscule sort of sweater-shawl that just covers the shoulders. Hand-knit, by the blind, of pink, blue, or white wool, it is $5.95.

Now let's see about some indoor footwear. Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street, sells the work of de Busschere of Bruges, a firm that has been fashioning shoes by hand for more than three hundred years—which makes you think. A pair of white brocade lounging slippers, piped in gold kid, costs $49.50 here. Medieval-looking medallions of tiny gold-metal, artificial-pearl, and crystal beads are embroidered over the toes, and, in three days and for $3 more, the shop will tint the slippers to match anything. America House, 32 East 52nd Street, embroiders black felt lounging slippers with colorful conceits, such as yellow wool sunflowers on the vamp

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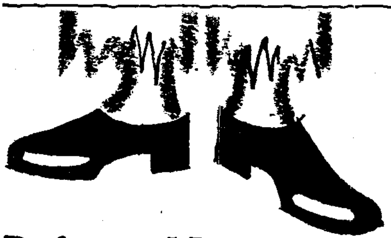

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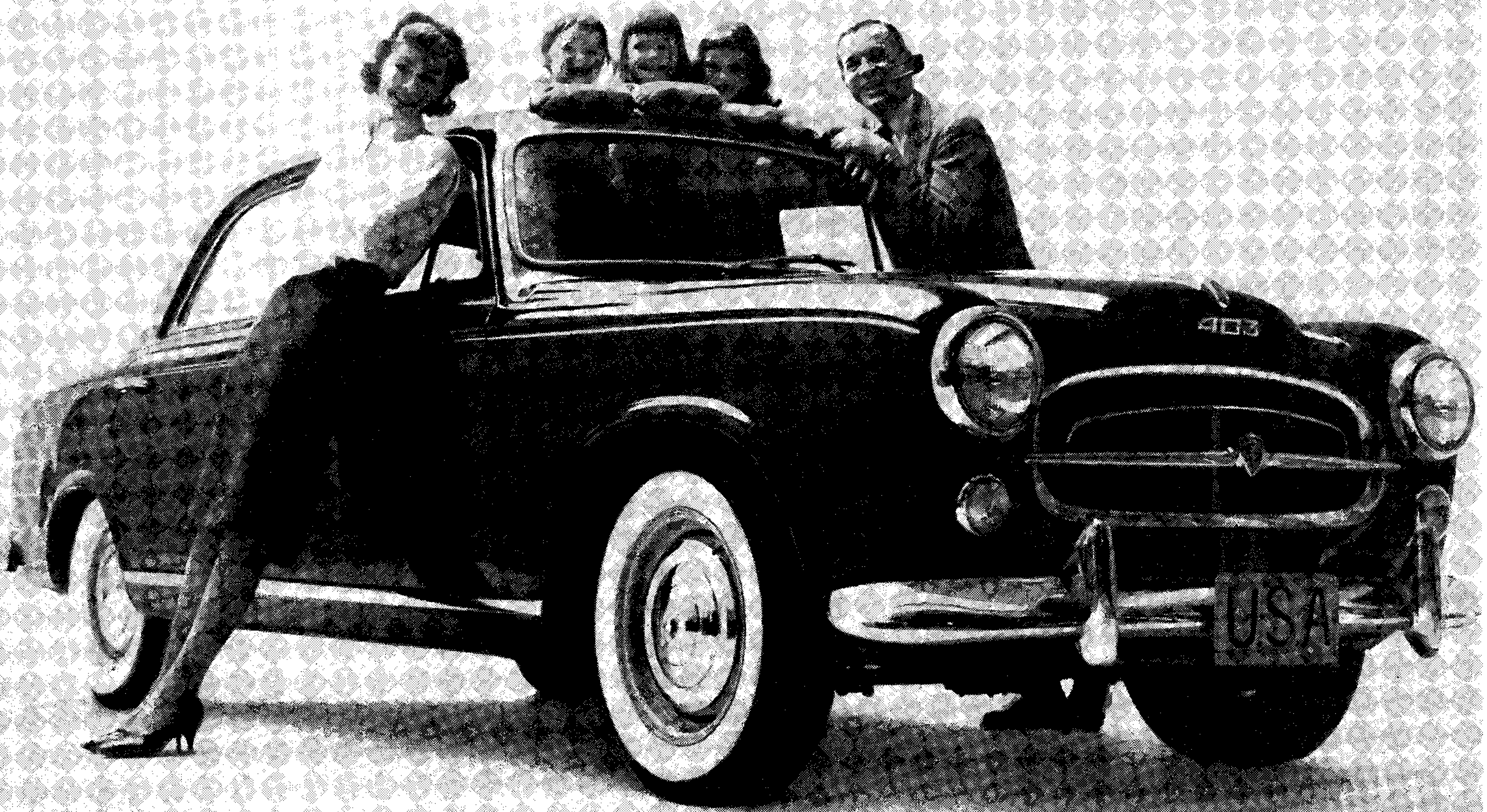

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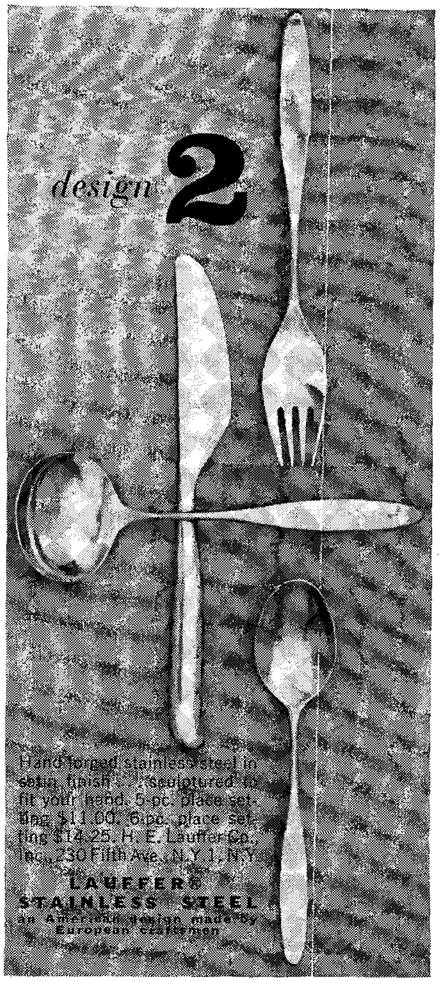
and garlands of violets all around the sides; $19.95. And at Bloomingdale's Place Elegante a merry pair of multicolor-striped silk scuffs with pointed toes and velvet bows costs $9.95.

THERE'S a well-known fantasy about a plain, staid woman transformed by a touch of luxury into a dazzling charmer, and since every fantasy has its grain of fact, it might be well to consider giving a girl something a trifle more dashing than she ordinarily wears. We have in mind a scarf at Harold J. Rubin, 52 East 56th Street. A double thickness of black chiffon, two feet square, it's bordered with silver fox—a romantic around-the-shoulders or over-the-head affair to wear on New Year's Eve and after. The price is $79.50. And Rita Baring, 667 Madison Avenue (61st), has prettied up the Christmas scarf another way. She's taken a twenty-nine-inch length of doubled gray taffeta, scalloped the ends, and then lined the scallops to produce petals that are alternately rose and gray. Properly tied, the ends become a round, silky blossom. This costs $8.50, and comes in several other soft color combinations. Bloomingdale's knit mohair scarf, two yards long, has a center slit, so it can be pulled, poncho-fashion, over the head. It's made in misty pairs of colors—medium gray and light gray are the mistiest—and costs $9.98. The yard-square scarves of brilliant Siamese silk imported by Thaibok, 3 East 52nd Street, are—well, gorgeous, in the precise meaning of that tired word. One of them is a lustrous mélange of green, gold, gray, and blue. No two scarves are exactly alike, but they all cost $9.75. If you're looking for an ice skater's scarf, Best has a dandy one for $3. It's white knit orlon, with one big red initial, and the stock includes all the letters of the alphabet except I, O, Q, U, X, Y, and Z. (Poor Queenie! Poor Zelda!)

The subject of scarves leads, by no great jump of the imagination, to stoles. Bernath, 560 Madison Avenue (56th), has imported a ladylike cashmere stole, two yards long, from Scotland, and the price is $19.95, in black, white, rust, teal blue, or light gray. (Matching lap robes are available, but not obligatory, at $40.) Eleanora Garnett, whose New York address is 47 East 51st Street, has her workrooms in Italy, where knitters have been busy knitting voluminous mohair stoles, eight feet long, that sell here for $35, or something over twenty thousand lire. The color choice is wide—sapphire, aquamarine, yellow, pink, American Beauty, or



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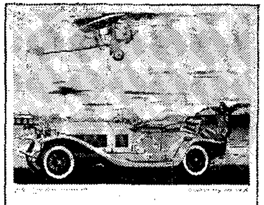

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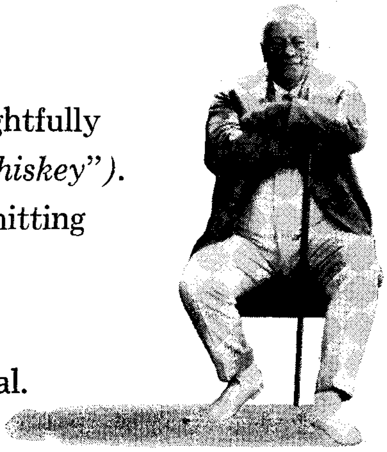

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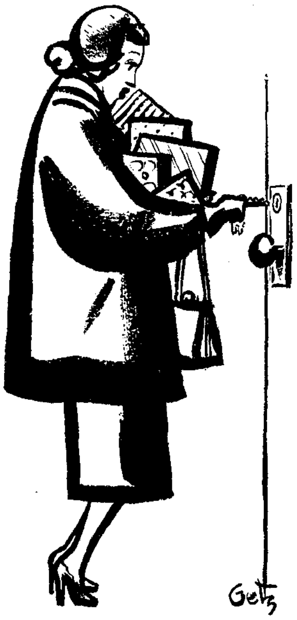
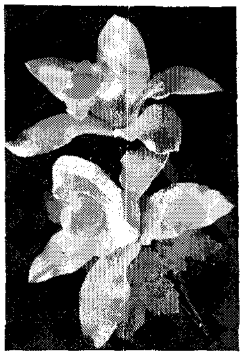
olive—and if the color you'd like happens to be out of stock, a two-week wait is all it takes to get it. At Vesture, 808 Madison Avenue (68th), there's an engaging party stole of reversible taffeta; one side may be turquoise, for instance, and the reverse avocado. It's shaped to fit the shoulders, and costs $30.

Sometimes it seems as if everything that could be done to the cashmere sweater by way of decoration had *been* done. But that isn't so. Here are a couple of beautiful and—not to put too fine a point on it—expensive variations you ought to know about. On the third floor of Saks Fifth Avenue, there's a delightful cardigan of cornflower-blue cashmere, the wool almost entirely concealed by paillettes embroidered in a Paisleyish pattern. It's $185. Allen-Armstrong, 27 East 60th Street, trims its star cashmere cardigan with elaborate braiding composed of stiff lace, velvet ribbon, and satin beads. This one can be worn two ways; a secret zipper transforms the neckline from standard cardigan to wide décolletage. The braid, lace, etc., are either black or white, and the sweater itself can be had in any color of the rainbow, but ten days' notice is required for everything except black; $95. Speaking of sweaters, as distinct from *cashmere* sweaters, a pullover at Lilly Daché, 78 East 56th Street, has the classic V neck but unconventional straight sides with short side vents. It is hand-knit of an iridescent wool that blends such fiery tints as orange and magenta to give an over-all effect of flame, and it is shaggy, which is as it should be this season; $75. Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street, has V-neck pullovers in their conventional





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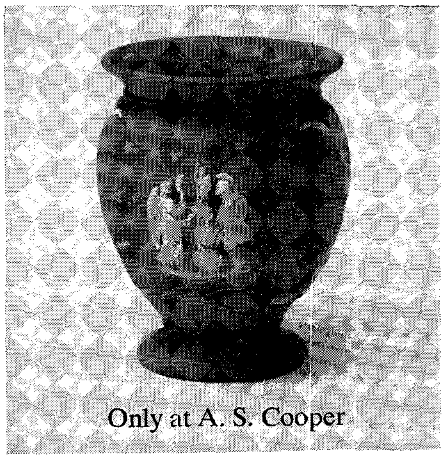

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shape; for material, he picks shaggy wool mohair. These sweaters are hand-knit in Italy, and the colors are black, white, violet, garnet, and mango; $45. Over at Brooks Brothers, which has as deep a reverence for classics as ever Toscanini had, there's a good-looking classic turtleneck sweater imported from Scotland. It's of wool jersey, available in the time-tested gray, navy, black, natural, or yellow, and the price is $12.

Tops that aren't sweaters also make fine presents. A loose Mexican shirt of tough unbleached muslin, costing $8.75, is down at Fred Leighton, 15 East Eighth Street. It has long sleeves, a pointed collar, and a V neck filled in, middy-fashion, with a gaudy reversible dickey. Then, moving north on the map and on the price list, there are the shirts of Liberty of London printed silk. Lord & Taylor has an especially glorious selection of them, from which we'll cite just one, at $28.50—Shocking-pink, chartreuse, and peacock-blue butterflies hovering over green-and-white blossoms on a white ground. More butterflies hover on some handmade white batiste blouses that Emilia Bellini, 411 Park Avenue (55th), has imported from Italy. These remarkable beasts have black embroidered bodies and appliquéd wings of green, yellow, and red batiste; $28. And some handmade Italian white batiste blouses at Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), are appliquéd with fresh pink, blue, yellow, and lavender batiste jonquils; $22.50.

While we're on the subject of handwork, we'd like to mention the little girl's white organdie party dress at Julia Marshall, 54 East 53rd Street. Its collar is edged with entre-deux and lace, and a velvet sash matches a pink or blue organdie slip. The sizes are 3 to 6X, and there's room to grow in—a six-inch hem and a wide, wide tuck in the bouffant skirt. The price is $27.50. This shop also sells a beguiling copy of a French child's smock. Of white sateen piped in red, it sports a big detachable pocket embroidered with bright-colored Christmas trees and candy canes. A pair of white sateen bloomers completes the ensemble, which costs $18.75 and comes in sizes 2 to 6X.

IS there a lady on your list whose response to ice and snow is to rush out into it? Well, she's in luck this year, because the new ski clothes couldn't be more tempting. Heavy wool sweaters at Andre, 21 West 56th Street, take their patterns, so we are informed, from the work of Gris, Mon-

Homage to Harburt, who makes minding appearances a matter of marvelous ease. Richly detailed tapestry print Capri pants on deep-piled velveteen. Sizes 8 to 18 in red or blue. About 18.00. At fine stores or write Harburt of Boston, 1407 Broadway, N. Y. 18.

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drian, Picasso, and Miró—a case of art imitating art. The sweaters, which are gay pastiches (the color scheme of just one includes orange, pink, rose, white, and gray), take three weeks to make, and cost $50. Another decorative item here is a parka of black, red, or blue waterproof velveteen, with a border of gray wolf on the hood, at $45. With a mink border, for football, it's $100 and up, depending on the minkiness of the mink. Hanlan, 51 Greenwich Avenue (between Perry and Charles), has imported a group of children's ski sweaters from Sweden, knit in intricate patterns; one we particularly liked combined green with practically every shade of blue. These are in sizes 6 to 12, and cost $17.50. At Elaine Starkman, 149 Bleecker Street (just west of West Broadway), what we particularly liked was a handsome water-resistant suède pullover—a cross between a sweater and a doublet—that can be made up in three weeks. It has a draw cord at the waist, and—like lots of other ski clothes—it's fine for driving, skating, or hiking around the suburbs; $45. For hacking around the suburbs or Central Park, an equestrienne might welcome a pair of the trim jodhpurs that the Miller Harness Company, 123 East 24th Street, is now making of Helanca stretch cloth—a fabric that miraculously persuades garments to fit the customer, instead of vice versa, at all times. The jodhpurs come in beige, rust, fawn, canary, or white, and in sizes 24 to 34, for $65.

Sig Buchmayr, 16 East 50th Street, has imported a group of Peruvian alpaca hats that look like outsize wigs and cost from $10.50 to $13.50. Piñata Party, at 129 Macdougal Street, another local outlet for Peruvian handiwork, has imported some knit-wool masks ($7.95) that cover the entire head and will protect the gringo's face from the cold; with red-edged mouth slits, yellow-bordered ski-jump noses, and green-rimmed eyeholes, they ought to scare the Abominable Snow Man right off the slope.

THE umbrella was transformed from a utility item into a high-fashion accessory shortly after the end of the Second World War, so enough time has elapsed for any lady's first, or even second, elegant umbrella to wear out. If you'd like to replace one for somebody, Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, 110 West 45th Street, has something rather festive. The ferrule is a black bamboo crook, and the handle is eight inches of straight black bamboo, which

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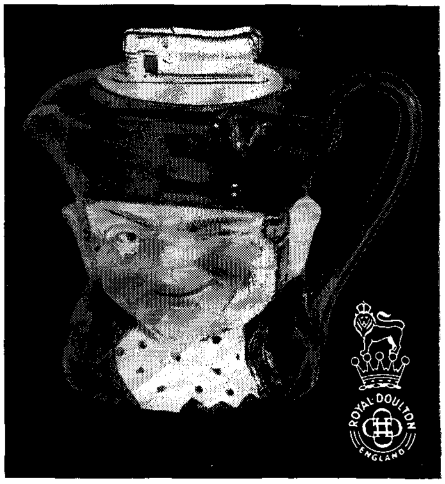

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means that when it's not raining, the umbrella is carried over the arm upside down—or, to look at it another way, right side up. The shade is made of black nylon, and small pastel flowers—in any one of fifteen colors—are embroidered on two of the panels; the whole thing is lined with nylon organdie to match the flowers, and the price is $18. Bendel has imported long, slim umbrellas from France, and these have the fireworks in their crook-shaped handles, which are paved with twinkling colored crystal beads; $45.

As for gloves, which most women want more than most men realize, Kislav, the famous firm of French glovemakers, has addressed itself to the problem of the woman who wants to look partyish and still keep her fingers warm; the answer is perfectly *sérieux* pink, black, or white kid gloves lined with wool. Best has them in four- and eight-button lengths, at $10.50 and $14, respectively. Best also has some other French imports, not quite as warm but just as charming—eight-button white cotton gloves whose backs are strewn with tiny embroidered rosebuds. These are $10.50. The soft washable-kid gloves at Gunther Jaeckel are noteworthy because they come in hard-to-find, stylish colors—off shades like sage green, taupe, and oyster white. They're all eight-button length and cost $8.50. Children are not always enthralled by gifts of garments, taking clothes for granted and expecting something more amusing for Christmas. De Pinna has met this particular challenge with a pair of semi-mittens that double as puppets. They are of red-and-white hand-knit wool, and each has a Santa Claus face embroidered on the three middle fingers, which are joined, and Santa Claus arms represented on the thumb and little finger; $4.50 a pair.

There was noticeable relief throughout the Western world when the female

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waistline reappeared this fall; it may be a little high, but at least it's a waistline and it can use a belt. Bergdorf has a fine one, a belt that rides high enough to create its own Empire waist on practically any dress. It is three and a half inches wide, all around, and consists of three horizontal bands of black rayon velvet held apart by four vertical whalebones; $16. Blanche Cassier, 698 Madison Avenue (62nd), is also prepared to sell an Empire belt, this one of calf, an inch and a half wide in front and tapering to half that at the buckle behind; $15, in any color that is wanted (two days) or in black (right now). A splendid sports belt of natural cowhide, to wear at the natural waistline, is a thong half an inch in diameter all around; it fastens with brass cotter pins, costs $8, and takes a week to make at Allan Block, 171 West Fourth Street. And, at the same price, Peck & Peck's plain leather belt has two small purses on the front, suitable for change or, on the golf course, tees. The colors are beige and black.

We can't begin to report on all the worthy handbags around town, so we've picked out several with features that strike us as special. Like a slipcover. There's one on sale at Marion Wright, upstairs at 42 East 50th Street. To begin with, there's a black rayon slipper satin evening bag, an envelope ten and a half inches by seven. This slips into a cover, which transforms it, outwardly, into a bag of red or turquoise brocaded velvet dotted with red, silver, and gold daisies, or a bag of oyster-white rayon satin sprigged with tea roses. One bag plus one cover goes for $16.50, and extra covers run from $6.50 to $10 apiece. An ostrich feather curled under net veiling ornaments a satin evening bag at Henry à la Pensée, 8 East 54th Street. This fetching thing is fifteen inches long, and comes in several discreet colors; $52.50. A young lady who carries papers around with her might like to carry them in a flat velveteen bag the size and shape of a Manila envelope (a twelve-by-fourteen-inch Manila envelope, that is), which is available at I. Miller's Pinwheel Shop, 689 Fifth Avenue (54th), in black, red, royal blue, or something called curry. It's piped in black leatherette and there's a leatherette loop at one corner to serve as a handle; $12.05. And a still younger woman—under ten, say—could make quite a splash at a birthday party if she arrived clutching a white or black rabbit-fur clutch bag, now to be found at Best, for $5.50, or a black velveteen clutch bag, appliquéd

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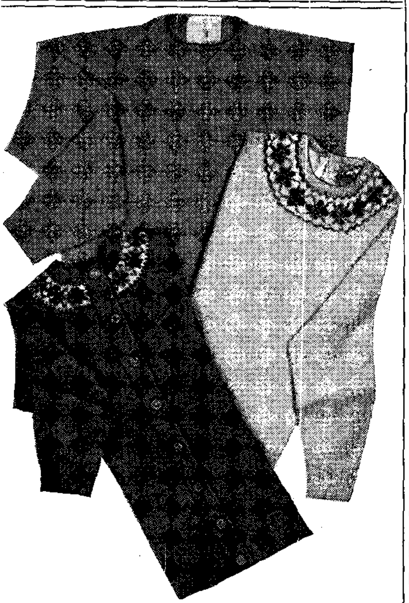

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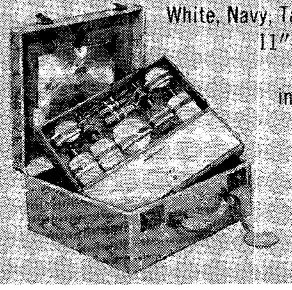

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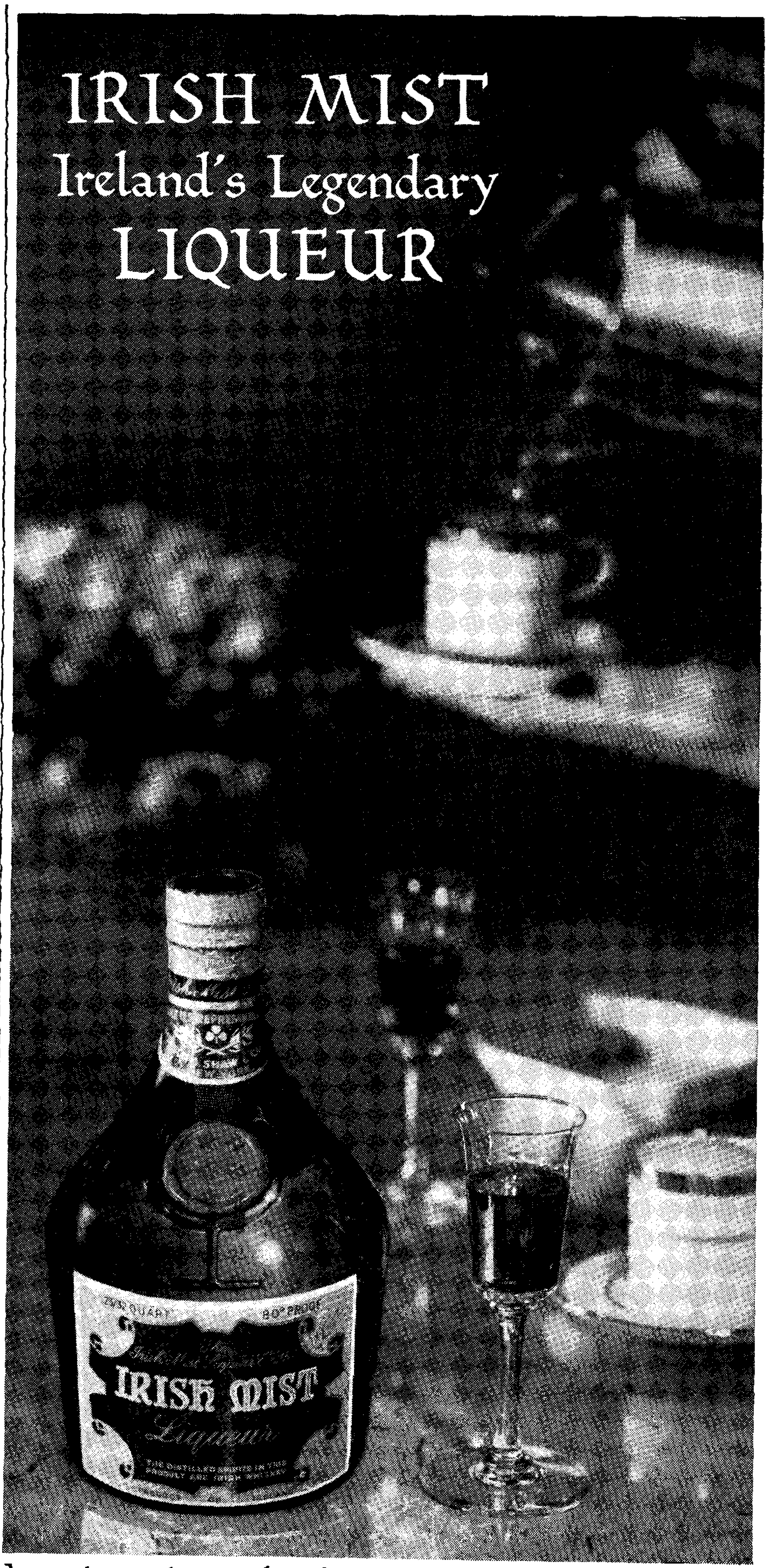
One of the best all-purpose daytime bags we've seen (thinking about grown-ups again) is Milton Hefling's simple, capacious (eleven and a half inches by fifteen and a half) buckskin envelope-with-handles, which costs $24.20 and is ready to go in unusual colors—taupe, gold, or olive, for instance—as well as in red, greige, or black. (Other colors, or other leathers, take two weeks.) Mr. Hefling is at 997 Lexington Avenue (72nd). Hildegarde's Leather Workshop, down at 194 West Fourth Street, has come up with a pair of pouches, connected at the top like saddlebags, to hang over the arm. Each is of heavy-duty, washable, glove-tanned leather, each is zippered down one side, and each measures ten inches across at the base. The price is $30, and there's a choice of eight colors; our favorite was a snappy Kelly green.

The tote bag, or carryall, hovers somewhere between the handbag and light luggage, but no matter how it's classified, most women find it enormously useful for a multitude of purposes—as a shopping or knitting bag, or to carry that extra one-of-each when heading for the park with children. We liked a cheery burlap tote bag, sixteen inches high and half as wide, at East House, 1075 First Avenue (59th). It has vertical felt bands down the front in an assortment of arresting color combinations (aqua, royal blue, and pale blue on brown, for one) and costs a cheery $2.50. Another good-looking tote comes from the United Nations Gift Center. Eleven inches square, it's of Peruvian cotton hand-woven in multicolored vertical stripes and touched up, in a center column, with refulgent wool embroidery; $4.50. Definitely luggage, and way beyond the handbag-shopping-bag class, is a gargantuan (two-and-a-half-foot-high) drawstring bag of llama calfskin, at Abe Silver, 1310-A Sixth Avenue (52nd). The model on display is coffee-colored and bound in black llama, but it can be made up in other color schemes on ten days' notice; $88, however you want it. Fred Braun's big carryall of antique-brown cowhide closes with a two-inch-wide belt and a brass buckle. It stands eighteen inches high, has long, rolled self handles, costs $82.50, and must be ordered two weeks in advance. The address: 21 West Eighth Street. I. Miller makes not only shoes but also a good-looking red, black, or copper velveteen shoe satchel, lined with rayon satin and big enough (six inches by fifteen



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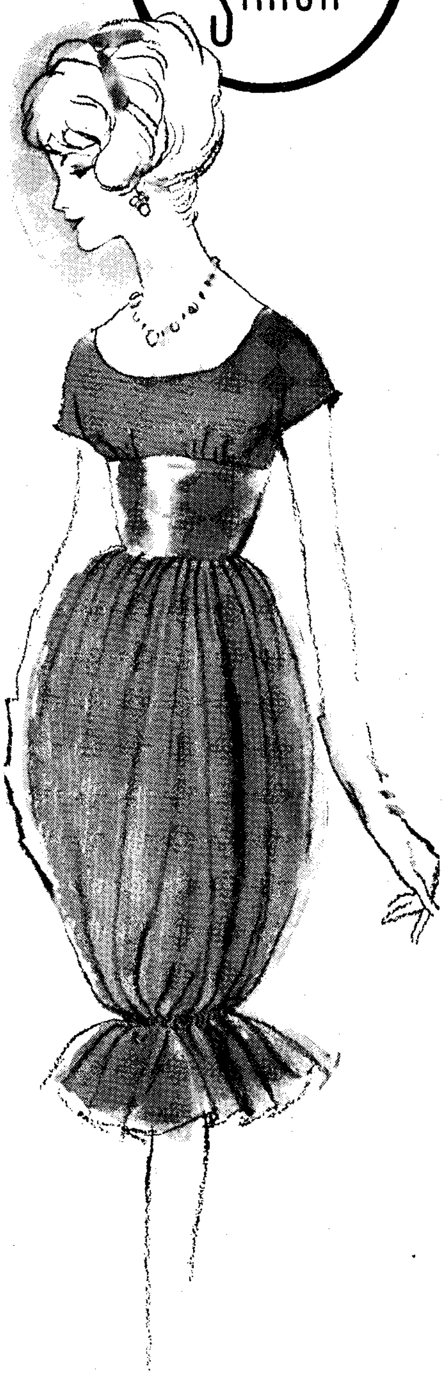

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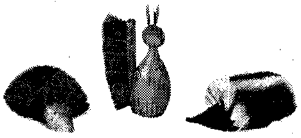
by eighteen) to carry at least half a dozen pairs. The subversive truth is that a girl could use it as an overnight bag, provided she didn't take too many shoes along; $27.50. Cauman, 153 Lexington Avenue (30th), has a dressy oval sewing box, eight inches by eight by twelve, that could also be used as an overnight bag. It's covered with a Persian material that looks like Paisley, it's bound with black book cloth and lined with maroon suède cloth, and it has a gold-metal beaded carrying chain; $17.50.

Women who travel for longer than overnight need small containers to fit inside their larger pieces of luggage—a tidy jewel case, say. There's one at Altman that looks like a billfold and is compact enough to fit into a handbag. It's of black pin seal lined with red calf, and it comes in two small sizes, at $14.25 and $19.95. Then, at Gucci, 7 East 58th Street, there's a black calf cosmetic case, rubber-lined, that could also travel in a handbag; $6.60. And at Tiffany there's a tiny emergency sewing kit, consisting of a silver thimble, two needles, and three little spools of thread, all neatly stowed in a silver cylinder not much bigger than a cigarette. The price is $12.50, and it's a fine gift even for women who don't travel, since stockings run and hems pop on Forty-second Street, too. For a number of years, Bonwit Teller has been showing calf bedroom slippers, for travelling, so soft that they fold into a small white cellophane case, which packs beautifully. This season, the slippers are available with wool linings, for padding around strange, drafty floors. The slippers are red, pale blue, pink, or black, the linings are white, and the price, $5.95, includes the case. Another highly packable item—and a bargain at $1—is a lightweight, hinged wooden clothes hanger, with a brush under each shoulder, on sale at Japan Folk Craft, 172 West Fourth Street. It folds in half, thereupon becoming a serviceable clothes brush.

HENRI BENDEL, which may have a practical interest in seeing to it that women take pleasure in writing checks, has created a lavish checkbook cover (desk size) of black llama calf lined with red or light-blue moire. It's got a lock, and gold-plated initials (they take a week), and costs $38.50. Now, for storing cancelled checks (or the record of domestic employees' Social Security payments, or whatever), we like the expandable manila file that is a staple at the New York Exchange for Wom-



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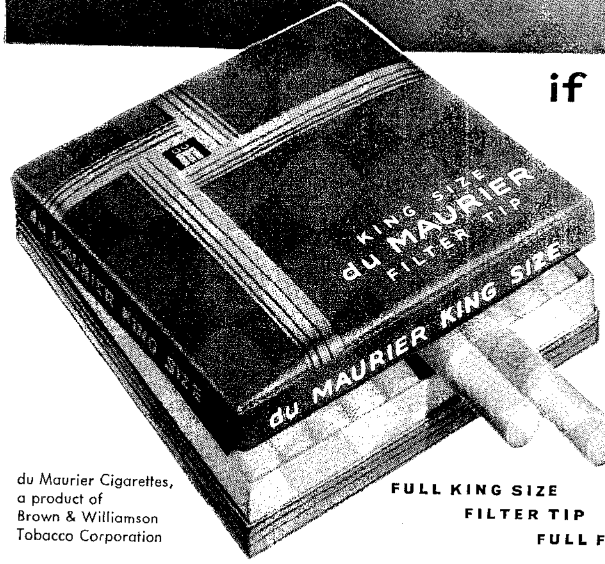
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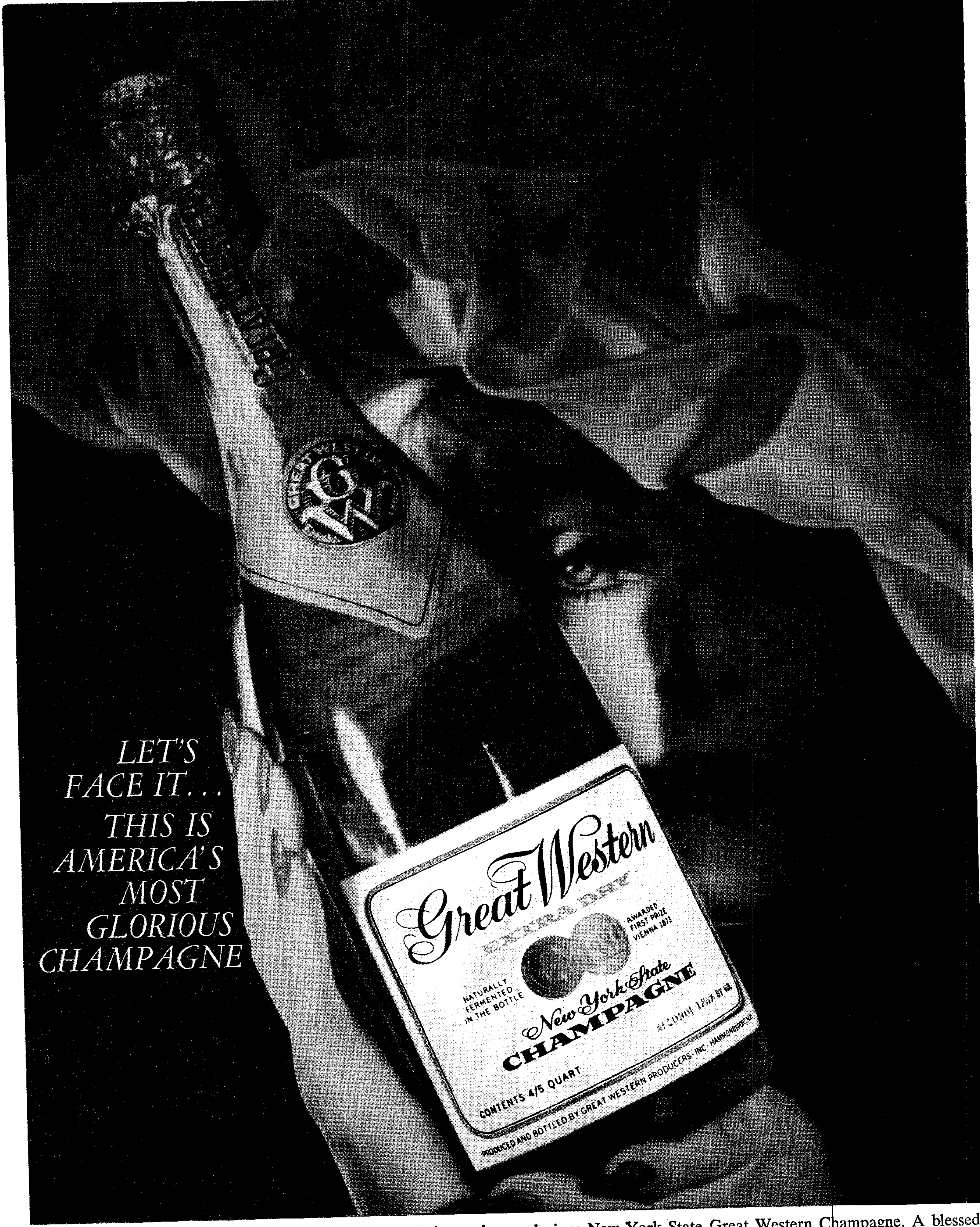
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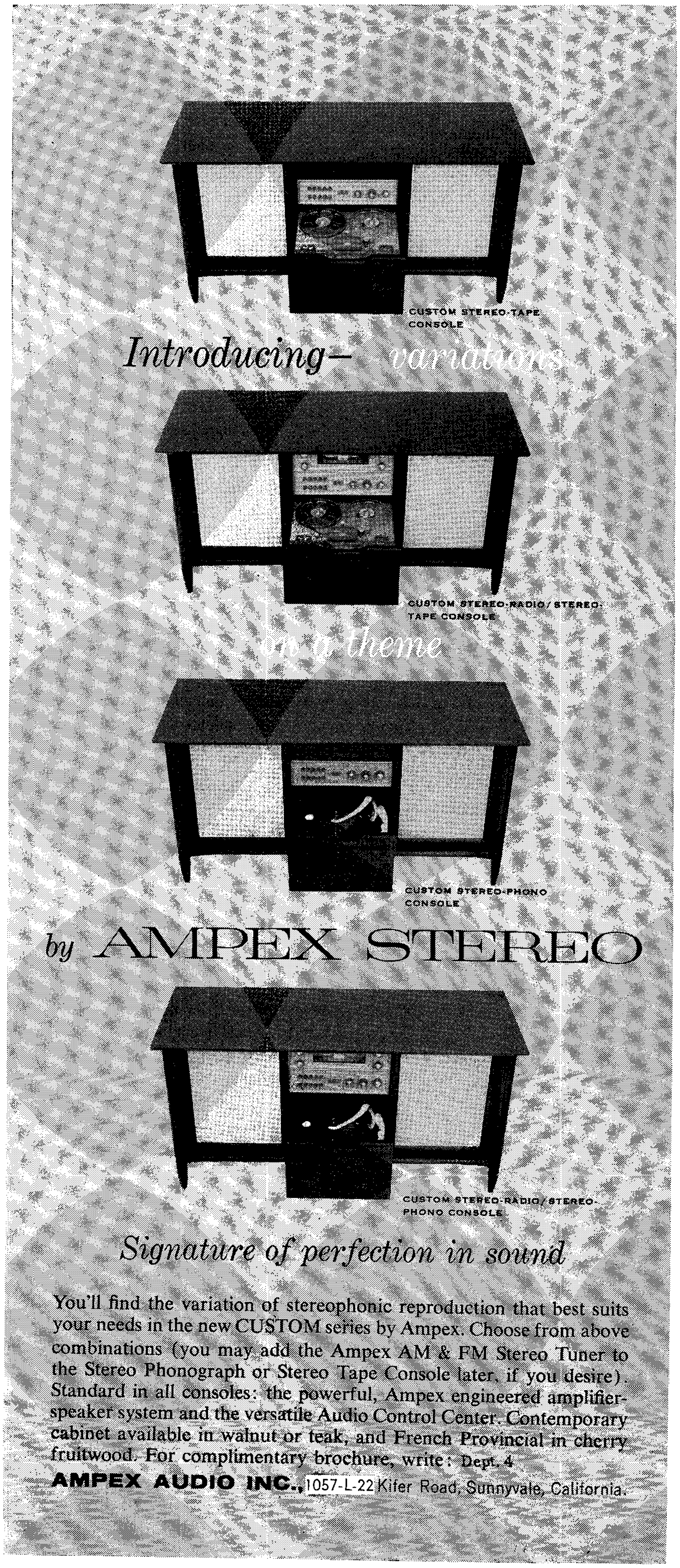
Hat by Sally Victo

an's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). It is decorated with an old-fashioned floral print, and pastel grosgrain ribbon ties it together at the top. The ten-by-twelve-inch size is $7.50, and a somewhat smaller version is $5.25. The Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd), sells nests of boxes that, in shape and construction, are something like the familiar old commercial book files. These, however, are covered with Italian paper, hand-blocked in prim floral patterns, and fasten with grosgrain ribbon. There are four in a nest, but they are sold separately, graduating upward in size from seven by nine and a half by one and a half inches ($6.50) to ten by fourteen by three and a quarter inches, or slightly larger than the Manhattan telephone book ($12.50).

APART from all the things that have places—silver in the silver chest, hope in the hope chest, and pease porridge in the pot—there are lots of treasures that lack specific receptacles. What's to be done with *them*? One handsome solution is an antique—a miniature chest of the sort that cabinetmakers used to build, either to show that they had completed their apprenticeships or to serve as advertisements. Such chests are not doll-house furniture, or toys, but serious, and often quite lovely, works of art. Black, Starr & Gorham has a good selection of them, priced between $100 and $400. At $300, for instance, there's a French mahogany chest, about a foot wide, with tulipwood marquetry, a white Carrara top, and ormolu fittings on its two drawers. Another solution—a container for jewels, or possibly for cosmetics—is a beautiful teakwood catchall from Denmark,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about a foot square at the base. The lid, which slopes like that of an old-fashioned salt box, has a mirror on the underside, and the interior is divided up into compartments; $60, at Georg Jensen. Some nice gold-and-black lacquer boxes from Burma are on hand at Hathore House, 542 Third Avenue (36th). They're in the shape of ducks, turtles, and whales, and might store a cache of bobby pins or caramels, or, for that matter, just sit empty in the role of handsome *objet*. A duck six inches long is $10, and a ten-inch whale is $12.50.

Goodness knows how many far-sighted women are walking around right now without glasses, squinting desperately at telephone books, closing market prices, and the fine type in contracts. For them, Tomas, 609 Madison Avenue (58th), sets magnifying glasses into an outsize tortoise-shell lorgnette—seven inches across, with a nine-inch handle—for $25. As for the frankly myopic woman who can't see without her glasses and can't see to find them when she wakes up in the morning, Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (56th), has made her an eyeglass case with a ribbon to hang over a bedpost, within easy groping distance. The case, of blue satin, is shaped like a slipper, and costs $8.75. A wig cap all gussied up with nylon ruffles and topped with a nylon ribbon bow is lofty enough to cover a headful of roller hair curlers, and costs $3.95, at Saks Fifth Avenue. It comes in pink, blue, black, or white. Women with long hair who wear chignons or coronets of braids might like one of the old and decorative tortoise-shell combs, some set with brilliants, at Varr, 61 Christopher Street, at Sheridan Square. The combs were made in France and Italy, and the prices range from $4.50 to $32.50. And it might be nice to be able to transfer some perfume from the big bottle to a purse-size flacon. For just this purpose, Black, Starr & Gorham has produced a tiny sterling-silver funnel; $2.75.

In recent years, having established their right to be big-game hunters, bankers, wrestlers, and even members of the Armed Forces, many women have perversely returned to such old-fashioned feminine chores as cooking, sewing, and fooling with flowers—cleverly transforming their domestic duties into something approaching hobbies. For women who like to cook, you might consider one of the superlative Finnish aprons at Northland Gifts, 1232 Lexington Avenue (84th). These are hand-woven of lightweight, hand-

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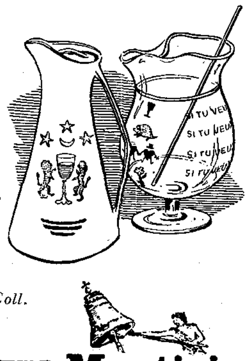

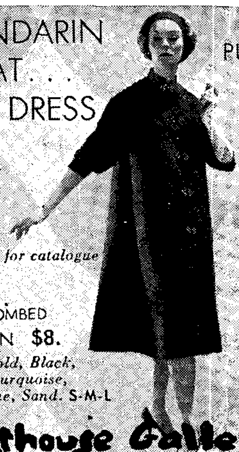

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washable wool in pastel stripes or plaids, for $3.50, or in cotton, for $2.50. D. D. and Leslie Tillett, 170 East 80th Street, specialize in marvellous hand-printed fabrics (one of their new ones shows more or less abstract flora and fauna in half a dozen vivid shades of blue and green on a white raw silk that resembles rice paper), and a woman who likes to sew would surely be pleased with, say, two yards of one of these heavenly stuffs, or enough for a party skirt. The two yards will cost you about $20 in cotton, $30 in raw silk, and $40 in heavy silk twill. Black, Starr & Gorham has produced a sterling-silver version of the familiar dressmaker's cylinder that holds straight pins and pops them up, one at a time, when its top is pushed down; $10. To the flower arranger, a nest of four low, flat-topped wooden arches will suggest all sorts of delightful vistas. They cost $5 apiece, and each one, by itself, is an attractive pedestal for a vase; the four together might support a masterpiece of a centerpiece. The set is either lacquered in black or finished in its natural mahogany or walnut; at Audrey Jocelyn, 223 West 58th Street. . . . Max Schling Seedsmen, at 538 Madison Avenue (54th), keeps the gardener in mind all the year round, and if you do, too, you might drop in here and buy her a pair of light blue denim pedal-pushers with detachable foam-rubber pads in pockets at the knees; $4.98.

If for any reason you can't do your own shopping this year, Sally Plunkett, who runs a highly capable shopping service at 33 East 60th Street, will do it for you, in person. There is a flat service charge of $5, above which you pay carfare and ten per cent of the total bill. For an appointment, call Templeton 8-6530.

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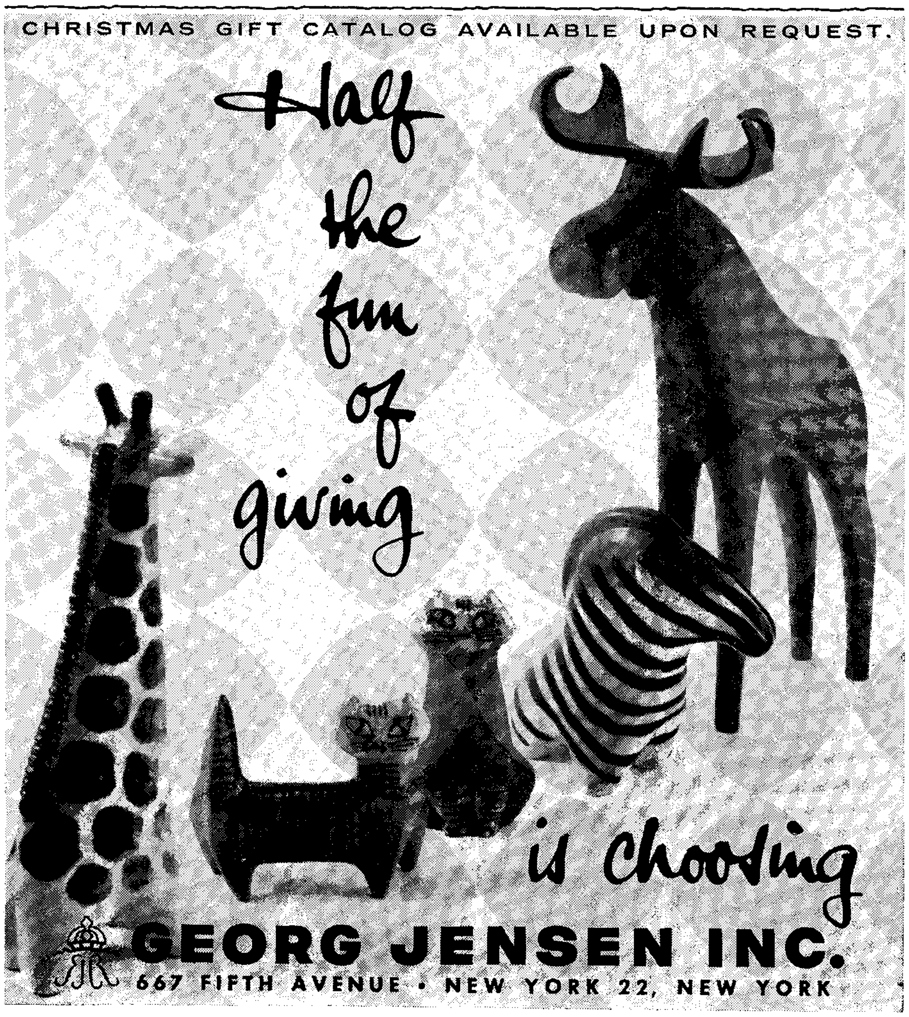

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THE RACE TRACK

Unlucky Seventh

FOR practically everybody concerned, the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day was the most thrilling and the most disappointing race of the season. Just about everything that could go wrong went wrong. There were seven minutes of confusion at the post; the ten runners got away to a straggling start, in which one of the Russian horses was left behind; and the race itself was a mile-and-a-half scramble full of rough-and-tumble and downright stupid riding. And after Tudor Era came bowling along to the winning post, lengths ahead of Sailor's Guide, with Ballymoss, the favorite, third, there was an objection and a disqualification. Although Tudor Era had led all the way, he had crowded Sailor's Guide sharply as they turned into the stretch, so the stewards took his number down and, following the custom of putting the offender behind the horse he fouls, reversed the placings, giving first money to Sailor's Guide and second to Tudor Era.

Anyway, the weather was nice. The race, which was the seventh International at Laurel, was run in delightful autumn sunshine before a crowd of more than forty thousand—the biggest that has ever seen a horse race in Maryland, and just about the noisiest and most rambunctious, if you ask me. The chief object of those inside and outside the fence around the paddock was a look at the Russian racers Zaryad and Garnir and at Ireland's Ballymoss. Zaryad, a rather plain colt, started to fidget as soon as he was saddled, while Garnir, a dark bay with more than a touch of class, took things in his stride. It was Ballymoss who really caught the eye. Frankly, I fell under his spell the first time I saw him. His conformation, which blends size and strength with high quality, is the closest to equine perfection I've seen in years. Of the others, Tudor Era seemed especially fit, and so did Germany's Orsini II, a showy animal. Sailor's Guide, who comes from Australia, appeared as hard as nails. In the parade past the stand, the Russian jockeys

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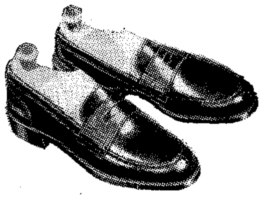

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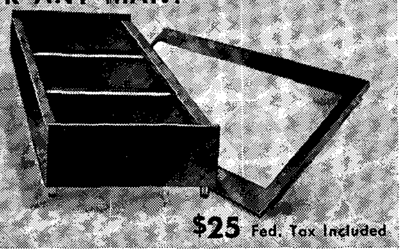

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looked awfully well turned out in their dark-blue silks—the colors of Horse Factory No. 33, the stud farm where both their mounts were bred. The Russians ride with their stirrup leathers short, as our boys do, but they sit in the saddle like the English. I noticed that Nasimov, on Garnir, was wearing brand-new plastic goggles—something that, I am told, he saw for the first time at Laurel.

Out of deference to the visiting horses, who were unfamiliar with the starting gate, there was a walk-up start, and it was soon evident that there would be trouble with it. Even before the rest of the runners were lined up, Kovalev, who rode Zaryad and was nearest the rail, tried to beat the barrier, as the old-timers call it, but it was no go. Then Nasimov, who had the outside post position, tried his luck at the same thing. After that, the other riders all had a shot at it. Then the horses started acting up. Orsini II not only plunged forward but did such fancy kicking right and left that he was taken to the outside and held by an assistant starter. In the remaining minutes of the free-for-all, there were several false breaks and Zaryad was put in the hands of an assistant starter, too. When the start did come, it looked like another false one, because, as Tudor Era led the pack away, Zaryad was left flat-footed. Orsini II was the villain of the piece. On the second turn the first time around, he slammed into Ballymoss, and got in a couple of kicks for good measure. Ballymoss was bumped into Clem, and both were thrown off stride. This finished Clem, who hadn't fancied the track anyhow. Ballymoss came in for still more bad luck, including his handling by Breasley, which was by no means a masterpiece. The finisher came in the final quarter. Ballymoss had moved up along the rail from seventh to third place and was going so smoothly that he seemed to have a fair chance when Tudor Era crowded Sailor's Guide to the inside, blocking the way for the Irish colt. Whether Ballymoss would have won if he hadn't been blocked is hard to say. It's too bad he didn't win, because he was the best horse. Still, as any racegoer can tell you, the best horses don't always win.

There was no doubt about Tudor Era's foul. The film-patrol movies showed plainly that he "knocked in" Sailor's Guide, in the words of the latter's rider, Grant, who is one of our rougher up-and-coming young riders himself. Yet the stewards deliberated twenty-one minutes, to be quite sure. Then they gave Harmatz, who rode

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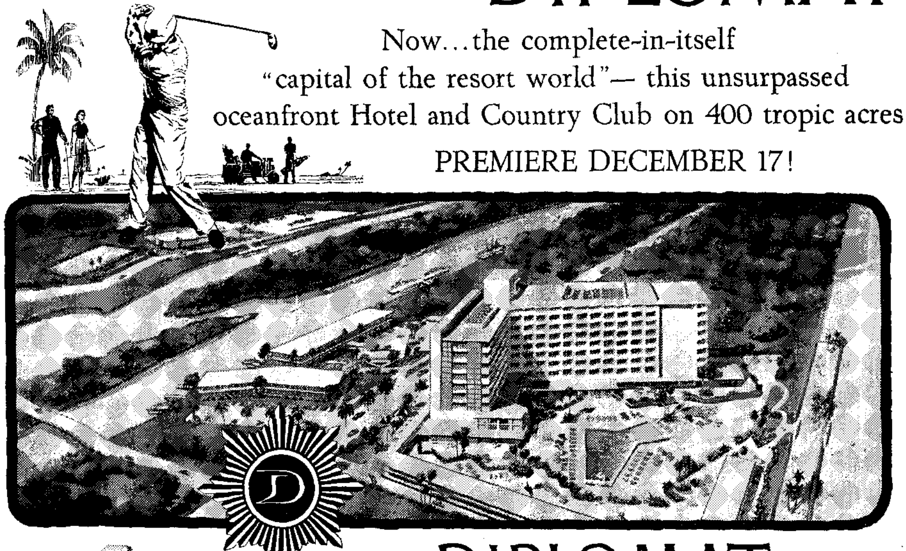

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Tudor Era, plenty of time to mull over his offense, setting him down for twenty days. Finally, to conclude this melancholy recital, the race was a vicarious triumph for British bloodstock; Tudor Era, a son of the Derby Stakes winner Owen Tudor, was bred in England and was raced there till 1956, when he was bought by Mrs. Herbert Herff, of Memphis, Tennessee.

Of course, the Russians were furious over what happened to Zaryad, who had been expected to go to the front at the start and soften up the speeders for Garnir. Kovalev insisted that the horse had been deliberately held at the post, but Yevgeni Dolmatov, director of racing in Moscow and the head of the visiting group, cooled everybody off quickly. As a matter of fact, I thought Garnir ran very well in the circumstances—better, indeed, than the chart showed. The Russians will return, or at least Mr. Dolmatov intimated as much. First, though, he said, they'll have to study and make new calculations. Incidentally, Mr. Dolmatov didn't think much of the walk-up start, which gets the horses off with a wave of a flag. In Russia, they use a barrier, and nobody tries to beat the gate.

Right here, I'd like to stick a small gold star on Ed Blind, the starter, for doing the best he could with an impossible job. Despite the method of starting and the merry-go-round course, which caused a spate of complaints this year, the International is a good show. I am delighted to hear that the management is going to have a new turf course, a mile around, with wide turns, for the 1959 renewal, but I'm afraid it will be a long time before a racer with a record like Ballymoss's comes over for another Washington, D.C., International.

PLENTY of horses were running at Jamaica last week, but the only race there worth remembering was the Gallant Fox Handicap, on Saturday, which I was pleased to see Admiral Vee win after a lionhearted effort. He led for most of the mile and five furlongs and finished a head in front of Whodunit, to whom he gave eleven pounds. That takes some doing. If you're sentimental, Admiral Vee's victory was a reward for persistence, because he has been running most of the big handicaps all season and hasn't been getting much prize money. This time, he collected $56,350. Atkinson, who rode him, hasn't had much success in the recent big ones, either, but he brought this one off beautifully, especially in his judgment of pace.

—AUDAX MINOR

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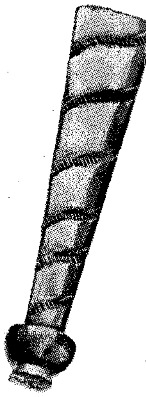

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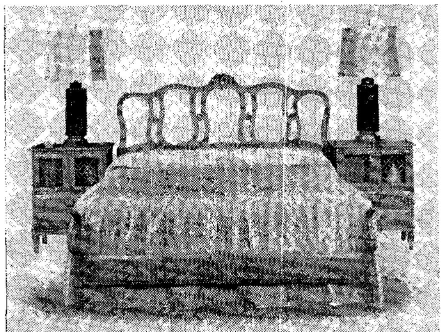

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Artist as an Old Dog

IN "The Horse's Mouth," Alec Guinness has doubled in brass as script-writer and performer, and in both departments he deserves commendation. Mr. Guinness's screenplay is based on the novel by Joyce Cary, which dealt, as you probably know, with a painter driven by his artistic daemon to renounce all conformity with convention. It may be that, as a writer, Mr. Guinness has emphasized the comic aspects of Mr. Cary's work to the detriment of the author's larger intention, which was to demonstrate the necessity of a rebellious attitude on the part of an artist in the face of modern, machine-tooled rules of conduct. But he does introduce that point of view sufficiently to indicate that "The Horse's Mouth" is not simply an aimless romp.

In any case, it is Mr. Guinness's acting that really makes the movie notable. His painter, when we first encounter him, is just being released from jail. (Why he was doing a stretch was never made clear to me, but he is soon revealed as such an all-round rogue that I was no longer puzzled.) Seedy and unshaven, he looks like somebody headed straight for an alcoholic sojourn on the Thames Embankment, but slowly it develops that he is a man of particular consequence, who has never lowered his aesthetic colors for any reason. He may sponge on a barmaid, try to trick an ex-wife out of a painting he has given her, swindle a pair of wealthy art fanciers, and, on occasion, indulge in a bit of kleptomania, but he never cheats his inspiration by drawing a line he doesn't think is true. While this is the bedrock of the character Mr. Guinness portrays, he is not presented to us as any solemn sort. Indeed, the longest sequence in the film reveals him madly painting a mural in a patron's apartment that he has invaded (the patron is off on a holiday in Jamaica), while a sculptor chum is busy working on a piece of marble he has brought in and, regrettably, has allowed to crash through the patron's living room to the floor below.

The dialogue as the tale spins along is, for the most part, sprightly, and Ronald Neame, who directed the pic-

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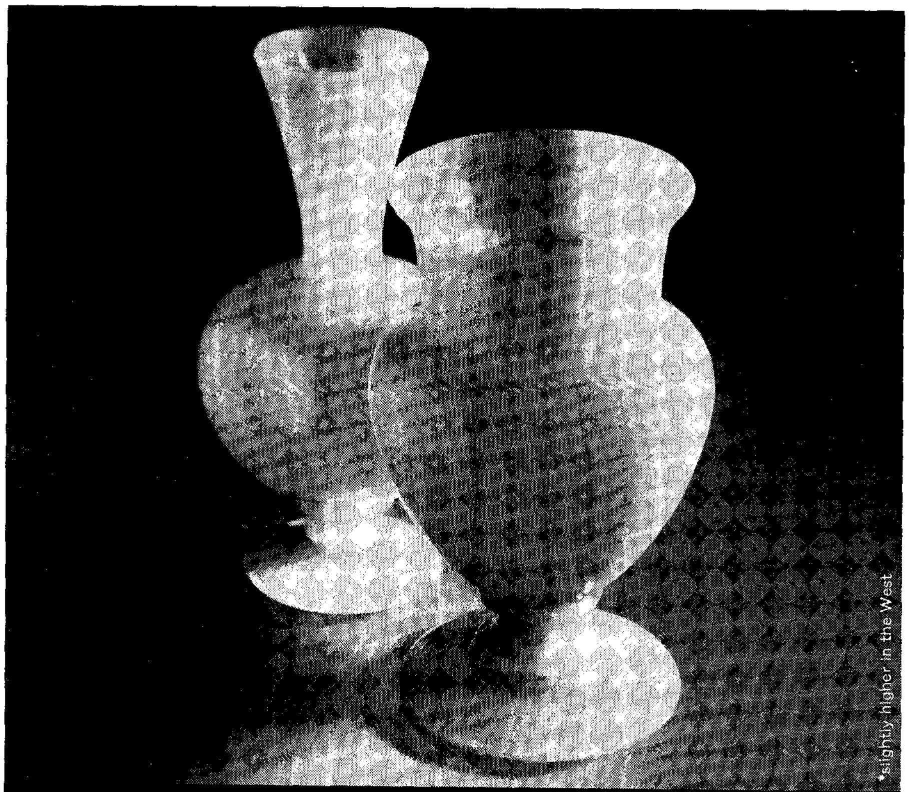

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BACCARAT

ture, has made good use of the camera in exploring the expanses of London. With Mr. Guinness leading them on, the supporting players are all in fine fettle. Kay Walsh is superb as a barmaid who may not know precisely what Mr. Guinness is up to but still appreciates his furious independence; Renee Houston is attractive as the painter's ex-wife, who never quite succumbs to his blarney; Mike Morgan is diverting as a disciple of the painter, and so is Michael Gough as the butterfingered sculptor; and Robert Coote and Veronica Turleigh are fine as our hero's art-loving fall guys. In an estimable departure from the usual daubs introduced as masterpieces in films about unknown living artists, the paintings displayed here are the creation of John Bratby, a competent brushman.

"HOUSEBOAT," written by Jack Rose and Melville Shavelson, and directed by the latter, is a whimsical account of a widower—a government employee, lately arrived in Washington from abroad—who finds himself saddled with his three children. The children, having been reared by relatives, barely know their father, and resent him, but presently he takes up residence on a houseboat and hires a maid of glorious proportions, and soon all hands are having a jolly time of it, or so it is alleged. Personally, even with Cary Grant and Sophia Loren in the leading roles, I found the exercise rather tedious and Paul Petersen, Mimi Gibson, and Charles Herbert, who portray the children, no invitation to philoprogenitiveness. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The blonde, talkative wife of Sir Bernard Docker, British motor magnate, arrived in the Queen Elizabeth yesterday with her husband and Lance Callingham, nineteen-year-old son by a previous marriage. Her vocal barrage stunned reporters who boarded the ship from a cutter far down in the Narrows.

"No apologies because they're not really necessary. We both did foolish things. I'm letting him (Prince Rainier) off. I done what any mother would have done," she said without appearing to draw a deep breath.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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•

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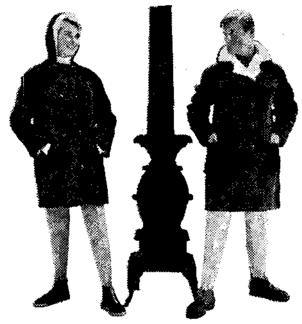

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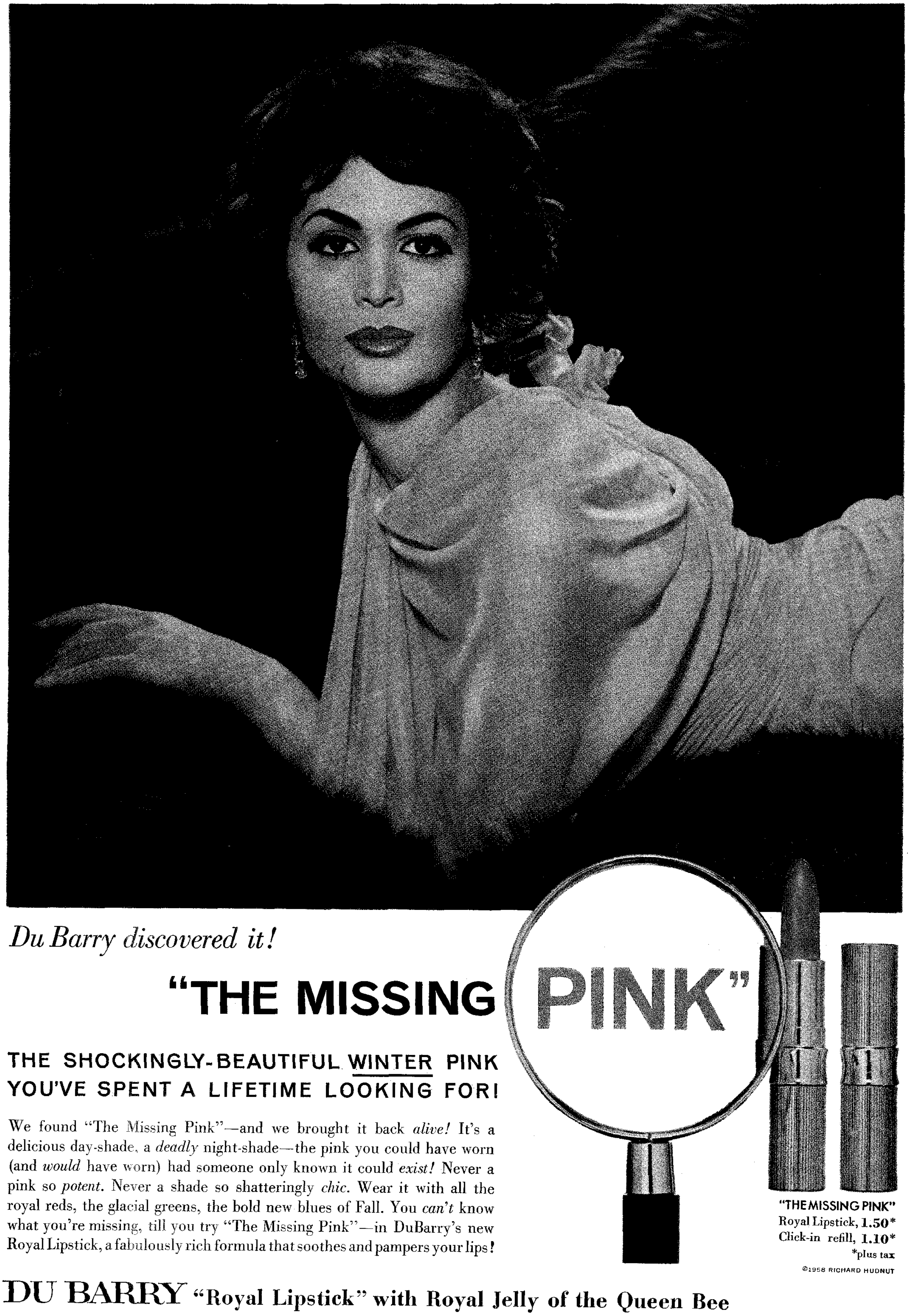

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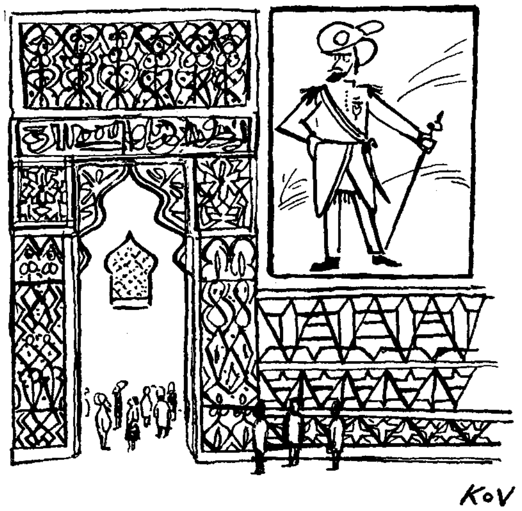
THE LAST DAYS OF THE MAHARAJAHS

III—THE YELLOW FLOUR



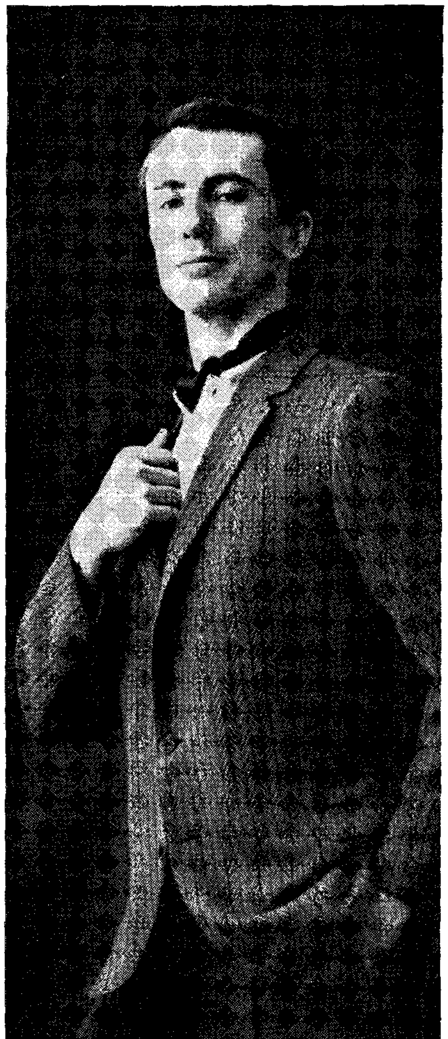
THE long, mirrored table in the banquet hall of His Highness the Maharao Rajah of Bundi's Phoolsagar Palace, in northwestern India, glittered beautifully enough to satisfy even our critical host, for that night, the eve of his thirty-seventh birthday, it was set with crystal and silver and ornamented with vases of flowers. And we who surrounded it—guests at his week-long birthday house-party—had done our best to make ourselves glitter, too. Possibly the males—perhaps a dozen of India's five hundred and fifty-five hereditary princes, all of them, like the owner of Phoolsagar Palace, loosely known as maharajahs—could have been more gorgeous; in the old days they would have been decked out in silk and gauze, with jewelled turbans and gold-and-enamel necklaces, but now even our host hadn't been willing to go as far as that. They were striking enough, though, in their national dress, which, consisting of high-collared black coats and white trousers, is dramatic in its sober way, and there is no denying they set off to advantage the eight women present, who provided the dash and color. That, after all, was what we had been asked to the birthday party for—one of the eight having come from Delhi, and the rest of us from Bombay, where the Maharao Rajah had extended invitations to us, sight unseen, through an Australian free-lance photographer and friend of ours named Graham, who had been commissioned by His Highness to take pictures of the affair. Ruth, an Englishwoman and an old friend of mine, with whom I had been staying during a visit to Bombay and with whom I was sharing a second-floor suite in the palace, had chosen a smart Paris gown for the evening. The two Indian women among us were particularly lovely—Indira, a Bombay matron, who was wearing a rich gold-brocaded Benares sari, and Manjeed, the lone Delhi member of our small coterie, a youthful, ravishing Sikh, who reminded me of a princess in a Mogul painting.

The whole room looked wonderful, in fact, especially after the venison was served, and our long-stemmed glasses, filled now with red Burgundy, were reflected in the tabletop as clearly as the Taj Mahal is reflected in its pool on a still day. At a later stage of this rather late dinner, the servants poured champagne, adding a second reflected color—delicate amber next to a glass here and there that still held a few drops of Burgundy. In no mood to sit mutely admiring the contrast, I took a swallow and, turning to Maharaj Ajit Singh, on my left, said, "A miracle of rare device."

Immediately I regretted it. Ever since arriving at Phoolsagar Palace the day before, I had tried—until then successfully—to restrain a dreary habit I have of quoting lines from English classics. Now, thrown off my guard by the urbane surroundings, I had slipped. A pity. To make matters worse, I had inflicted this affront on Maharaj Ajit Singh, of all people—a lovable old man and a doughty soldier and hunter, who, as uncle of the three leading princes at the party, was known to one and all as Uncle Ponk. And Uncle Ponk did seem taken aback. Luckily, before he could summon up a reply, I was saved from almost certain chagrin by the crash of a cannon. Midnight and noonday are always announced at Bundi in this manner. After a day and a half, we visitors had grown sufficiently accustomed to the procedure not to flinch, and tonight we welcomed the noise of the cannon with a feeling of expectancy, for it marked both the beginning of His Highness's birthday and the beginning of Holi, a gala Hindu holiday. Everyone stopped talking and looked toward our host. Handsome and smiling, he rose to his feet and made a little speech, in which he extended a formal welcome to the guest of honor—his cousin the Maharajah of Rewa, who was paying his first visit to the recently built Palace of Phoolsagar. We toasted Rewa, who, in turn, made a little speech in reply to his cousin Bundi, and after that we toasted Bundi. The Maharao Rajah appeared genuinely pleased and very happy. With Graham's ubiquitous camera in mind, he had taken an immense amount of trouble to have everything just right—even to the extent of saddling himself with all us strange women, who only that afternoon had got in the way at a tiger shoot and been a general nuisance. Pondering all the care that His Highness had lavished on the spectacle, I decided that if he hadn't been born a prince, he might well have gravitated into show business, as one of those directors who personally supervise every phase of a production—costumes, stage sets, choreography, and all the rest.

Then I checked myself, as I frequently had to do during the time I spent at Phoolsagar Palace. Born a prince? Yes, true enough—born heir to the throne of the princely state of Bundi, in the former Rajputana Agency—but His Highness was a prince no longer, and had not been one since 1947, when India became independent. And this, of course, applied to all the other Highnesses at the table, as well as to the rest of India's princes. Even so, I mused, all the Highnesses present, and probably the vast majority of the others, still sported their titles and were still looked upon as superior beings by many of their former subjects. Moreover, while the Indian government did not recognize this multitude of princes as such, it had not seen fit to separate them from their private—and, in many cases, very considerable—fortunes; on the contrary, it was providing them with privy purses in varying amounts, designed to enable them to maintain their ménages on something like their pre-1947 scale, and thus forestall chaos in communities where the payroll of the local palace was the principal economic mainstay. Clearly, then—as far as this generation was concerned—having been born a prince, having been raised in the tradition of an heir apparent, and having duly acceded to a title, whatever its present status, did set a man apart, at least enough to restrain him from pursuing a career of his choice, in the manner of most reasonably well-endowed mortals.

So, in the aftermath of the toasts, I sank back into a speculative mood and



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diverted myself by fitting some of the other Highnesses in the dining room into possible alternative roles. There was the Maharajah of Rewa, for example, who stood out in my mind at the moment not only because he had just made a speech but because, only a few hours earlier, at the tiger shoot, he had been to blame—or so our host contended—for letting the tiger get away. To be sure, Rewa had talked to me of nothing but game and guns, but that could be said of nearly all the other men, too, and since it struck me that he had a rather more intellectual face than the rest—or could it have been the spectacles he wore?—I now imagined him as a scientist or scholar of some kind. Next, I tackled the Maharajah of Bikaner, another of our host's cousins. Here, I suspected, the princely background might have had an entirely different effect. The grandson of a famous man, this Bikaner had obviously found his place in politics and was doing well, but if he hadn't started out with the prestige and responsibility of being a ruler, would he have set his sights so high? I fancied not; I thought I could see him, instead, as a P. G. Wodehouse character—not exactly Bertie Wooster, but one of those other young men. He had the gay charm, the lighthearted approach to things, and the amiable lack of a sense of self-importance to play the part admirably.

UPON leaving the table, we were led out onto the lawn and alongside the palace toward a part of the building none of us had yet explored. As our ranks shifted, I found myself next to our host. I told him I thought his party was a great success, and said I had heard that he gave one every year.

"Yes, every year," His Highness said.

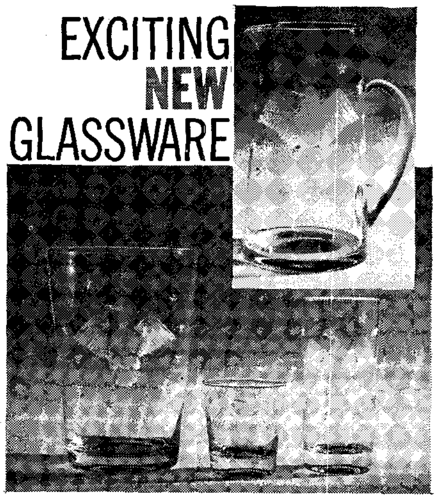
"Do you always invite strangers like this, along with your friends?" I asked.

I was merely interested in whether this was a long-established custom, and certainly I had no intention of criticizing the arrangements, but His Highness assumed a defensive manner. He straightened, his eyes flashed moonlight at me, and he said, "Yes, I do. And why not?"

"No reason in the world," I replied hastily. "I'm sure we're all delighted to be here. It's such a fine party."

"It does seem to be going well," His Highness said, with a sudden softening of mood. "The table looked nice, I thought."

A few minutes later, His Highness excused himself to move on up to the head of the crowd, and I fell in with the rest of the guests, who were making



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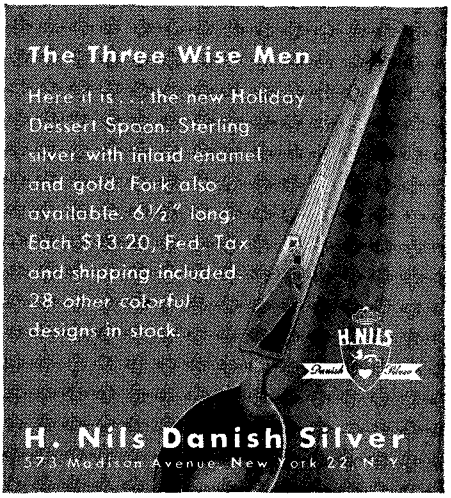

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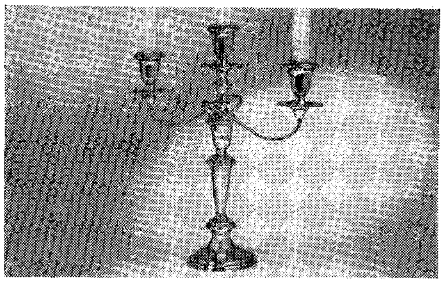

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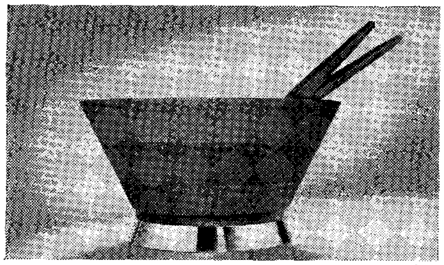

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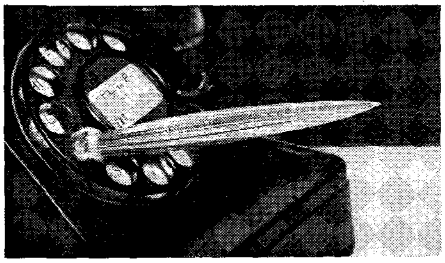

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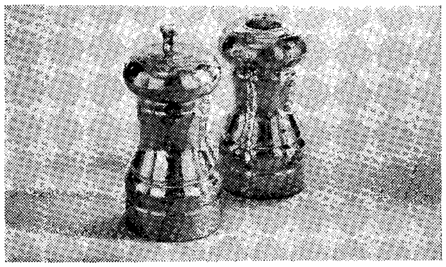

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their way in a ragged procession through a shadowy cloister. I could see some of my fellow-revellers up ahead turning in at an open door, and as I drew nearer I could hear their voices inside—feminine squeals and shrill giggles and masculine exclamations of amazement. When I entered, I was amazed, too. For a puzzled moment, I felt as if I had walked into one of those big glass display cases in the Museum of Natural History. In a murky jungle light, a seated stuffed tiger, looking more immense than any tiger has a right to be, all but snarled at me. A little farther along, up a short flight of stairs, an equally irritable bear stood reared up on its hind legs, brandishing a lamp with a red bulb glowing in it. Opposite the bear sat a tigress and two cubs, staring at me in a disconcertingly lifelike way. And other animals were scattered around, too. To each of them, I was later informed, is attached some special story relating to a past shoot.

As a place with chummy associations, therefore, the Museum of Natural History runs a poor second to His Highness's private night club—for that is what this soon proved to be. Beyond the collection of animals was a circular room with a waxed dance floor suffused by a faint, rosy light. Over to one side, an orchestra—brought from Bombay for the occasion, somebody whispered—was playing. Adjoining this room was a small lounge, also pink-lit, in which stood a bar, with a bartender behind it, and some stools, upholstered in tiger skin, lined up in front of it, as well as two or three little tables and a couple of cozy corner nooks. Another enormous tiger was in the act of springing straight out of one wall, and on the floor was a wall-to-wall carpet of tiger skin. I could have stood in wonder at all this for a long time, but Graham had joined me, and his mind, as usual, was on photography; he insisted that I accompany him back to the room with all the stuffed animals and join the other women and some of the princes in posing for pictures there. Ruth chose to pose with the tiger near the entrance; Jacqueline, an attractive young thing, posed with the cubs; and Their Highnesses went around posing wherever Graham told them to. I had my picture taken with the bear and two maharajahs. The latter then escorted me back to the bar. The band played, the bartender mixed drinks, and shadows flickered on the tiger-skin carpet. We might have been spending an evening out in London or New York or Paris, but for one discrepancy; despite

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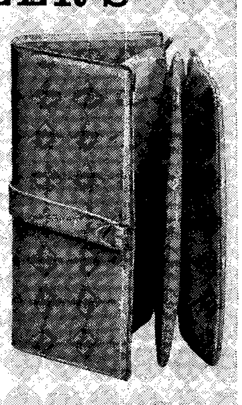

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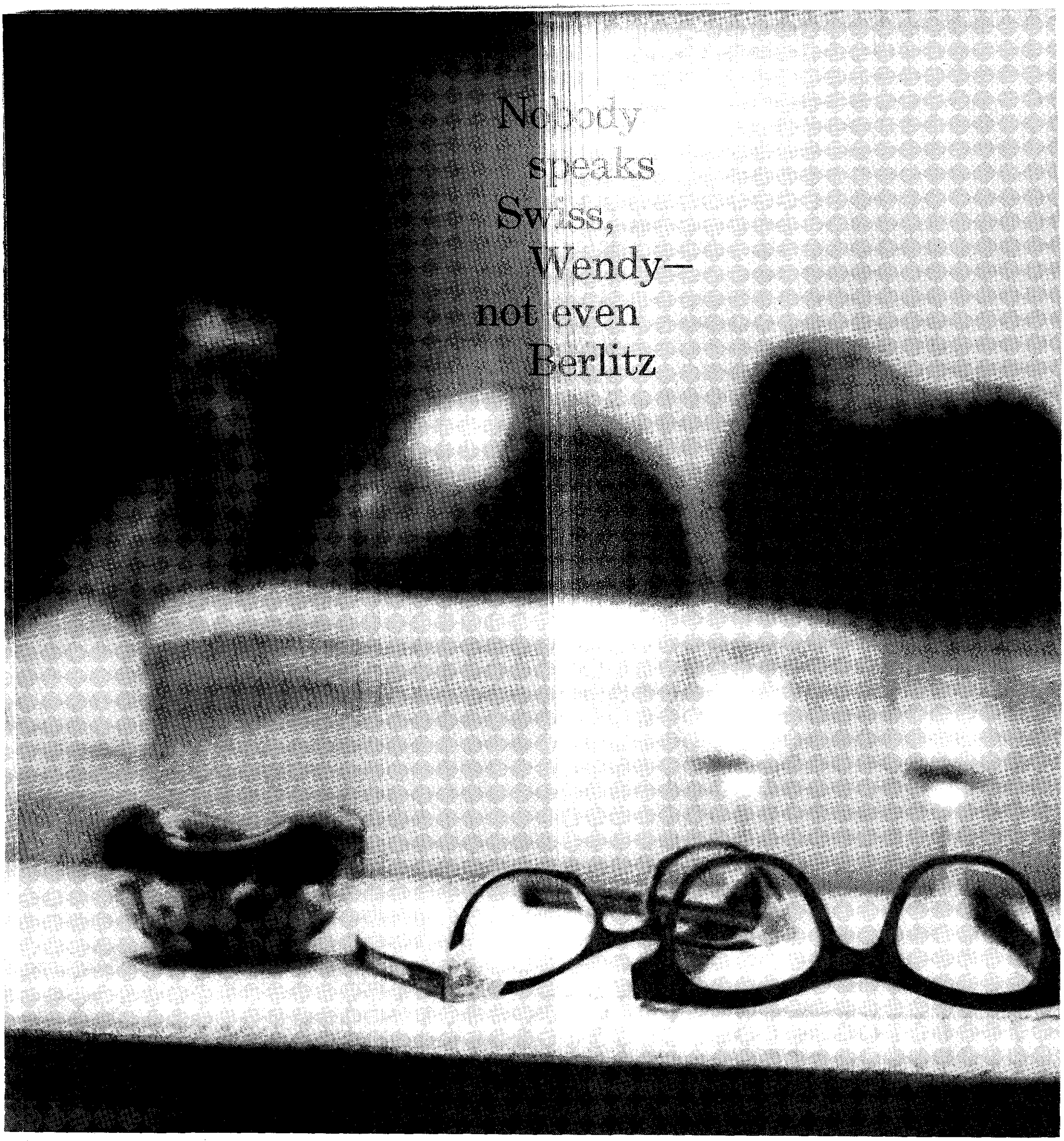

WENDY: But I simply cannot understand *why* . . .
JOSH: Because Swiss, my dear wife, is *not* a language . . . it's a cheese.
WENDY: Very funny.
JOSH: Wendy—the Swiss speak many languages. German, French, Italian, Romansh . . .
WENDY: The whole thing is ridiculous. Why can't the Swiss have their *own* language? And if they *don't*— why doesn't Berlitz *invent* one for them?
JOSH: You've had a few lessons at Berlitz and you're convinced that they can do *anything!*
WENDY: They're teaching me *French,* aren't they? And you *know* how dense I am . . . you've *told* me so at least a thousand times.
JOSH: There's no need to dig up the past.
WENDY: All I'm saying is that Berlitz must have a language or two lying around, that Switzerland would be very happy to have . . .
JOSH: I wish you'd stop fretting about the Swiss. You're putting worry lines in your forehead. Smile. Say "cheese". . .
WENDY: Swiss.
JOSH: C'mon. We'll be late for our French class.
WENDY: Josh—I've decided what language I'm going to take next.
JOSH: I can hardly wait to hear. What is it?
WENDY: Luxemburger.

MORAL: *We don't want to take a holier than thou attitude toward the Swiss but, if they had their own language, Berlitz would teach it. In the meantime, we'd like to remind you that we can teach you to speak any language that is spoken in the world today. Why not call us and discover what so many others have discovered—it's easy.*

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the diligent efforts of the band from Bombay, nobody was dancing.

AFTER an hour or so in the night club, I parted company with the maharajahs and, returning to more familiar territory, went out on a second-story veranda of the palace, from which, I had been told, the sight of the moonlight on the surface of the pool was exceptionally beautiful. Near me, in the dark, I heard two men discussing something, and when they presently moved toward me, they turned out to be the Maharao Rajah and one of his three aides-de-camp—a giant named Amar Singh, who, Graham had told me, had been trained as a wrestler and was related to the princely family. Formerly, Graham said, when an old maharanee with Bundi connections died, it became the reigning Highness's traditional duty to have his head shaved as a token of mourning. Amar Singh, however, had spared his master the necessity of making this onerous gesture by having his own head shaved instead.

Hoping to find out how I stood now with my host, I said cheerfully, "How do you do, Your Highness? This palace has so many delightful surprises. You designed it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I designed it," His Highness said. We stood at the veranda railing and gazed down at the pool; it was as if we were on the deck of a ship gazing out over the sea. Looking at his face in the moonlight, I thought he appeared quietly satisfied with his handiwork. "I had nothing to do with the pool, though," he added. "That dates back to the seventeenth century. Before I built this palace, there was a little house on the site that my father used as a shooting box. We often came out here after game when I was a boy, and in those days it was a fairly depressing spot—all overgrown with jungle and quite dark. It's hard to believe now, but the whole place was like a ruin. Rather sad. We were living in the Old Palace then, of course. Have you seen that?"

Not yet, I replied, but I definitely hoped to visit it, for I had heard a lot about this ancient curiosity that is perched on a cliffside overlooking the city of Bundi, the capital of His Highness's former domain, only about a mile from Phoolsagar Palace.

"You'll understand why I built this when you see the old one," His Highness went on. "It would be almost impossible to live there nowadays, in the condition it's in, and as for restoring it,

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or modernizing it so that we'd be comfortable—well, that would be ruinously expensive. Plumbing and all that, you know. And building this proved to be very interesting. I learned a lot, working with architects and such people. As a boy, I was away at school and didn't give much thought to where I would live, because it's been the custom for each Maharao Rajah to build a palace for his heir by adding a section to the Old Palace. For a long while, my father planned to build one for me in the customary way, but he finally decided it would be better for me to build my own palace when I acceded to the throne. That way, I'd have the kind of palace I wanted. He was right. As it happened, I didn't get around to doing it until after the war, when I came back from Burma, but then—"

Forgetting that I was on my self-imposed good behavior, I interrupted him to ask if, by any chance, while he was in Burma he had come to know a brother-in-law of mine who had also been on duty there—Brigadier Miles Smeeton, of Probyn's Horse.

His Highness, who had been staring absently at the pool, whirled around and grabbed me by the shoulders. "*Know* Miles!" he exclaimed, laughing uproariously. "Miles? Why, I was *with* him! He was my officer! Know him, indeed!" He turned to Amar Singh, who understood only simple English, and talked to him excitedly in his own language. Then, turning back to me, he said, "Amar Singh was also there." I shook hands with Amar Singh, who laughed, and His Highness and I laughed, too.

We had all become so diverted by this coincidence that we barely noticed a pair of headlights gliding in from the entrance gate in the walls surrounding the palace grounds and down a driveway that ran alongside the veranda. But now, as the lights came to a stop directly beneath us, we saw that they belonged to a jeep, and that it was crowded with men, who jumped to the ground and began lifting something heavy out of the vehicle. I heard His

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Highness of Bikaner's voice issue what sounded like an order, and a moment later three or four servants carrying torches ran out of the palace. My host and Amar Singh went to investigate, and before long a Bikaner A.D.C. came to fetch me, telling me that his prince had just shot something and that I ought to come along and see it. "His Highness is as good a shot as his grandfather," he added proudly.

I found Bikaner presiding casually over the warm, bloody corpse of a hyena. At the instigation of the A.D.C., rather than through any wish of my own, I bent and stroked the animal's fur, finding it coarse and bristly. A good many of the guests had evidently gone to bed since I had left the princely night club, but enough were still up to form an animated circle around the little tableau in the driveway—Highness, hyena, and jeep—and Bikaner was kept busy answering questions about where he had spotted the quarry and at what distance he had dropped it. But the guests in that circle were all men, I noticed, and I judged that it was high time for me to call it a night.

THE next morning, Indira woke up early, and, looking out her window at the seventeenth-century pool lying just beyond it, saw His Highness swimming with a young girl—later identified by an A.D.C. as the Princess Kitten, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the house, who had been away, visiting a friend, at the time of our arrival. Before long, her father began giving her a diving lesson, and Indira described it to Ruth and me when we stopped by to see her in midmorning. The pool was hardly ideal for swimming, being a haunt of turtles and perhaps of snakes, and it had no diving board—a drawback that His Highness overcame by taking the Princess up to a balcony on the second floor and plunging in from there, to set her an example. "He's a wonderful diver," Indira said, "but I should think he'd be dead of fatigue. He didn't get to bed at all, or so I gathered from an A.D.C." Kitten, not unnaturally, had seemed reluctant to dive from such a height, but her father had insisted, and finally she had followed him in. "She made a good dive, too," Indira added.

The Princess Kitten was the only member of His Highness's immediate family who was ever in evidence during the houseparty. That morning, as Ruth and I chatted with Indira and waited for the Holi celebrations to begin, we agreed it was not remarkable that Bundi should be doing all the honors. After

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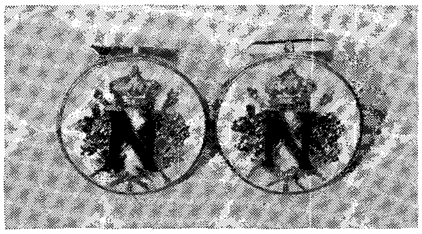

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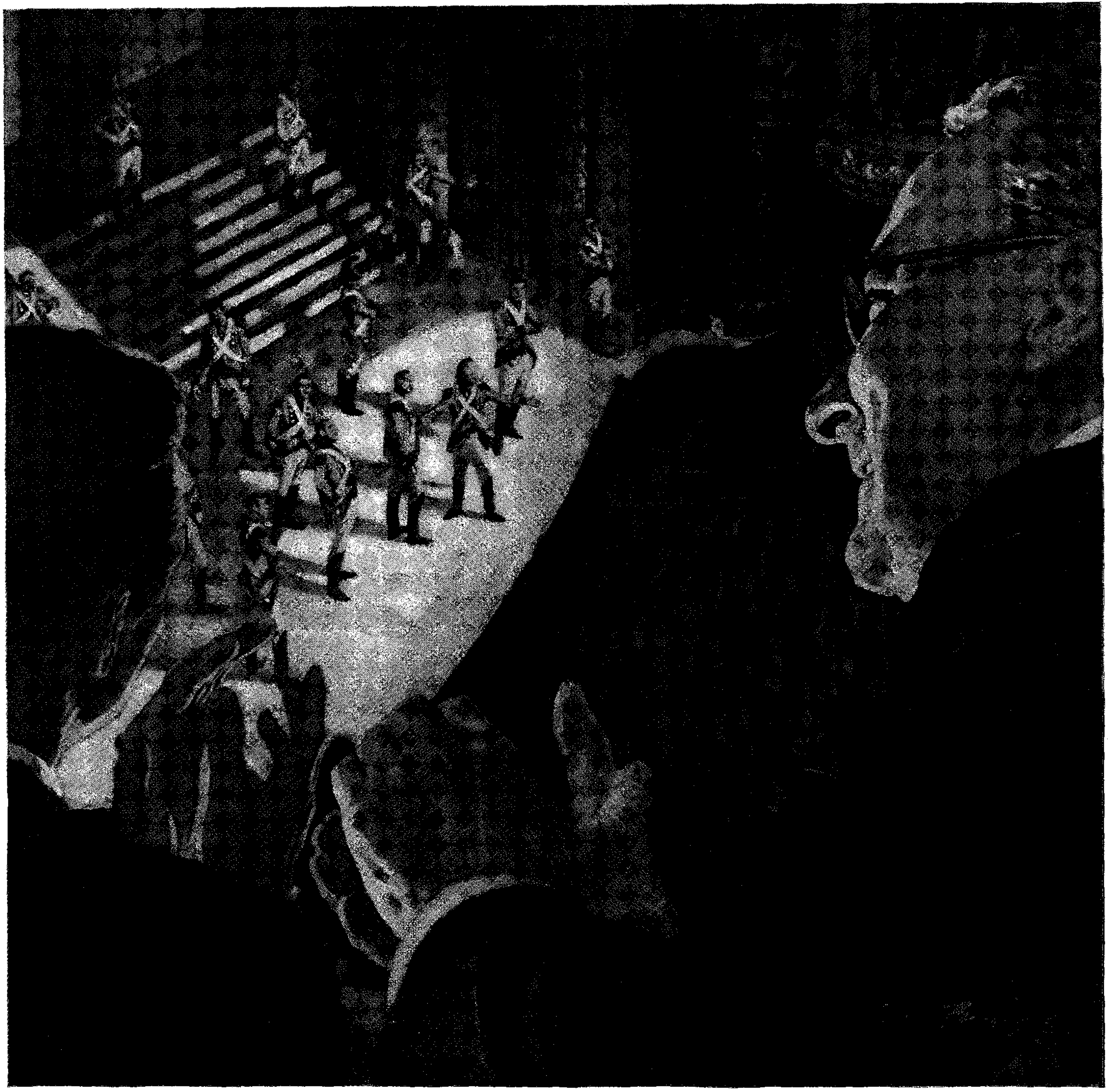

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all, his daughter was too young to share them, his only other child, a seventeen-year-old son, was away at school, and Her Highness was in purdah in another part of the palace, where, to judge by the blank, if courteous, reaction of the A.D.C.s when a couple of the members of our Bombay group tentatively suggested calling on her, she preferred to remain undisturbed.

I don't know about the others, but I was looking forward somewhat apprehensively to the forthcoming Holi festivities. I'd never been mixed up in one of those celebrations, and I wasn't quite sure what to expect—except that I'd heard lots of talk in Bombay about how extremely rough the people can become if they really let themselves go on this particular day. Leaving Indira's quarters, the three of us went out and settled ourselves in armchairs in a courtyard off the drawing room, where it soon became apparent that something out of the way was already brewing. Not a maharajah was to be seen, but servants were hurrying back and forth, bringing out some unidentifiable objects and setting them down near the basin of a fountain in the center of the courtyard. During a lull in their activity, I went over to investigate and found two tin bathtubs full of bottles, paper-wrapped packages, and tall, slender pewter pitchers. I returned to my armchair, and Indira said one of the A.D.C.s had dropped the information as he bustled past that the Highnesses were all at the temple in the city of Bundi, where the opening ceremonies took place. "You've never been in India for Holi, have you?" she asked me, and when I shook my head, she laughed, and said, "The city must be quite a sight at this very moment, with people jamming the streets and throwing pink water and ochre-dyed flour at each other. We're well out of it, I can tell you. I wouldn't be over in Bundi this morning for anything."

Shambhu Nath, the most vocal of Bundi's A.D.C.s, came along in time to catch Indira's last words, and said, "You wouldn't be able to get through the streets. When His Highness comes out of the temple, you see, the people mob him. It's great fun, but it's rather rough on bystanders."

"It must be much more exciting up here in Bundi than in Bombay," Ruth said. "There they just throw a little water around."

"It is," said Shambhu Nath, and went away without elaborating.

"Holi in Delhi is dreadful," Indira said. "I've been through it two or three times. You have to keep all your doors

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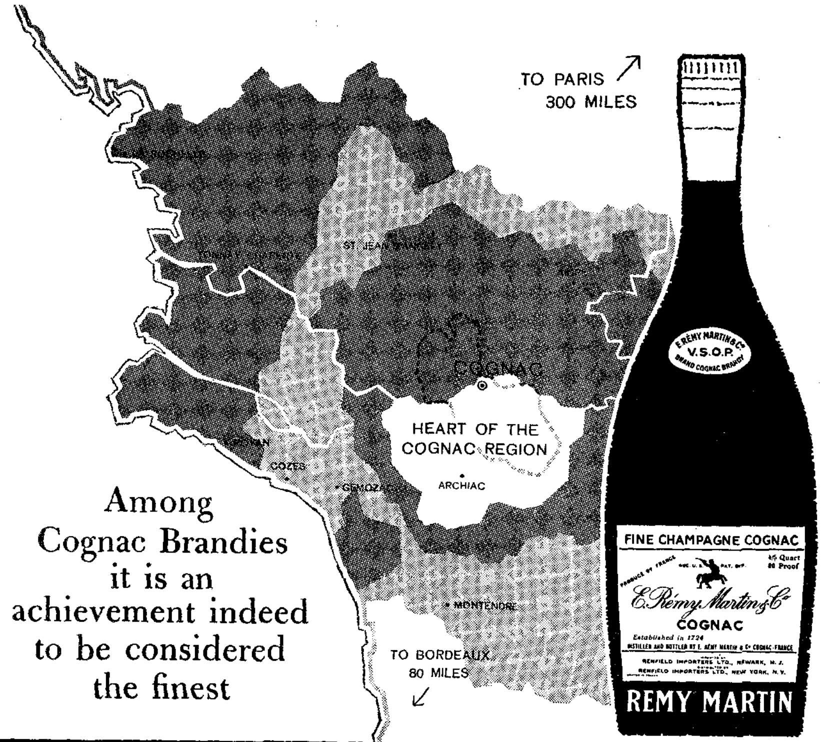

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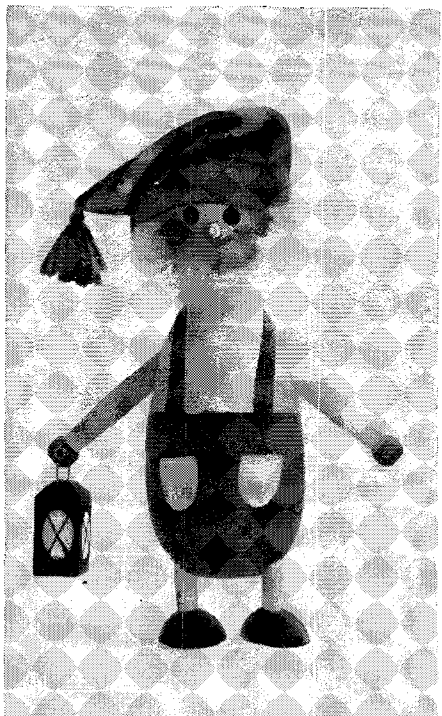
and windows locked. If anything is left open, the people come straight into the house and search you out. They spoil the furniture and the rugs and everything. I wouldn't be too sure the people here can be kept out of the palace, either. Holi is one day when they can do whatever they want."

Ruth was inclined to disparage Indira's concern. "Not that I've ever spent Holi anywhere outside Bombay, but everybody knows it's just good clean fun," she said. "Well, not exactly clean in one sense of the word, though." Turning to me, she added, "If I were you, I'd wear my oldest clothes. The dye in that water and flour is the very devil to get out. I've brought shorts and a shirt that I can throw away afterward, and it might be a good idea if we did our hair up in towels. As I understand it, the fun will start when the Highnesses get back from the city."

We therefore went off to our rooms to dress for the celebration, and it was in far from elegant costumes, topped off with a species of coif made from hand towels and safety pins, that we returned to the courtyard. More members of the houseparty had assembled by then, among them Betty, a Scot who had come up with us from Bombay. She had witnessed the princes' departure for the temple, and she reported that they had looked very smart as they drove off through the gate, where a great swarm of people from the surrounding countryside were waiting eagerly. No, she said, in reply to our questioning, none of them had thrown anything, as far as she knew, since the throwing—at the palace, anyway—was not to begin until noon.

"Look!" Indira whispered, nudging me. "There's the Princess Kitten." I looked, and saw a pretty youngster in khaki slacks and a pink shirt, standing off by herself at one side of the courtyard. I was rather relieved at her presence, since I figured that His Highness would keep his daughter out of the way if the party was going to get too out of hand. This was hardly the moment, I decided, to strike up a conversation with a princess, and, as a matter of fact, I did not get around to talking with Kitten until a couple of days later, when she made an appearance among the guests who had settled in garden chairs on the lawn to cool off before dressing for dinner. She was a quiet girl, but not painfully shy, and, sitting there in the gathering dark, we had an easy conversation about shops and hairdressers in Bombay. On that occasion, she was wearing a white sari and a white choli,



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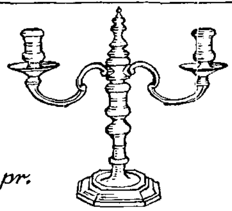

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or jacket, the costume of adult Indian women, but she told me it was only because of the party; on ordinary days, she said, she dressed the way many other young Indian girls do—in fitted tunics and loose trousers. It's a less awkward outfit than a sari for an active life, she observed. After that casual little tête-à-tête, Kitten and I were, I think, good friends.

ALL at once, we heard barked orders and the clash of rifles, and what we hoped was a purely ceremonial gunshot, and a moment later the maharajahs walked in. We stood gaping. After spending much of the past two days with Their Highnesses, we should have had no difficulty in recognizing them, but in spite of their vastly different shapes and sizes, we now couldn't tell which was which. Encrusted from turban to slipper with the dyed, dried powder, they looked like mobile statues of brilliant-colored rock or clay. Graham ran forward with his inevitable camera, and while they posed obligingly, we moved closer to get a good look. The most heavily coated of the lot hailed me, saying, "Recognize me?"

The voice helped, of course, and as I peered at the mask of yellow flour that covered the man's very eyelashes, I realized that this was our host. "They lifted me right out of the jeep and carried me on their shoulders," he told me. "I've never seen them so wild. An old woman shoved a cupful of powder straight into my mouth, and it nearly choked me. Almost made me sick."

While he was speaking, the courtyard had been quietly filling with the people from the countryside who had been waiting at the gate. They kept coming and coming, until the place was thronged. Bright turbans, brown

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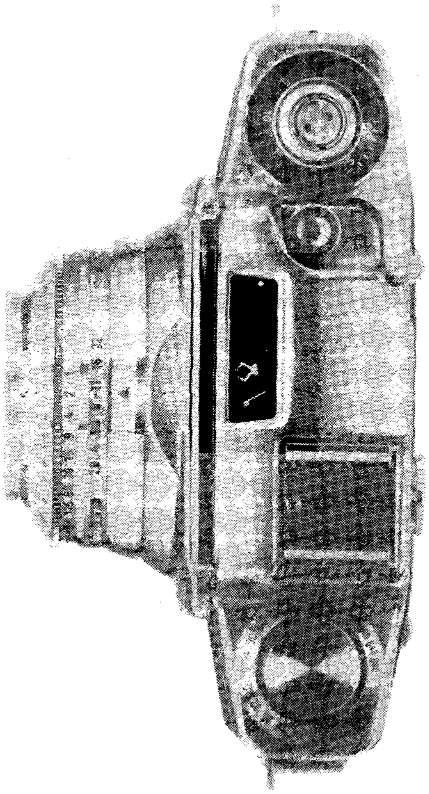
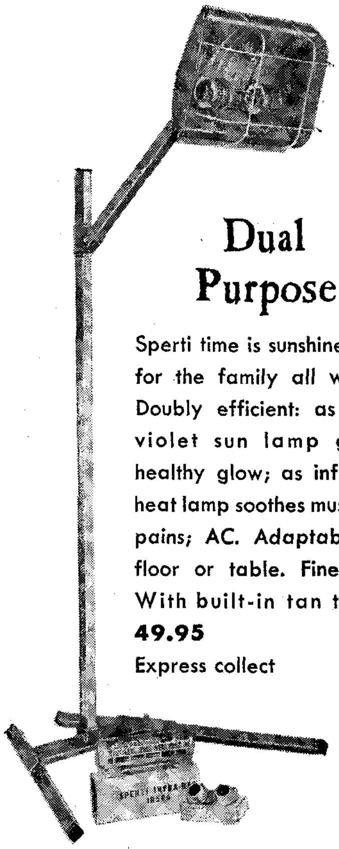


skins, shining eyes and teeth, beads, gold jewelry, dye-spattered clothes—I wouldn't have thought such a spectacle possible outside a theatre. Another example of His Highness's talent for the stage, I thought, but then I remembered that here was one show he could scarcely be held responsible for. In fact, it wasn't a show at all; it was just India.

All morning, I had been vaguely aware of drums beating in the distance. Now they were drawing nearer, and soon the drummers were right there in the courtyard with us. Their Highnesses moved to the edge of the fountain, and the Maharajah of Rewa picked up one of the tall, slender pitchers, dipped it full of water, and started to pour it, politely, on His Highness of Bundi's feet. Bundi pushed him aside and, filling a pitcher of his own, poured the contents over the feet of Uncle Ponk. Then, somewhere in the princes' midst, there was a scuffling and a splashing, and the quiet courtesy of the ceremony vanished. In a flash, a whole lot of people besides Highnesses were scooping up water and throwing it around.

We women swiftly retreated to the relative safety of a room just off the courtyard and, from its windows, watched the fracas out in the sun. Four young girls from the crowd, whose accuracy and forceful technique suggested long practice, waded into the basin and set to work with their pitchers, using them like scoops. They were soon hard pressed for elbowroom, as the fountain's pool became a seething mass of maharajahs, village girls, and A.D.C.s. In the meantime, non-aquatic merrymakers had torn open the paper parcels, from which they drew out handfuls of the dyed flour and threw it at the people in the water and at one another. Then, gradually, the turbulence subsided. The water-scoopers climbed out of the basin to warm themselves in the sun, and the flour-throwers dispersed, the contents of their parcels exhausted. Now His Highness of Bundi appeared with a bottle of brilliant emerald-green liquid, which he dispensed among his subjects—or, rather, former subjects, though it was obvious that to them he was still the sovereign and they his people. One by one, the men and women approached him, bowed low, and, cupping their hands, waited while he filled them with green liquid, which they then conveyed, without the waste of a drop, to their mouths. As I watched, His Highness firmly refused to fill the hands of a small boy.

"That's country liquor," said a man at my side, and, turning, I saw that it



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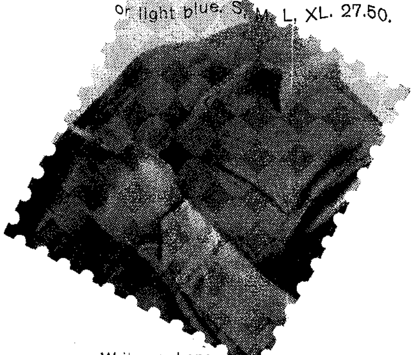

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was Mac, a young veteran of the Royal Air Force, with whom Jacqueline, an equally attractive friend of hers named Norma, and Florence, an Englishwoman temporarily in India, had flown up from Bombay. "I advise you not to try it. It's awful."

Mac and I drifted over to a long table where attendants were serving alternatives to country liquor—prosaic drinks like gin and whiskey. Then, glasses in hand, we resumed our places at the window to see what turn the festivities would take now. Just as we got there, a boy, dressed in a Holi-splotched shirt and dark trousers, stepped forward from the crowd and, facing Their Highnesses, who were standing in a neat line, began to make a speech. I didn't understand a word of it, since it was in the vernacular, but I gathered from his inflections and gestures that it was a paean of praise, and more than likely indelicate, which wouldn't be strange, for Holi is a celebration of fertility.

At some earlier point in the proceedings, the drums had died away, but when the youthful speaker finished, they started up again, and he began to dance, with amazing agility, to their beat. Pretty soon the whole throng joined in, cavorting in a wild and seemingly senseless way. The dancing went on for hours—until six o'clock, or thereabouts—but shortly after four Ruth and I concluded that we had had enough when we suddenly realized that we hadn't had any lunch. We went up to our suite to order some, but decided we would have to postpone our meal a bit longer when we discovered that a considerable amount of the ochre dye had somehow landed on us and that only the most vigorous scrubbing would remove it. After we had attended to this, we were served curry in little silver bowls, and then we lay down in our dressing gowns for a rest before dinner.

THAT night, we were not to gather in the drawing room before dinner, His Highness having announced that the locale of the party would shift for the evening to the country club, up near the gatehouse. Like the night club, this, too, was a private establishment, the exclusive property of His Highness, and any of the guests in our party who expected to find a few businessmen from Bundi swapping stories in the locker room or lounging in the smoking room were due to be disappointed. What we did find, after strolling over to the club through the moonlight, was an outdoor ballroom, open to the sky but walled in by a high, thick boxwood hedge. I was

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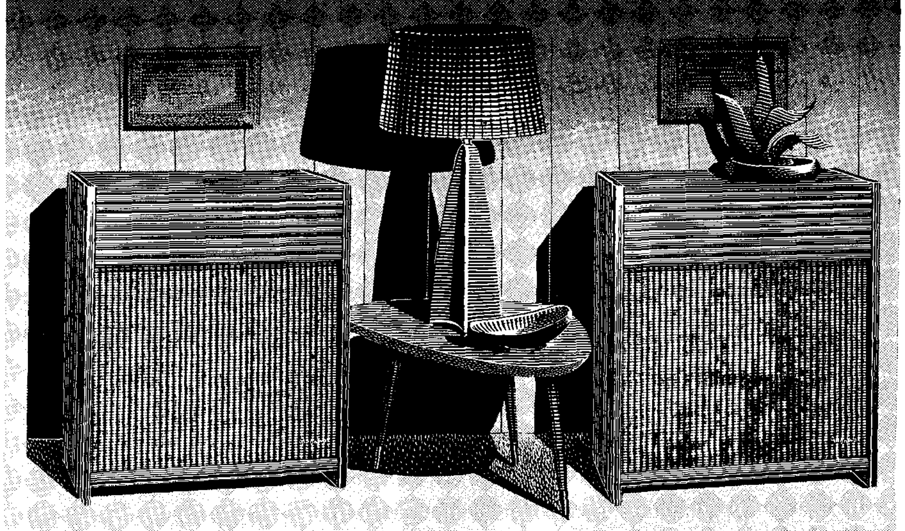

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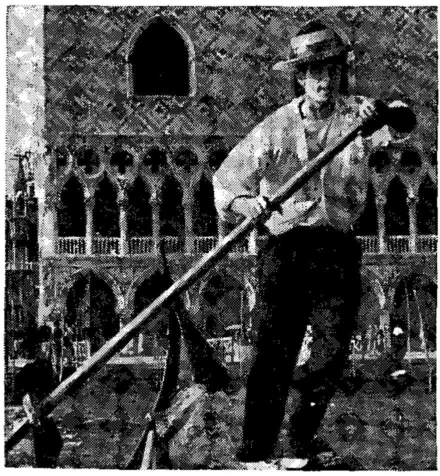

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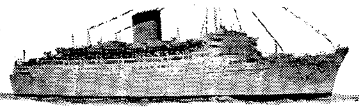

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told that the club's facilities also included a squash court and a swimming pool, but I didn't see them. On one side of the ballroom stood a small white kiosk, in which there was a bar, with more—or perhaps the same—tiger-skin stools ranged in front of it. The bartender of the night before was again in charge; he was eminently qualified for the job, for although he could neither speak nor understand a single sentence of conversational English, he knew the name—and the makings—of every drink in the book. In the center of the room, which otherwise was floored with turf, was a polished wooden dance floor, and at one end was a raised platform, where the band of the previous evening was playing. The lights were subdued, and the high-collared white coats the male guests had elected to wear that evening glowed as if reflecting only the moon. Kitten was there, in a snowy-white sari, closely attending a kinswoman—Her Highness the Maharanee of Kotah, who, with her husband, the Maharao of Kotah, had driven over from their palace that afternoon, bringing a whole flock of additional Highnesses with them. Everybody stood around on the grass floor, which was pale in the moonlight, and chatted. It was all very lovely and unreal.

"But nobody's dancing," I heard Florence lament to the Maharajah of Bikaner. "Why don't you dance, Your Highness? This is such a waste!" His Highness replied, with a merry laugh, that he never danced; he had promised his wife not to. Florence finally went and found Graham, and, along with Mac and Norma, they took the floor, but no other couples joined them.

Shambhu Nath came by, lit a cigarette for me, and remained to talk, at my instigation, about life in the palace. Normally, he said, the A.D.C.s worked in rotation, each putting in two full days and nights on duty and then spending the rest of the week at home, which, in his case, was a farm he owned not far from Phoolsagar. "Naturally, at times like this the routine is different," he went on. "At the moment, all three of us are on duty constantly. But it's only like this twice a year—at Christmas and on the birthday. We enjoy these busy periods. They mean a big change for us, and that makes them fun. All the rest of the year, it's very quiet around here. *Very* quiet. His Highness farms fifty thousand acres, and he goes out every day to look at his crops and livestock, and to keep an eye on the tigers. There's quite a bit of office work, too. Ordinarily, both the Prince and the

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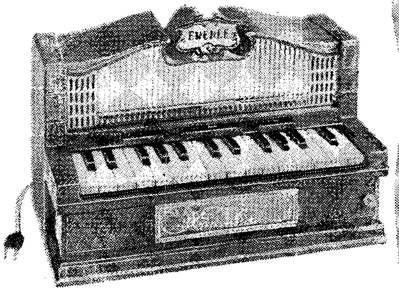

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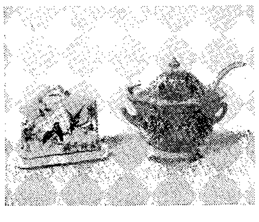

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Princess are away at school, but this past year Kitten has been kept home because of her health. Then, too, His Highness is away some of the time, since he's an A.D.C. to the President and must do his tours of duty in New Delhi. He'll be going back there again next month. All in all, we keep busy, but in a quiet way, especially at the time of the rains—the monsoon. One can't go out at all then, except where the roads are paved. So you can see why we welcome these parties, even though we don't get much sleep during them."

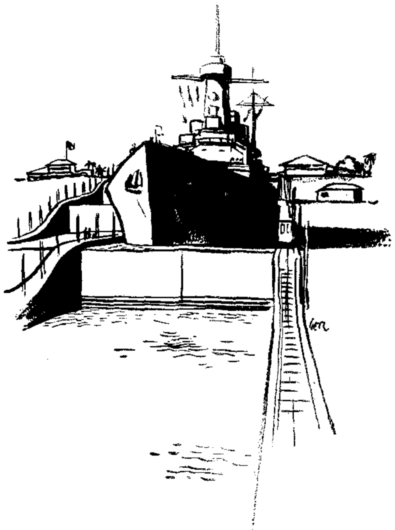
"Certainly His Highness doesn't," I said.

Shambhu looked across the room, with a slight frown of worry, to where His Highness stood talking with the Maharanee of Kotah, while Kitten listened raptly. "We simply *must* persuade him to go to bed tonight," he said. "You know, he's a very good employer. Not everyone in his position would be so considerate, I assure you. To give you an example, he has never in his life corrected me in the presence of other people. That's not his way. If I make a mistake, he waits until we're alone to tell me about it."

I remarked that I would scarcely expect a Highness to upbraid an A.D.C. in public.

Shambhu shook his head. "In India it's not unusual," he said. "But don't think that His Highness isn't strict. He gives the people who work for him three chances. They can make the same mistake once, then twice. But the third time—out!"

In response to some signal that I failed to see, Shambhu suddenly resumed his formal, efficient manner and went back to work. A moment later, the music ceased; evidently, the party was about to move elsewhere. Kitten was sent to bed, not without making a



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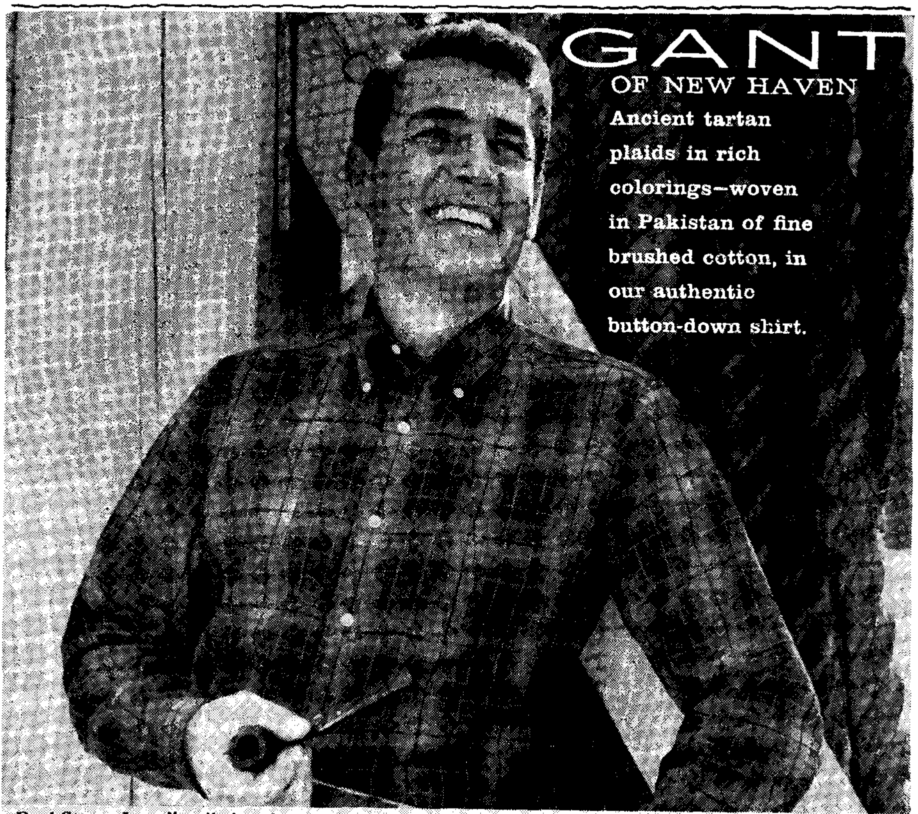
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gentle plea to be allowed to stay just a few minutes more, to which her father replied firmly, "You are a bit young for late nights." Then we filed out through the gap in the hedge, and walked a short distance to a brightly illuminated white building whose lofty doors stood open.

A round, paved, pillared structure, like a pavilion turned upside down, this, too, was open to the sky. Wide trestle tables had been set with an elaborate feast, the pièce de résistance being a whole roast boar. I sat next to Uncle Ponk, and during the meal I asked the old man how he felt after his strenuous day. Not so good, he replied, and went on to explain, "My back is rather painful, because of what happened in the fountain. I don't know if you saw that. They picked me up and set me down flat on my back in the water—just for a joke, you see. It was His Highness of Bundi himself who had me by the ankles. But in the excitement he didn't notice that my face was underwater. I couldn't breathe, and in struggling to get my head above the surface I seem to have strained my back. Did you know that His Highness himself had an accident that might have been very serious?" I shook my head, and he went on, "Late in the afternoon, he slipped on the marble near the fountain and struck his head on one of the steps. He was quite unconscious for a minute or two. We were most disturbed."

When I got the opportunity, I asked His Highness about this. Was he sure that he hadn't suffered a concussion? He said no, he thought he hadn't; he was feeling all right now. "But I must tell my people to put matting down there next year," he added. "It gets too slippery the way it is."

I don't imagine the A.D.C.s had much difficulty persuading His Highness to go to bed early that night. As for the guests, we all retired soon after dinner, or so I thought, but early the next morning I was awakened by the sound of running footsteps on the veranda outside our window, against a background of confused chatter in the distance. Then there was a knock on the door, and I started to get out of bed. In the darkness, I heard Ruth say softly, "You'll open that over my dead body."

"But maybe it's some sort of trouble," I said.

"Go back to sleep!" Ruth said, so tensely that I did not press the matter.

We were both rather sorry about this later that morning, when we learned what all the excitement had

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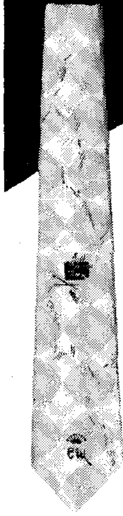

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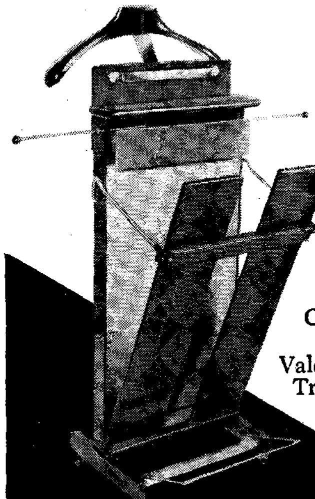

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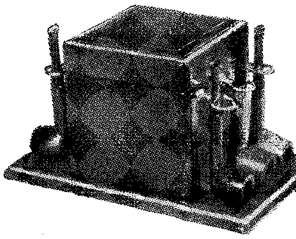

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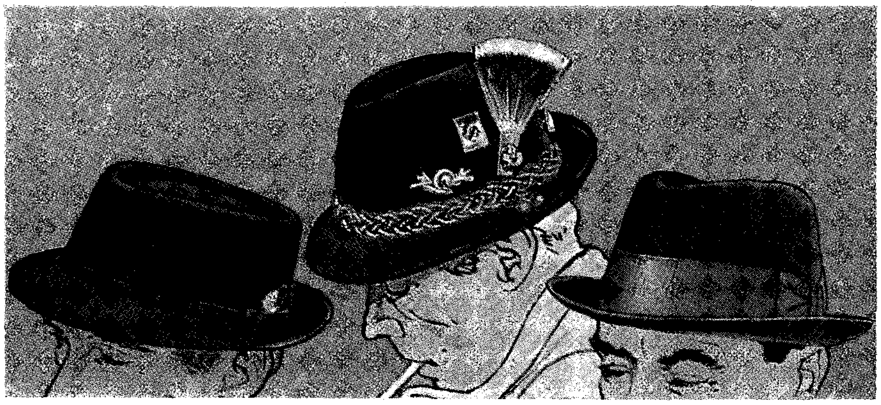

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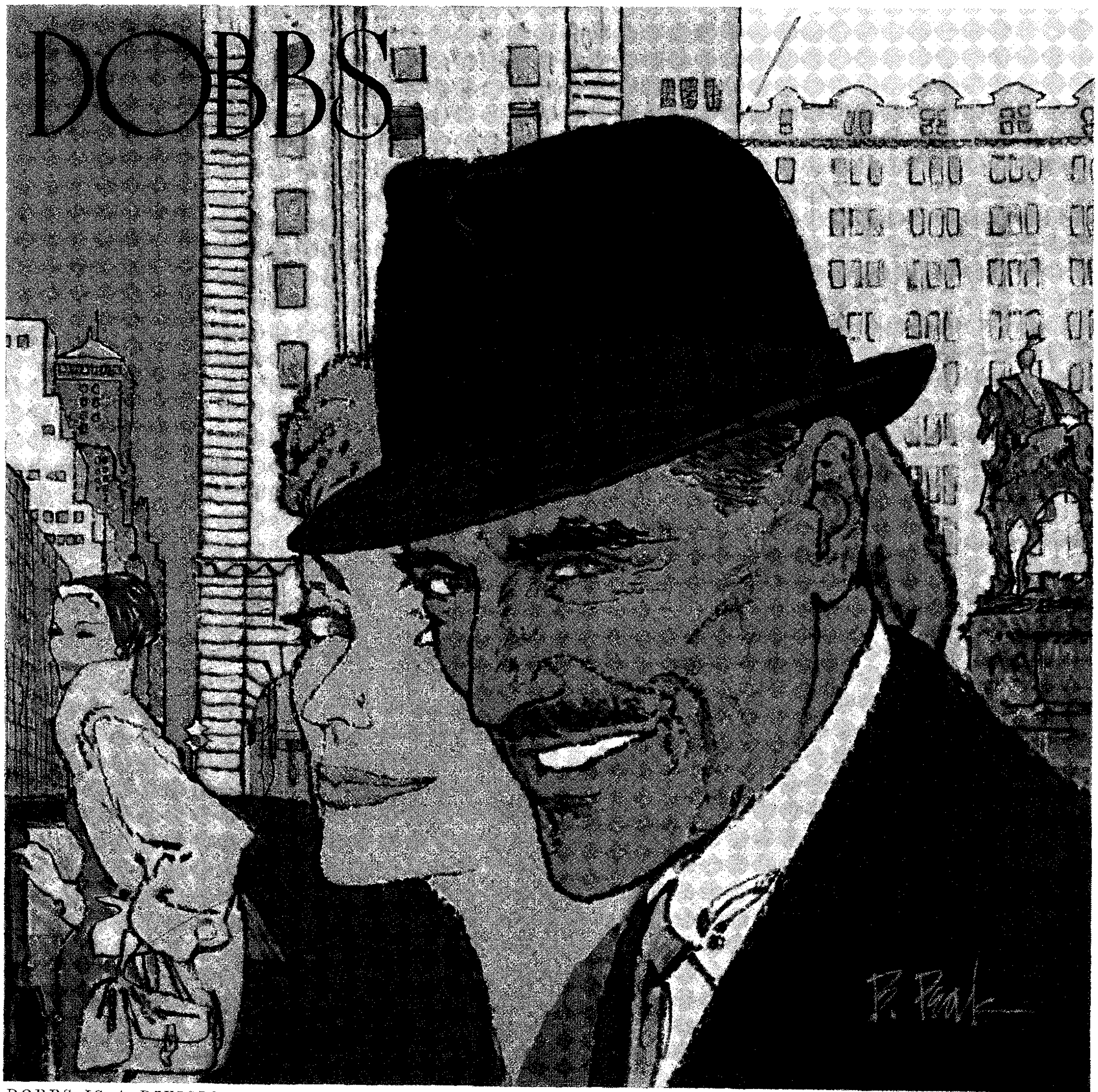

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been about. It seemed that the indefatigable Maharajah of Bikaner had done it again, going out in a jeep at midnight to shoot—with Jacqueline and Norma and Mac as passengers—and that this time he had brought back a panther. It was Jacqueline who had knocked on our door; Bikaner had sent her to rouse the other guests, so that they might see the freshly killed beast, and all the rest of them had obeyed the summons. Betty described the scene to us. "The trouble was, the panther wasn't quite dead, but nobody knew that," she said. "They told me to go up close and pat it, so I did, and just then it sort of stretched out its paws and jumped a little. They had to shoot it again—right there in front of me."

RUTH had some letters she wanted to write that morning, so, leaving her to it, I dropped in to see Indira, and found her in a quietly jubilant mood. An intellectual type, she had felt guilty all along about being in such exclusively sporting surroundings, and had repeatedly tried to get someone to take her on a tour of the Old Palace, so that she could see some of the antiquities for which the place is noted. Now, she said, Shambhu Nath had finally found the time—and an unspoken-for station wagon—to accommodate her, and they were due to start out in half an hour. I asked her if I might go along, and she replied that I was welcome to. "Shambhu warned me to be sure to wear low-heeled shoes, though," she said. "He says it's pretty rugged underfoot a lot of the way."

I went back and changed into what I hoped was the proper attire for inspecting a centuries-old cliffside palace, and on my way to rejoin Indira I came upon His Highness, standing in a doorway and conferring with Shambhu Nath. My host bade me good morning, and after returning his greeting I remarked that I was about to go sightseeing at the Old Palace. Apparently, Shambhu Nath had not yet got around to telling him of the plan, for His Highness suddenly looked apprehensive. "I suppose you'll want to go through the armory," he said. "Too bad, because there are some signs in it that I've been intending to have removed. They're not nice."

The A.D.C. said something in his own tongue, and His Highness looked relieved. "It's all right," he said. "The signs have already been taken away. They bore some rather gruesome inscriptions, like 'With this weapon So-and-So was killed,' and several of them

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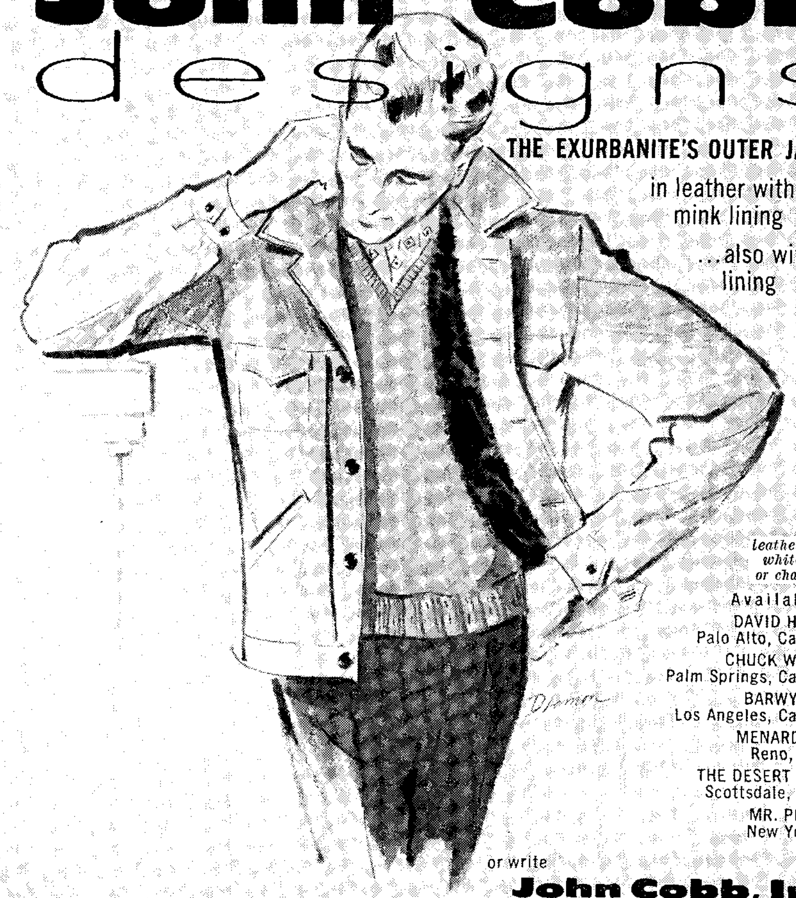

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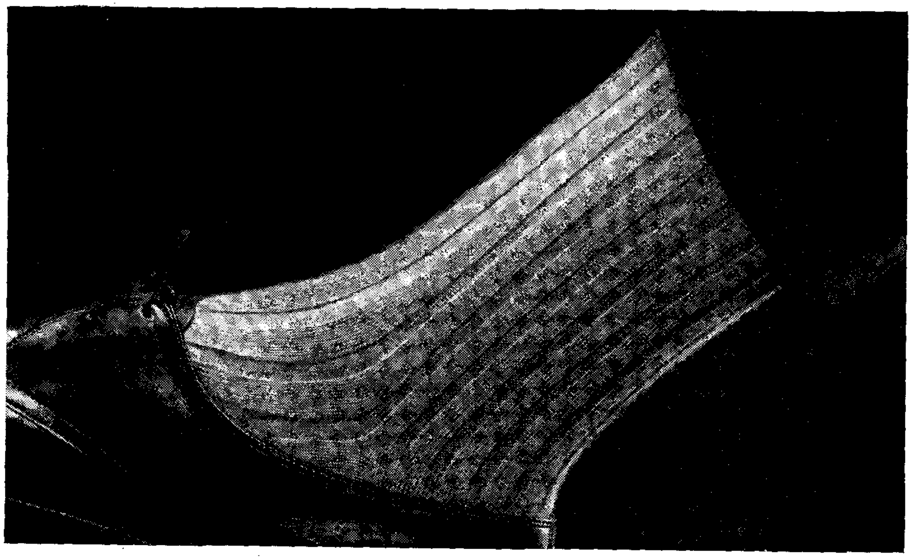

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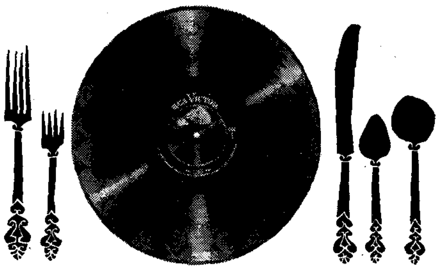

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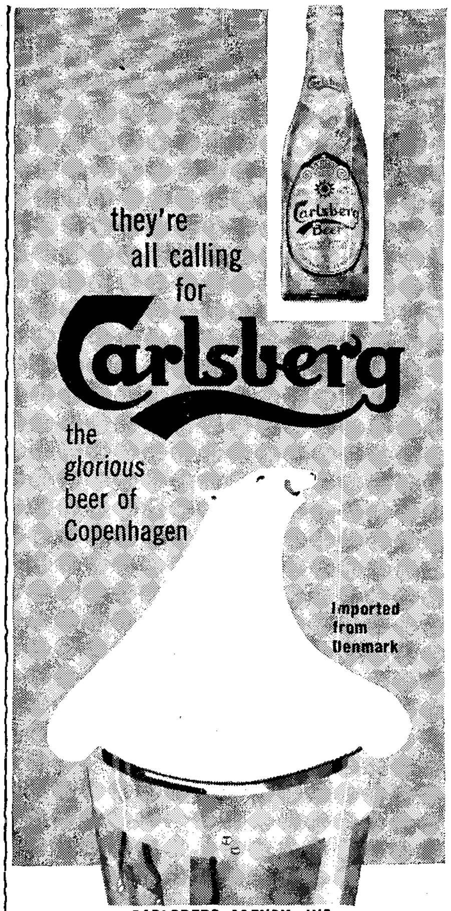
went into fairly extensive detail. No, not nice at all."

By the time our sightseeing tour was over, I felt fairly certain that His Highness must have discovered at a very early age that proficiency in scrambling up and down stairs was at least as useful an accomplishment as the ability to walk on the horizontal, for the Old Palace is a many-layered structure, which partly burrows into and partly protrudes from—and sometimes, it seems, barely clings to—the almost perpendicular face of a mountain overlooking the city of Bundi, with a bewildering network of stairways connecting the various levels. A number of the stairways are out-of-doors and unprotected from the elements, but there are still more inside, where they serve as the flooring of dark, almost vertical tunnels. Often the stairways are no more than a series of platforms hacked out of the solid rock; some of the steps are shallow, while others are so high that I needed a boost from Shambhu Nath to get up them and shamelessly sat down to negotiate the descent. The exterior of the palace is a honey-colored mass of masonry that looks, from a distance, as if it had been thrown at the mountainside, as a potter throws his clay, and had stuck where it landed. After a visit to Bundi, Kipling, in his "Letters of Marque," wrote, "No one knows where the hill begins and where the Palace ends. . . . They say that there is as much room under as above ground, and none have traversed the whole extent of the Palace."

For centuries, a succession of Maharao Rajahs of Bundi—with their wives, their children, a lot of their relatives, their aides, and no doubt a lot of *their* relatives as well—lived in this architectural hodgepodge. There was plenty of room for everybody, because the place was good-sized to begin with, and through the years, in accordance with the tradition that each ruler provide his heir with a new palace, one Maharao after another built additional, progressively more modern layers, beginning near the top of the mountain and working down. Today the Old Palace—really an amalgam of many palaces—is empty (or at least as empty as an ancient building ever is in India, where the cost of maintaining a staff of caretakers is trifling), except on the infrequent occasions when its courtyards and pavilions are thrown open for certain official ceremonies. His Highness's widowed mother and grandmother live in a more up-to-date white house he built for them at the base of the moun-



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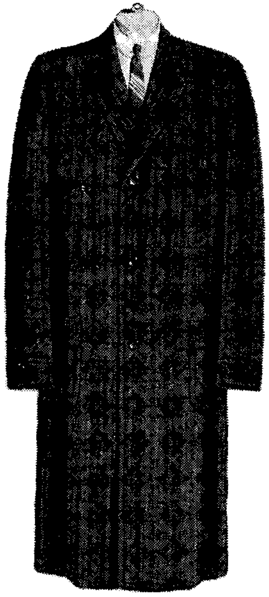
tain; when they want to visit their former home, they can reach it through a covered stone passageway which assures them the privacy they desire.

The road leading up to the entrance to the Old Palace is paved with worn cobblestones and lined by two rows of irregularly spaced houses. As Indira and I, with Shambhu Nath at the wheel of the station wagon, approached our objective, we passed through a high, narrow gateway of carved stone and then between two almost life-size stone statues—one of a horse and the other of an elephant ridden by a mahout. Shambhu stopped the car, and said the horse was a likeness of an animal named Hanja that was owned by Ummed Singh, who was Bundi's sainted ruler in the eighteenth century—and thus, of course, an ancestor of His present Highness—and who, at the age of thirteen, rode the steed into battle to regain control of his country from a rival prince; Ummed Singh made out all right, but Hanja was mortally wounded. The second statue was of an elephant named Shiv Prasad, a gift to a seventeenth-century Bundi prince from the Mogul emperor Shah Jehan; if our guide told us the name of the mahout, I failed to catch it.

Just beyond the statues, the road began to climb steeply, and Shambhu said we would have to get out and make the rest of our pilgrimage on foot. A few yards ahead stood another gate, painted with colorful fish, which was closed and locked. Shambhu shouted something, and after a while a tottering old seneschal appeared and opened it with a ponderous key, admitting us to a courtyard surrounded by stables and carriage sheds. There were no horses in the stables and only a few decrepit carriages in the sheds, and the courtyard itself was bare except for a huge banyan tree in its



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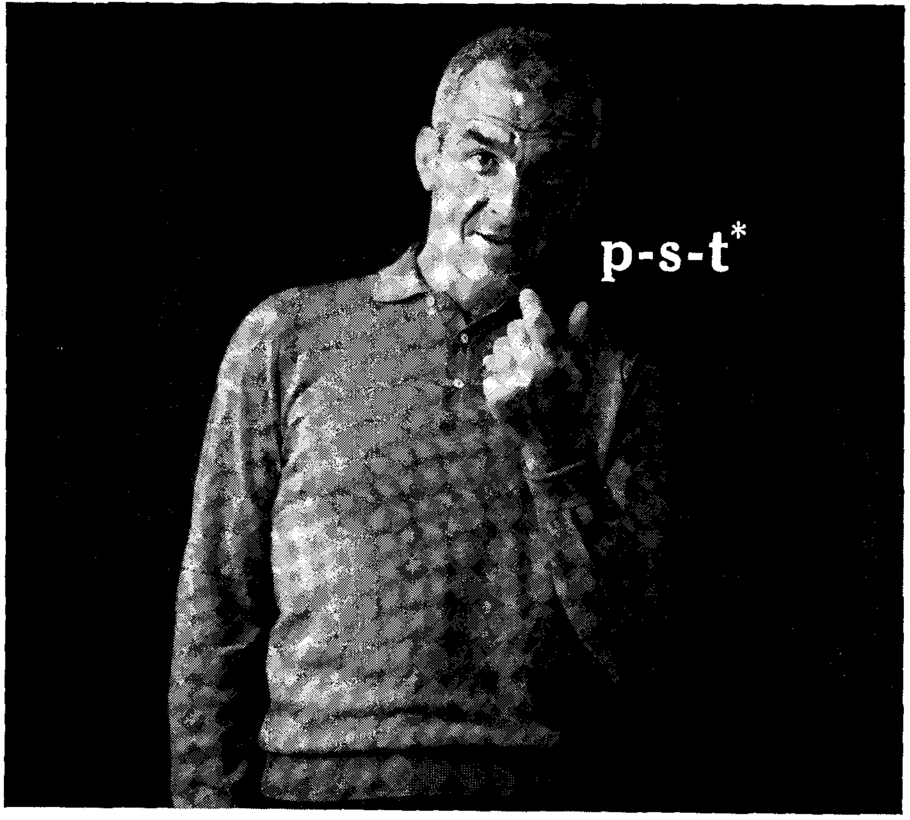

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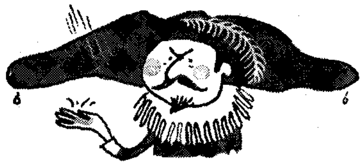
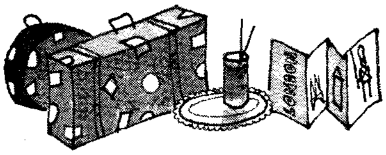
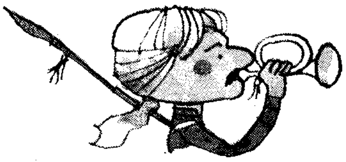


Dash! Speaking of Manhattans—dry, sweet, or personal formula—please remember that the most important ingredient is the one you use the least of: Angostura. Without a dash or two, it simply isn't a Manhattan.



Wizzo! Fashion Co-ordinator Elaine Horan brought this appetizer back from the London collection: Half tomato juice, half sherry, 2 dashes Angostura. Sort of a mild cousin to a Bloody Mary.

Wagon! You don't have to imbibe to enjoy Angostura. A dash or two adds to the flavor of cola drinks, ginger ale, or just plain soda water. Greatest thing since the invention of ice.



Pukka! An ex-Bengal Lancer who asks we conceal his identity writes: "Please publish the recipe for a Gin Sling. Practically no bartender or host can make a proper one." Glad to oblige. Into an 8-oz. glass put 1½ oz. gin, 3 dashes Angostura, enough soda water and a twist of lemon. (Americans may prefer to add ice.)

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center. The day was bright and blistering, so we paused in the shade of the tree, and Shambhu said, "They used to keep their elephants in this courtyard. And the Hollywood people who came to Bundi to make the picture 'Kim' filmed one of their scenes here. They . . ."

But I was less interested in the movies than in the real thing, so, notwithstanding the glare of the sun, I stepped out from under the tree and looked up, and up and up—first at a flat expanse of rock wall directly overhead, and then, above that, at the exterior of the palace, with its richness of protruding balconies and carved recesses ranged in a dizzying conglomeration of tiers. Presently, word was relayed to Shambhu from on high that the necessary doors and gates had been unlocked, and we moved on, climbing a steep, rough cobbled lane, or ramp, between two walls. Our next stop was the armory—a one-story, two-room building filled to overflowing, mostly with weapons that at one time or another had been used, as His Highness had deprecatingly informed me, to kill So-and-So. We were admitted by an attendant who is regularly stationed there to keep the firearms oiled and the knives sharp, not because His Highness ever intends to use these weapons—certainly not!—but because it is in the tradition of his forefathers to take care of one's fighting and hunting gear. Near the entrance was a little exhibit of modern objects. Two Japanese flags, somewhat the worse for wear, were suspended between a pair of Japanese swords above a table on which lay a haversack, some cartridges, a pile of coins, and a couple of bank notes—all Japanese—and below which stood a Japanese machine gun. Like the older exhibits, these items bore labels of the innocuous sort pleasing to His Highness; they stated that the trophies in this display had been "captured by His Highness the Maharao Rajah Bahadur Singhji Bahadur, M.C., Maharao Rajah of Bundi, on 1/3/45, at Mile 8 on the Meiktila Road during the Meiktila Drive in Burma."

The Japanese machine gun was not the only weapon of its kind in the armory. Four centuries ago, some Bundi inventor came up with one, and it, too, was on exhibit—a contrivance resembling a pipe organ, with five barrels set side by side on a single stock. Farther inside the armory, I began to pick out items of greater interest to me, such as a *panja*, a club with a heavy brazen fist at one end, which, according to the label, was "used for smashing

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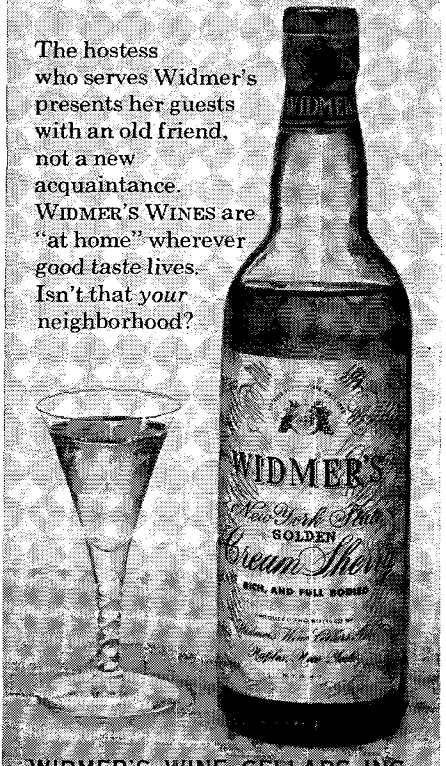

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heads;" a *krapar*, a wavy-bladed knife for cutting off heads; an example of the terrible *chakra*, a disc-shaped weapon, its edges honed to razor sharpness, which, when properly hurled, zips through a man's neck like a circular saw; and an *asa*, a spear with a crosspiece to prevent the blade from penetrating an enemy's body to an irrecoverable depth—"invented and used," the label stated, "by Maharao Ummed Singh in 1750." Ummed Singh, it appeared, was not only a mighty warrior and an exalted holy man but an ingenious military inventor. Among the many weapons he designed, the attendant thought a repeating gun with hand-revolved chambers the best, but I was more taken by one that wasn't ostensibly a weapon at all. I was first attracted to it because it was so decorative—a metal rod shaped rather like a snake, with one end coiled to serve as a base and the other forking out, like a shooting stick. The attendant explained that it was an armrest to be used while praying. "Here's how it works," he said, setting the thing upright and crouching beside it with one arm in the apex of the fork. "And here's what you do if someone attacks you while you're praying." He seized the forked end and gave a tug, and out of the snake's body came a knife with a long, sharp, slender blade. There is no doubt that Ummed Singh was a remarkable saint.

We left the armory and toiled on up the ramp to the Hathiopol, or Elephant Gate. Many old palaces and fortresses in India have such gates, which are shaped to allow elephants, complete with their "castles," or howdahs, to pass through them. (When the British took over the Fort in Delhi, they cunningly filled in the tops of its elephant gates, so that visitors—possibly hostile—would have to dismount from their castles and walk in.) But Bundi's gate is fancier than most, for above it two stone elephants strain toward each other from pedestals at either side, with the tips of their trunks touching at the center of the arch. As we walked through this portal into a spacious open square, an old retainer standing nearby struck a great gong, not, as I at first imagined, to announce our arrival but to sound the hour of the day—according to Old Palace time, which is not necessarily that of the outside world. Shambhu told us that the old fellow was the custodian of the water clock, and guided us over to have a look at this peculiar device. It consisted of a brass bowl partly filled with water, in which was floating a smaller brass bowl that had a number of fine perfora-

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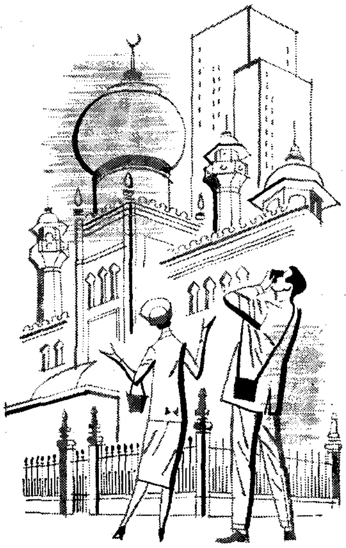

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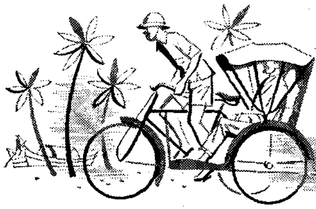

tions in its sides. Water seeped at a fixed rate of speed from the larger bowl into the smaller one, the A.D.C. explained, until finally the latter could no longer stay afloat. Each time it sank, indicating the passage of roughly a quarter of an hour, the old man struck the gong, and then emptied the bowl and set it on the surface of the water again.

Overlooking the square from the cliffside was a vast covered balcony, where the princes of long ago held their assemblies. Shambhu led us to it up a flight of stairs, and in its deserted state it seemed to me pretty bleak. Part of it was occupied by a shrouded marble throne, which had a rope barrier around it to keep visitors at a fitting distance. "His Highness—every one of our Highnesses—sat on that throne on the day of his accession," Shambhu said. "Our present Highness is planning to have a great show when Kitten marries, and it will, of course, take place here. As far as I am aware, no marriage has yet been arranged, but when it is, it will be a magnificent spectacle. Just imagine—the bridegroom on an elephant, coming up the ramp and through the Hathiopol! There will have to be some modernization of the zenana before the wedding. It's a long climb up, and we may have to put in a lift for the convenience of the ladies, since naturally they'll all go into purdah while they're here."

Shambhu went on to say that the Princess's wedding party would be held in another section of the palace, high up on the cliff above the Elephant Gate courtyard, and we struggled on up to have a look at it. This palace-within-a-palace was built in the eighteenth century by a Bundi prince named Chhattarsal; known as the Chhattramahal, or Chhattar's Palace, it fronts on the Chhattramahal Chowk—an open square—which would be the scene of the party. In the Chhattramahal, we saw a throne room with two silver thrones, and, next to it, an apartment with two silver bedsteads. Jutting out into space from the Chowk was a roofed balcony, and, peering down over its balustrade, I experienced for the first time a sense of being really high above the city. But, even at that elevation, its jumbled sounds—shouts, scraps of song, and ceaseless chattering—reached us with astonishing clarity, rising straight up like smoke on a still day.

I went back to the center of the Chowk and stood there looking up, trying to discern some semblance of a pattern in the design of the Old Palace—or at least to figure out where one prince's contribution to it ended and an-

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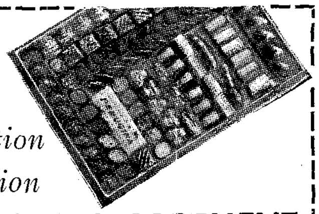

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other's began—but I found the whole thing as confusing as the stratifications of the Mississippi Delta. Finally, I admitted defeat, and Shambhu tirelessly led us still farther up, through secret passageways inside the face of the cliff, past mirrored doors leading to the zenana, until, at last, we reached the Taragarh, or Star Fort, on the summit of the mountain.

The Star Fort was built way back in the early days by Rao Dewa, the founder of the city of Bundi, soon after he settled there, and it was strengthened over the subsequent centuries by his successors. A double wall encloses a green mesa, or meadow, which covers the mountaintop—the highest elevation for miles around—and in the center of this verdant expanse stands a species of ghost town, complete with a palace, several less pretentious residential buildings, a temple, shops, and a number of iron foundries. "You see, none of this is visible from below," Shambhu pointed out proudly. "Not one stone in all these walls and buildings. The place is deserted now, of course, but the entire population of the city down below could move up here in the event of a siege. Even when there's a drought down in Bundi, there's always water up here; it used to be piped down to supply the Old Palace. There's plenty of pasture, and it's better than down in the valley—enough to feed thousands of sheep and cows. The people of the city could withstand a siege for a year up here." His expression was so dreamily confident as he gazed down from the top of the cliff—picturing to himself, I felt sure, the difficulties the terrain would present to a besieging prince from some neighboring state—that I did not have the heart to ask about the Taragarh's defenses against airplanes.

Wandering about, we came upon a great round slab of stone—"like the cap of a gigantic stone jar," Indira said. Our guide smiled faintly. "That's just about what it is," he told us. "Look, there's another, and another. This is the reserve granary, and those flat stones are the seals of storage bins that are sunk in the ground. Full of grain, in case of siege."

"Who put them there?" Indira asked, and Shambhu replied absently, "Some Highness. I forget now just which one."

BACK in Phoolsagar Palace, I was fortunate enough to have a few words with His Highness when he joined his guests in the drawing room before lunch. "Those storage bins up

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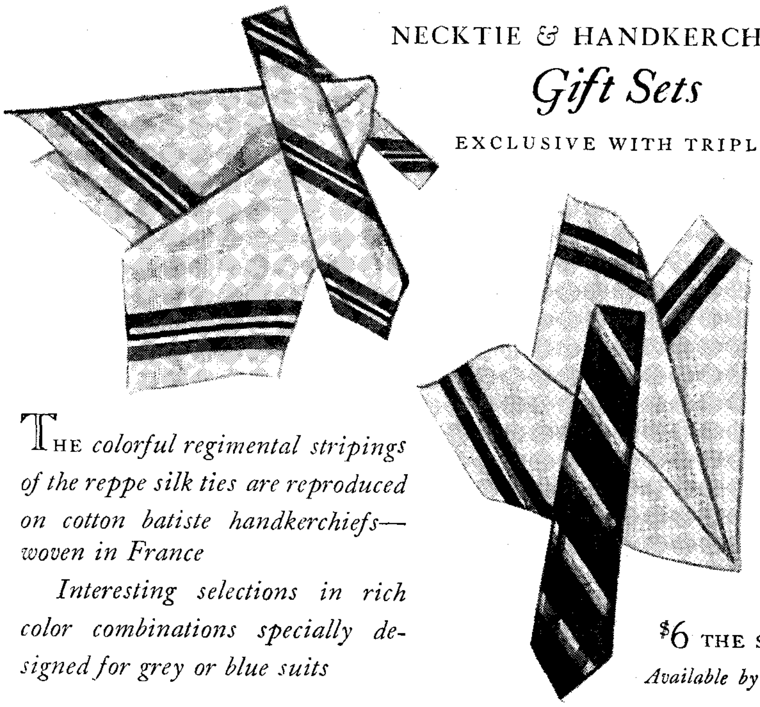

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at the Fort," I began. "They're incredible."

"Well, I suppose they are, in a way," His Highness said. "They're all filled with grain, you know, and sealed tight. I don't imagine the grain is any good any more, though. It's been up there for hundreds of years."

"If you don't mind an abrupt change of subject, I'd like to ask you a question about elephants," I said. "Shambhu Nath said that Kitten's bridegroom—when the day comes—will arrive riding on an elephant. Tell me, have you any elephants?"

"Elephants?" His Highness echoed the word vaguely. "Oh, yes, elephants. No, I have none. Not any more. We used to have them, naturally. When I acceded to the throne, I had eleven."

"Thirteen, Your Highness," said Shambhu Singh, the third A.D.C., who was standing at his master's elbow.

My host shrugged. "Thirteen, then—I had thirteen elephants," he said. "But the number kept changing. You give them away, for one thing."

"Do you?" I said.

"Yes," His Highness replied. "You give them away—at weddings, and all that. And then, too, they die. Little by little they die off, and regardless of what other people may do in such a situation, I never went out of my way to replace them." He looked at me rather defiantly, and added, "It costs a lot, you know, to keep elephants. They eat so much. And after all, when you come right down to it, what good are they?" —EMILY HAHN

(*This is the third of four articles on India's deposed princes.*)

•

There is the difficulty, we know, of a relative few officials and politicos hither and factory method of muddling through by yon in the cousty, who have been long in the harness and accustomed to the unsatisslow and ineffective degrees, who'll object to any mention of change. We move so fast these days and troubles multiply and pile up so steadily we don't have time for muddling. —*Rockland County* (*N.Y.*) *Nyack Journal-News.*

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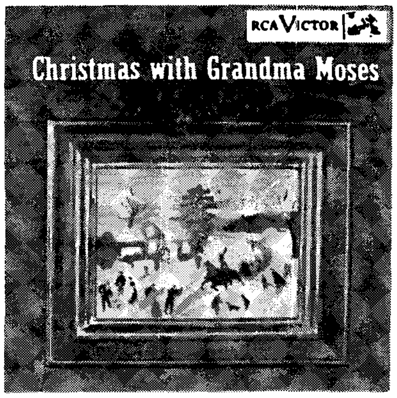
The first place a golf instructor like Revolta looks to spot the cause of a hook or slice is the grip. In an overwhelming number of cases, this is where the fault lies. —*Page 28.*

A hook is seldom caused by a wrong grip. —*Page 87.*



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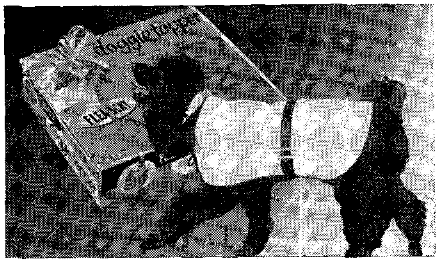

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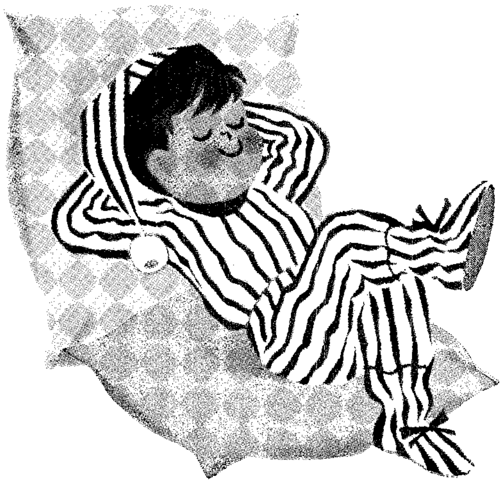

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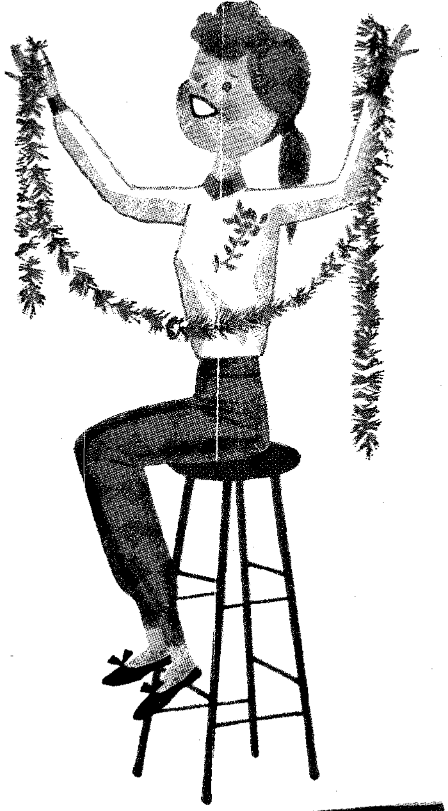

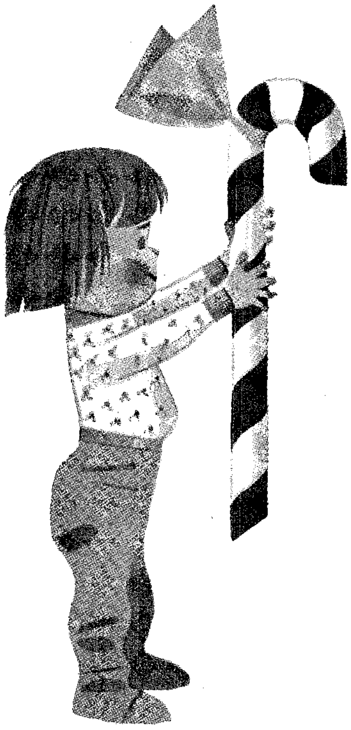

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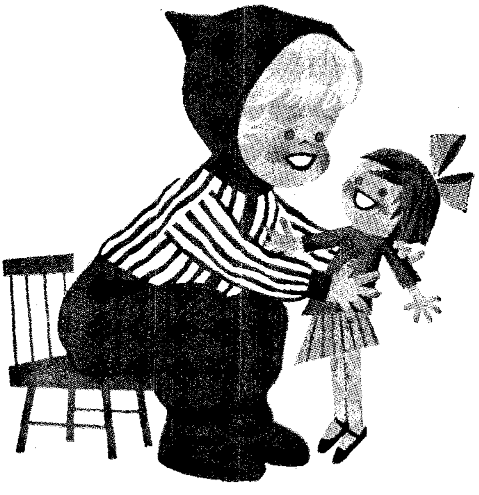

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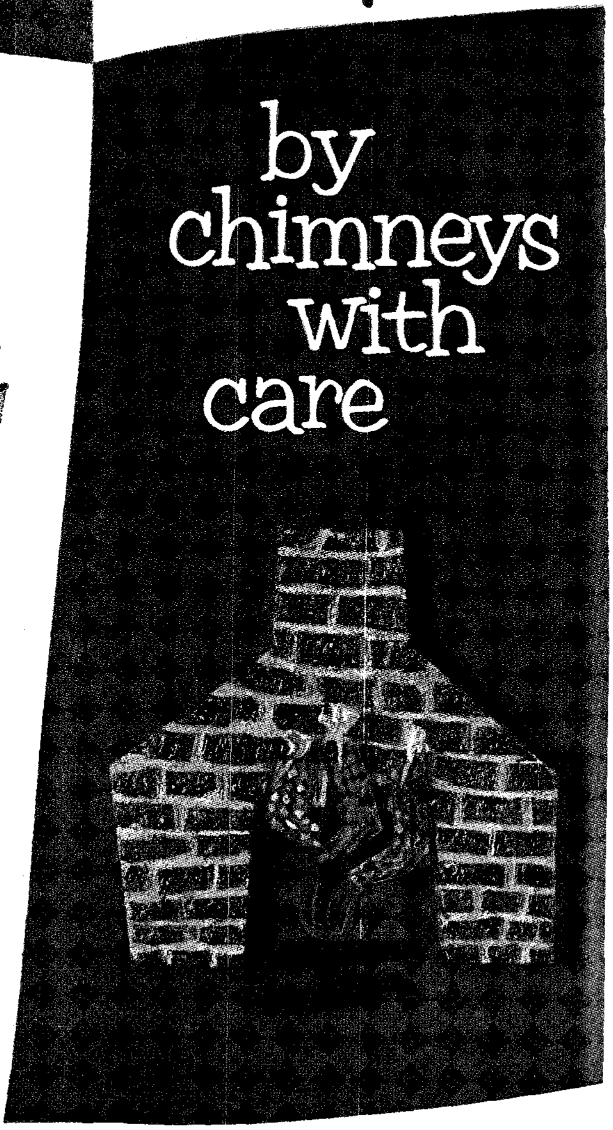

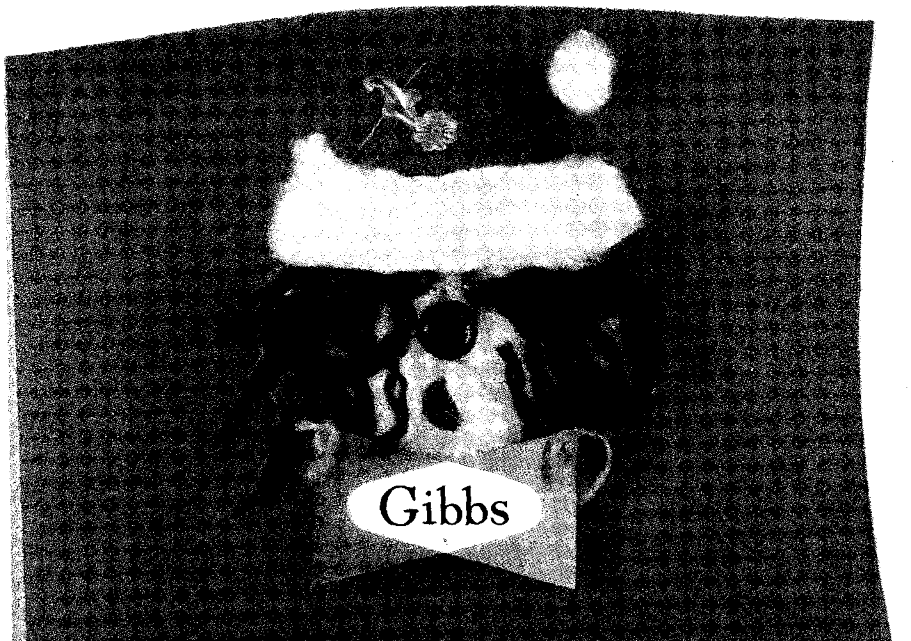

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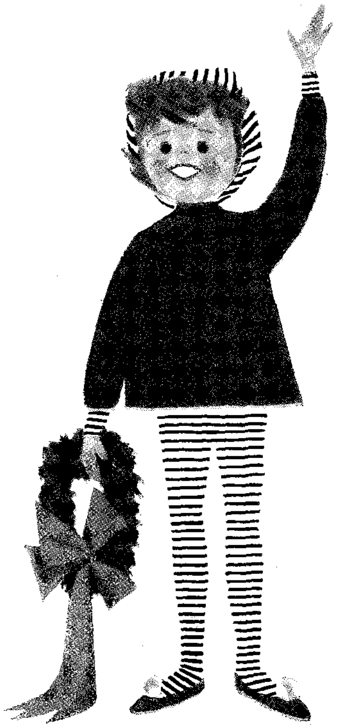

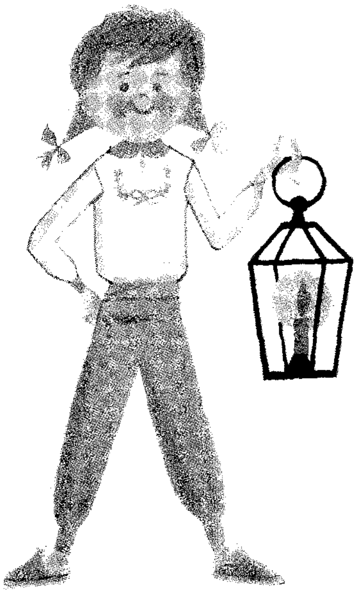

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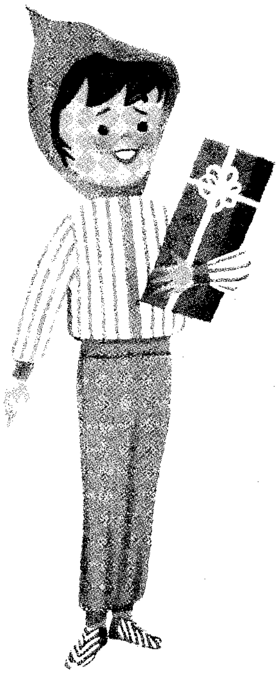

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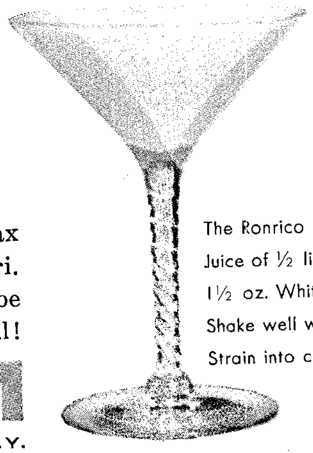

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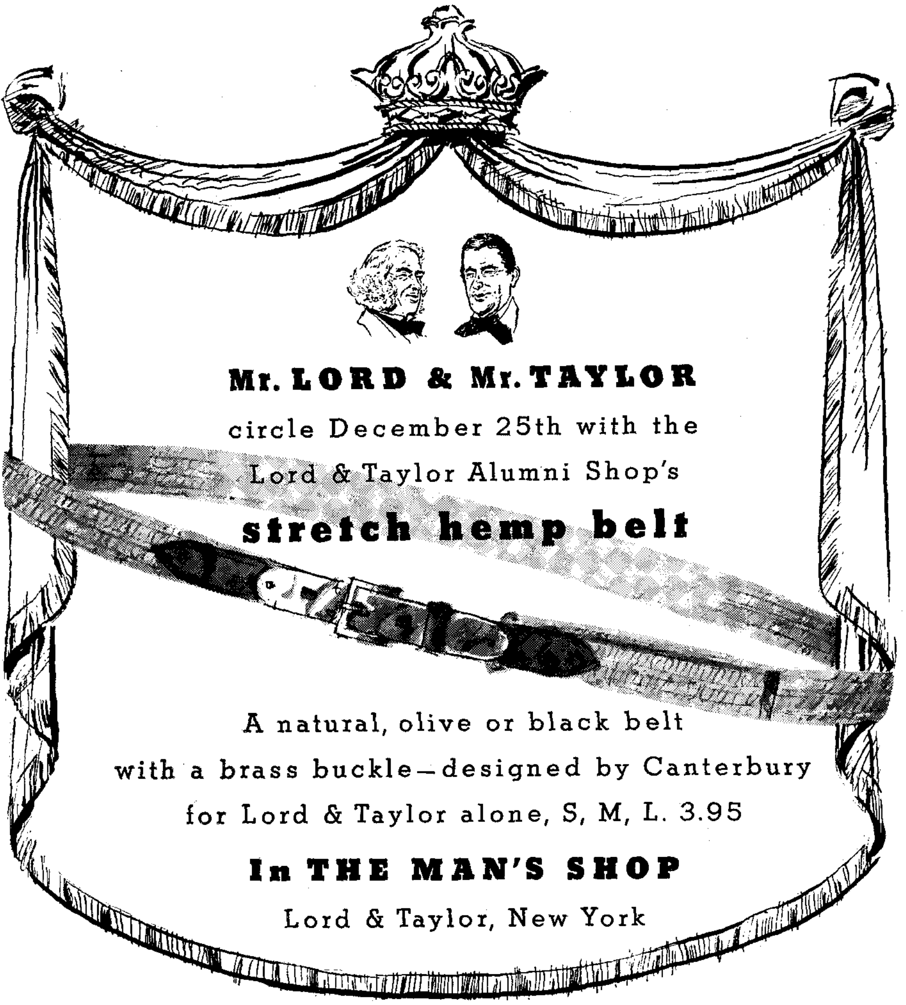
THE ART GALLERIES

Artists' Progress

EVEN among the most representational painters, the attempt is not so much to imitate reality as it is to recreate it, making it conform to the artist's individual system of imagery or, more simply, his "style." (Sometimes, of course, it is Nature that seems to do the imitating, as when we speak of a "Renoir woman" or an "El Greco sky.") This search for a personal symbolism may go on through the greater part of a man's life, or at any rate till he reaches maturity, and its purpose is attained when he has created a cosmos all his own, unified in itself and immediately recognizable, and subtly different from that of any other man. The search, obviously, is a lonely one, and never easy, but it's particularly hard for the worker in the modern manner, in which the relation to reality is more tenuous. As it happens, a number of shows on the calendar this past week—most notably the Max Weber retrospective at the Downtown Gallery and the Jackson Pollock memorial at the Janis—reveal the amount of technical twisting and turning a man can get involved in (including, at times, a complete change in stylistic approach) before finding a final direction.

Of the two just mentioned, the Weber affair is the more illuminating, perhaps because it covers the greater span of time. Weber, now a lively seventy-seven, has long been the master of a fluent and highly expressive idiom of his own. But as the beginning sections of the show indicate, his aim at the start was less certain, and the first paintings—especially the ones done in Paris in the early nineteen-hundreds, when he was in his middle twenties—have an air of the tentatively experimental, as if he had been deliberately dabbling, like many another young artist before him, in the styles current or just emerging.

Some of this, I'm sure, is evidence not so much of direct influences as of simple reflections of the mood of the moment. He could hardly have been affected by a Modigliani in 1907, for instance, when his "La Parisienne" was



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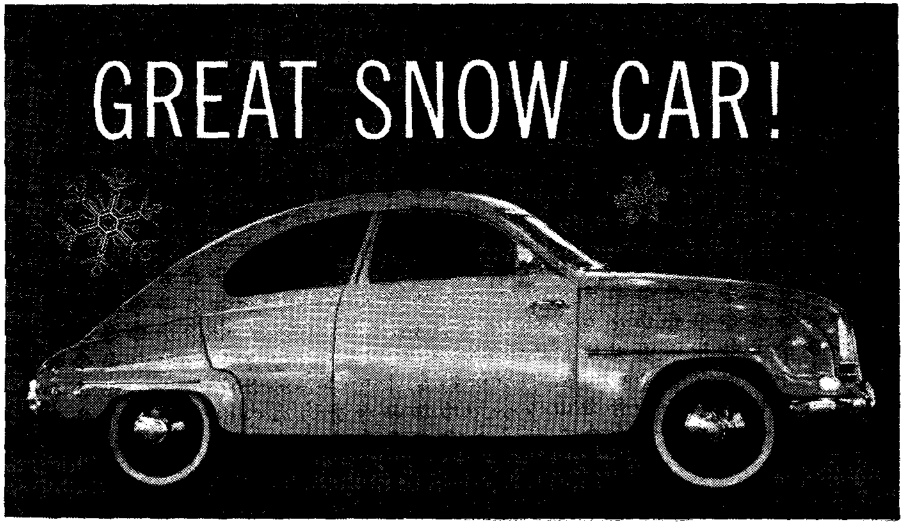

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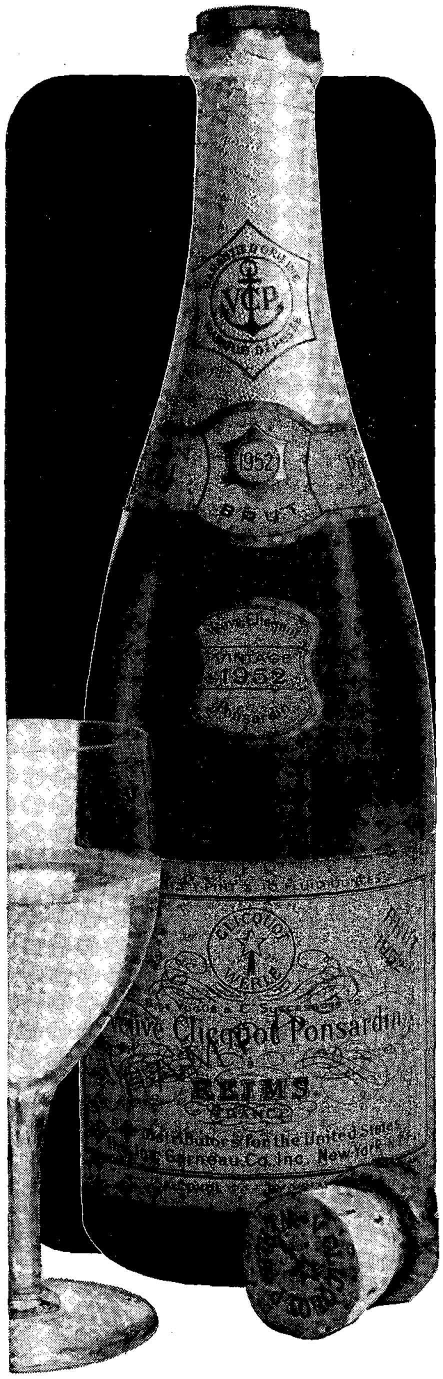

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painted, for Modigliani was at that time just formulating his own style. Yet how like the other's work it is in the textural treatment and the flesh tones, just as his "The Young Model," of a year earlier, is suggestive, in pose and general aspect (though not in painting style), of Seurat's models in "Les Poseuses." "Nude, Nature Class" shows a turn toward the Fauves, as "Burlesque" suggests a probably accidental relation with the Expressionism of Kirchner and others. Cubism occupied Weber next, and for a longer period. "Composition with Three Figures," of 1910, reveals a strong influence of African Negro sculpture, as does "Figure Study," of the year following, while "Conversation" shows that even as late as 1919, ten years after his return from abroad, he still clung to the same method.

Dating from that year, though, there's a small canvas called "Sabbath," of two tall-hatted, bearded Jews sitting talking gravely in a parlor, which forecasts his whole subsequent development. For it was not till Weber, then far into his thirties, abandoned his Paris background and the greater part of his modernist training, and (with some help, to be sure, from the Picasso of the classic period) turned to the life he had always known best, the ghetto, that he found his firmest expression. It is true that other subjects have occupied him. His interest in music is evidenced in such paintings as "The Guitarist" and "Wind Orchestra," and there was a time, as in "Music," with its goddesslike girls, when he gave himself over to a portrayal of a dream-world of antique serenity. Some of these suffer from a certain thinness, as if the design had not been developed deeply enough to sustain the over-all concept. The color is also a little monotonous, and to my mind it is chiefly in the Jewish subjects that Weber really excels. Here one has the sense of a self-contained, indomitable people pursuing their ancient culture and rituals under confined circumstances, and Weber conveys all this with poignance and warm understanding but still without sentimentality. The show, unfortunately, isn't as rich in pictures of this genre as it might be, but the few that are there are fine—most especially the dark, huddled little group called "Discourse," "Three Literary Gentlemen," and the wonderfully swirling, animated "Hasidic Dance."

CURIOUSLY, Weber's course of development was reversed in the case of Jackson Pollock, for Pollock,

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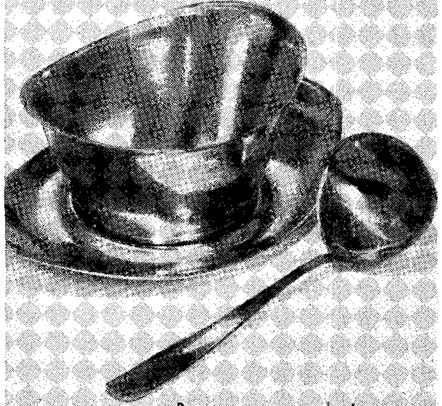

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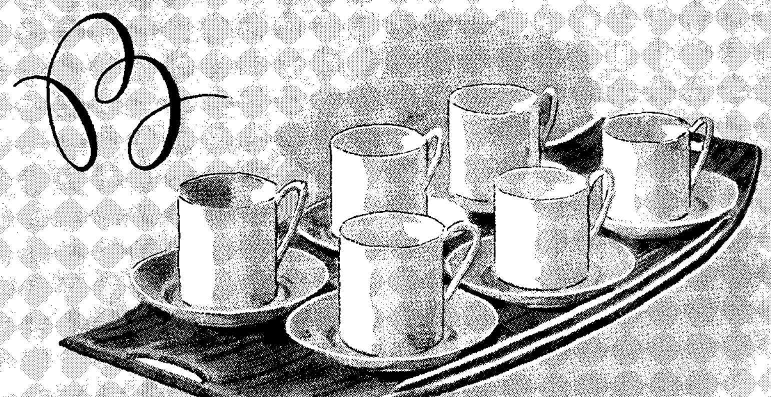
who ended, in the popular view, as just about the extreme example of all that's extremist in the arts, started out in relatively conservative fashion. Benton, it would appear, was not only one of his teachers but an influence in his youthful days, and there are touches of such others as Ryder (in the 1934 "Seascape," which opens the show chronologically), Masson (in the equally early "Circle"), and the Chinese calligraphers (in "White Horizontal").

This last influence turned out to be the decisive one, for it was mostly through his interest in calligraphy, I'd judge, that Pollock was led to the peculiar "dribble" technique that he used, in the end, so effectively. Even this, though, was a gradual, groping progression. The great value of Pollock's method, it seems to me, is that it permits the building up of patterns, each one almost cobwebby in delicacy, in layer on layer of rhythmic design. But for all that, he was a long time in developing its full possibilities in that direction. His first essay into complete Abstract Expressionism, on the evidence of the show, is an untitled oil dated 1937. The brush is still visible here, and the work is a trifle heavy-handed in consequence. The greenish "Night Dancer," of 1944, is an exercise in thick impasto, with the design impressed or drawn in, apparently with the butt end of the brush or a similar instrument; in a sense, it's dribble in reverse, and thus a step along the way. But the work, powerful in concept, is ponderous in execution, and it isn't until one reaches the "Black, White & Gray" of 1948—skimpy in content but marvellously graceful in its swooping movement—and, even more notably, the lovely, shimmering paired studies called "White on Black, I and II," of the year following, that the whole method suddenly comes to life. From then on (on, that is, for the brief period till his death, in 1956) he exploits the new technique with really dazzling virtuosity. "White Light," "Black and White Polyptych," and "Moon Vibrations"—these are among the ones I found most attractive.

POLLOCK, as I recall, was turning again toward the representational at the time of his death. But then, it seems that nothing is stationary in the arts, and if, at the Krasner Gallery, we now discover Arnold Blanch, once a bulwark of the representationalist school, turning more and more toward the abstract, we also discover, at the Stable, John Ferren apparently starting in the



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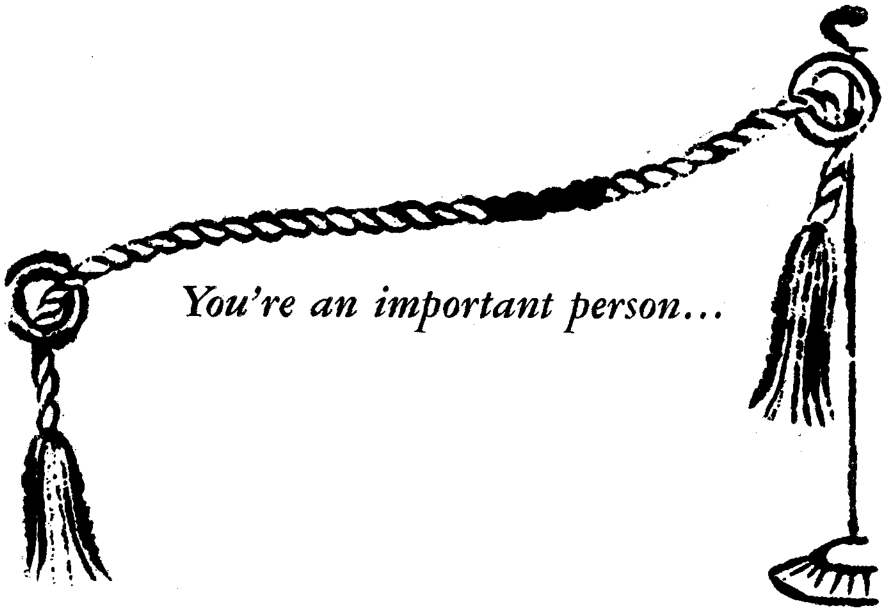
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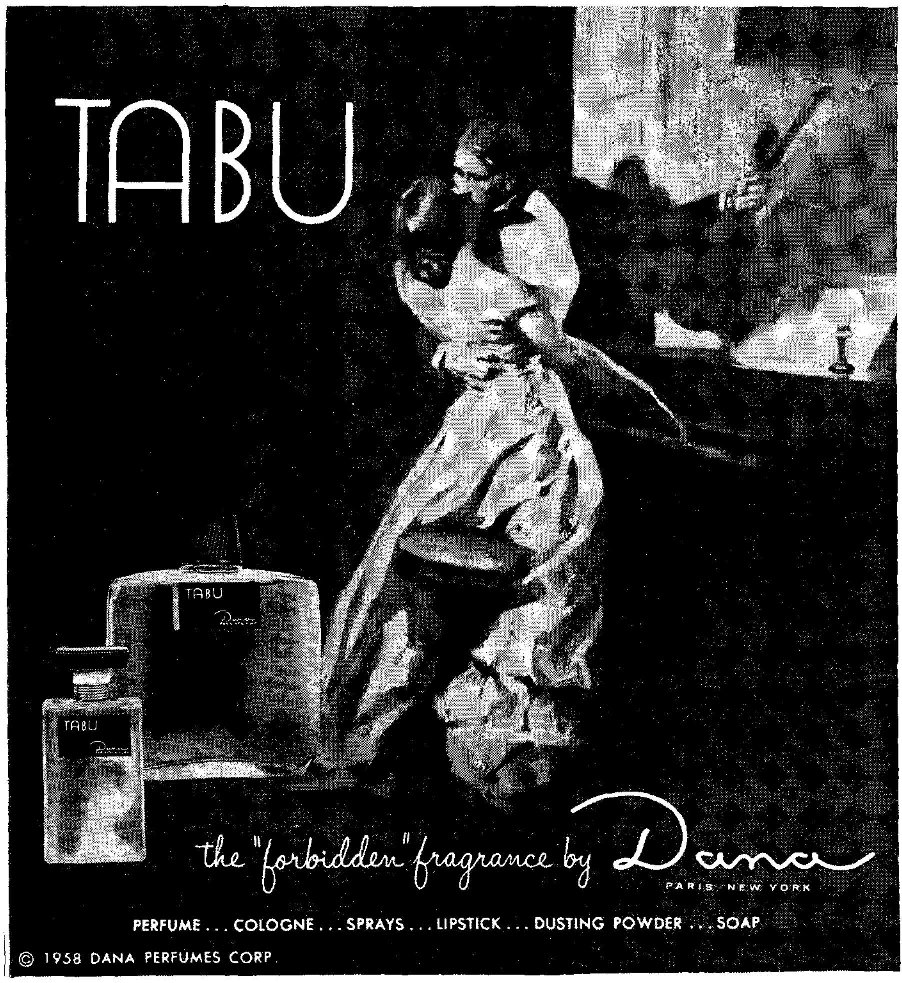

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opposite direction. The Blanch paintings, almost all landscapes and done in a lightly Tachiste manner, are generally so pale as to seem ghostly, and this weakens their impact considerably. There's no question about their good taste, however, and "Black and Grey Tree," "Light Red Landscape," and the sunnily green-and-yellow "Tropical Island" are very pleasing performances indeed.

Ferren's move from the pure abstractions he last showed to the modified ones he is doing now is not a long step, but it is in many ways a bold one. What seems to have led him to make it is a new interest in formal pictorial design, and at first glance he appears to have gone back to real fundamentals, for the objects he has chosen for portrayal—a table, a chair, a bowl, a garden gate—are all elementary enough to be the subjects of a beginner's drawing class. Yet the seeming simplicity turns out to be deceptive, not only because simplification itself is always difficult but also because, in this instance, he has used these common, everyday elements mainly as the starting points in the development of a series of geometric designs that are truly monumental in their calmness, clarity, and compositional correctness. It's not easy to make a convincing and satisfying picture out of a skeletonized iron lawn chair, set squarely in the middle of the canvas, with nothing else to enliven the flat red ground except a scurry of green here and there to indicate foliage. But he does it in "The Chair," mostly by the sheer mathematical magic of the design, and "The Windows"—two rectangles, unadorned, looking out on pure blue, with the merest suggestion of interior forms beneath them—is equally parsimonious of detail. I liked them, though, as I did "Ethan's Bowl" and "The Figure"—both pared down to barest essentials, but most tellingly so.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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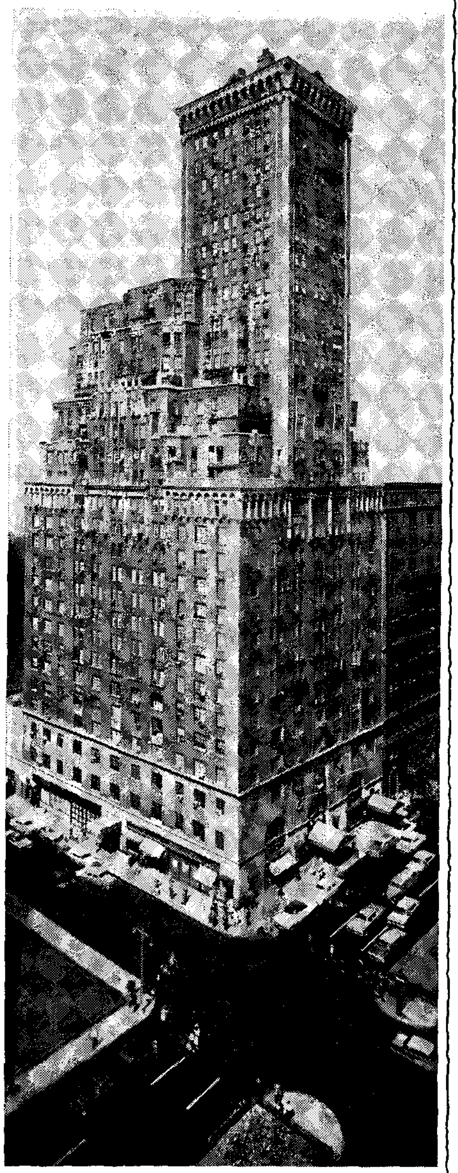
NON TROPPO WITH TOPO

I WENT out for dinner to a restaurant in Paris the other night and wound up playing violin-and-viola duets with the proprietor in a private dining room. The restaurant was Lapérouse, a century-old institution on the Left Bank, overlooking the Seine, which many French diners have long regarded as one of the best eating places in the capital. It is the only restaurant I know of where superior food is served in private salons under the supervision of a proprietor who plays the viola. As a matter of fact, the proprietor, whose name is Roger Topolinski, plays the violin and cello, too, and he also engages in a number of other improbable activities—improbable, that is, for a restaurateur. Fifty-three years old, huge and heavyset, with a large, balding head, a friendly round face, bright, shiny eyes, and a beard that Rembrandt would have admired, Topolinski writes and recites poetry; serves as general supervisor of a vacation camp for retarded children, as vice-president of a charitable organization that runs a soup kitchen in Paris, as general secretary of a foundation that maintains a home for retired restaurant workers, and as a member of a group that provides hot lunches for schoolchildren in his neighborhood; and is a connoisseur of judo. He is also an inventor. His invention is the sauce spoon, flatter and larger than a dessert spoon, which he devised not so much for his customers' benefit as for his own. "For years," he told me the other night, "I got annoyed every time I went into the kitchen and saw plates from the dining rooms still awash with the great sauces that are the hallmark of French cooking. At the time those sauces were served, they were perfectly executed masterpieces. Beautifully blended, carefully seasoned, smooth and light but not too fluid, glossy—a delight to the eye as well as the palate. And there they were—going down the drain. We Frenchmen know how to use a piece of fresh bread, but many foreigners think it's barbaric to wipe one's plate. I never got around to trying to reconcile the two views until a few years ago, when my doctor, alas, advised me to give up bread, as part of a reducing diet. That settled it. I invented the sauce spoon." For his civic-minded projects, Topolinski has been decorated by the French government with the rosette of the Ordre du Mérite Social; for his promotion of judo he has been decorated with the Médaille d'Or de l'Education Physique; and for his contribution to *la haute cuisine*—a major art, of course, in French eyes—he has been awarded the Palmes Académiques. For his sauce spoon, he got a lunch—or, rather, he gave a lunch. "We inaugurated it in style," he told me.

Even among French restaurateurs, a notoriously individualistic bunch, Topolinski—or Topo, as his friends call him—is a distinctive figure. He clothes his massive frame in conservative business suits and natty butterfly ties, enlivening the ensemble and accentuating his girth with vibrant waistcoats. Although he is obviously cut out to be a *basso profundo*, he has a mellifluous tenor voice. He would need little makeup to play the part of Boris Godunov, but I believe he pictures himself more as a latter-day Sir John Falstaff. If he were to walk down Marseille's Canebière, the natives would probably take him for a retired tugboat captain, and tourists might be reminded of a character in a play by Marcel Pagnol, but on the Left Bank of the Seine, where he was brought up and has spent the better part of his life, he is regarded as just another *type*. When he recites poetry, his diction is as precise as that of a Comédie Française pensionnaire, and in ordinary conversation he has a way of occasionally interjecting an English or German expression, coated with a thick French accent. Perhaps his two keenest enthusiasms are for music and wine. His preferences in music run to Bach and Mozart, and in wine to white Burgundies and red Bordeaux. Lapérouse, situated on the Quai des Grands-Augustins, is a couple of blocks west of the Pont Saint-Michel and across the Seine from the Ile de la Cité, the oldest part of Paris. Geographically, it is indisputably Left Bank; gastronomically, its precise position is harder to pin down.

PRACTICALLY everybody who travels about France and likes good food has strong opinions and prejudices about the restaurants of Paris. Just how many restaurants there are appears to be a mystery; a municipal official who is as well informed as anybody on the subject could tell me merely that their number is not only vast but variable. The editors of the generally respected and annually revised *Guide Michelin* note that in the matter of dining out Paris offers "*ressources extrêmement variées*," and they try to bring some degree of order into this state of pleasant chaos by listing a liberal assortment of restaurants under a series of fairly arbitrary headings, although they come near conceding defeat even before they start: "*Il est toutefois fort difficile de faire un choix judicieux parmi tant d'enseignes célèbres, alléchantes, mystérieuses, ou banales.*" While nobody, naturally, has ever counted up the *banale* places, almost everybody claims to know just how many restaurants can be classed as the best, and the *Michelin* editors are no exception. Under "Grande Classe" and "Elégance Parisienne," their choicest categories, they list nineteen, of which four—Lapérouse, Grand Vefour, Maxim's, and the Tour d'Argent—are granted the rare accolade of three stars. Of this celebrated quartet, Lapérouse is the only one that has been given a three-star rating for every year since 1950, when French cooking was considered to have finally recovered from the jaundice of war. (At one time or another during that period, Grand Vefour and the Tour d'Argent have each had to plod along under two stars—the former for two years and the latter for one—and in 1951 Maxim's had no stars at all.) As might be expected, there are people in Paris who contend that the *Michelin* editors don't know what they're talking about, but quite a few fastidious diners I have talked with here agree that, by and large, the editors' estimate of the *ressources extrêmement variées* in the capital is sound—or, at least, fully as



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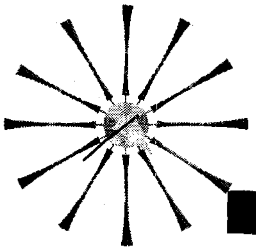
sound as the next man's. They also agree, reluctantly, that the exalted standards of France's *grande cuisine* are declining and that the decline is more pronounced in Paris than out in the provinces. Sad though this is, it is not altogether surprising. Good eating does not go with high-pressure living.

Lapérouse probably comes as near as any restaurant in Paris to resembling a country place in the old tradition. To the best of his ability, Topolinski keeps the pace unhurried, and the specialties of the house are the same ones that delighted William Makepeace Thackeray and Robert Louis Stevenson, who put it among their favorite restaurants. Inside and out, everything about Lapérouse is distinctly *vieux Paris*. It has no sweeping staircase where women can make a dramatic entrance and no flamboyant maître d'hôtel allocating prestige tables; it is definitely not a place to go in order to see and be seen, since many of its guests are served in private dining rooms. The restaurant occupies the first three floors of a narrow five-story corner house, built at some undetermined time before the French Revolution. Its façade is painted black, and its ground-floor windows are low and small. A wrought-iron balcony on the second floor, hemming in three French windows that overlook the Seine, helps to convey a nostalgic *fin-de-siècle* atmosphere; the chimneys are square and made of brick and have chimney pots. All the dining rooms are on the second and third floors; on the ground floor are the kitchen and pantries; a small room with six or seven tables, used for apéritifs; and a tiny lobby—no more than a hallway, really—where Topolinski usually sits at a marble-topped counter, presiding over the cash drawer, welcoming guests, and bidding them farewell. A narrow spiral staircase with perilously high steps leads from the lobby to the low-ceilinged dining rooms upstairs—a world of red carpets, gilt-framed mirrors, and plush curtains. The building hasn't been remodelled in two hundred years, except for the installation of the private dining rooms about a century ago, during *la belle époque*. These famous *cabinets particuliers* have accommodations for between two and six guests each and bear such names as Salon Flamand, Salon des Singes, Salon La Fontaine, Salon des Amours, and Salon de la Chasse. Their doors have no knobs, and can be opened from the outside only by the waiter, with a key. The big public dining room—big to the extent of seating forty-five—is called Le Trianon,

it's time



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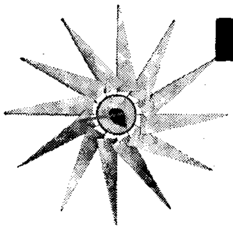

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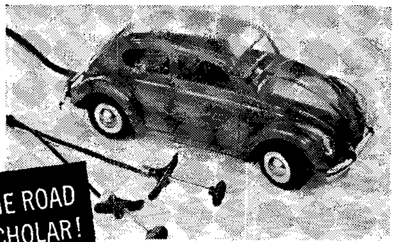

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and it is generally used for big parties like wedding breakfasts and banquets.

Most of the regular patrons of Lapérouse also come from another era—crusty old types in black who reflect long and hard before ordering, erect a napkin dike across their chests while eating, and wouldn't think of spending less than two hundred minutes at table. Frequently fussy and rarely generous, they are welcome at Lapérouse because *"ils s'y connaissent."* The waiters who serve them are of equal antiquity. The average age of what Topolinski calls his "family" is close to sixty. It is sometimes said that the waiters are politer to each other than to the customers. But then they have known each other longer. Jean Rigal, a sixty-four-year-old maître d'hôtel, has been on the staff since March, 1909; René and Joseph Pierron, sexagenarian brothers who were born in the Beaujolais region, have been supervising the wine cellars (these, which date from the fourteenth century, extend far out under the quay the restaurant stands on) since 1912 and 1913, respectively; Roger de Beenhoover, another maître d'hôtel, has been on the staff since 1912. Singly or in concert, the "family" can make an unknown transient feel that he has embarrassingly blundered in on the rituals of a secret society. It is also sometimes said—possibly by unknown transients—that Lapérouse now and then has a poor night, when the lustre of its three stars is dimmed. But I must say that I have never been there on such a night.

THIRTY years ago, when I was an impecunious music student in Paris, I often paused while walking past Lapérouse and contemplated the menu that was posted at one side of the entrance—a menu that might include a soufflé, cold lobster, pheasant, hearts of artichoke, foie gras, salad, another soufflé, fruit, coffee, liqueurs, and three or four vintage wines, all for about eighty francs, which came to a little over three dollars in those days. Then I would tear myself away from this gastronomic nirvana and walk on to a small *prix-fixe* restaurant near the Place Saint-Michel, where they served a four-course meal—*couvert, pain, et un quart de vin ordinaire compris*—for seven francs and fifty centimes, which was exactly what Lapérouse charged for an order of consommé. A great many things seem to me to have changed for the worse since then, but happily, a few have changed for the better, and one of the latter is that I can now manage at least one meal

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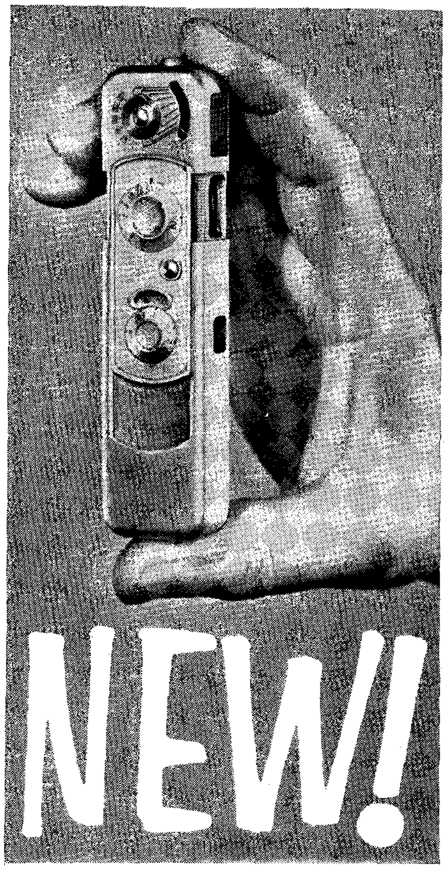

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at Lapérouse whenever I happen to be in Paris. Until my recent musical evening there, I had never exchanged more than a few perfunctory words with its proprietor, but on this occasion I was accompanied by an English friend who lives in Paris and knows him well. As we entered the lobby, Topolinski, recognizing my companion, got up from behind his desk and came forward to greet us. On the marble counter was a bottle of vichy, which all good Frenchmen drink before, during, and after their meals, in the hopeful belief that it propitiates their digestive apparatus. Topolinski claimed to remember me from my previous visits, shook hands with both of us, waved his arms about, and asked an elderly man in a chasseur's uniform to fetch some wine. The old man went to the rear of the lobby, raised a trapdoor in the floor, and slowly descended into the cellar, where I could hear him talking to somebody. Minutes passed. Then the right hand of the chasseur, clutching a bottle, slowly appeared through the floor, like the hand of the executioner in "Salome" emerging from the cavern with the head of Jokanaan. Eventually, three glasses and a corkscrew were produced, and the wine was poured. "*Santé*," said Topolinski.

I looked at the bottle—a Muscadet de Sèvre et Maine '55, which is a light, dry wine of the Loire from around Nantes. "I used to be a port drinker," Topolinski said, "but nowadays . . ." He pointed to the upper right side of his abdomen—the region that every Frenchman regards with sombre respect as the source of liver trouble. As we stood there in the lobby drinking our Muscadet, I glanced about and noticed, not far from the trapdoor, a wooden icebox with a large vase of flowers on its top. Through a glass panel in its door I could see several kinds of fruit. Topolinski said that up until 1951 slabs of ice had been put in it and in several other iceboxes on the premises every morning, and that it was only with the greatest reluctance that he had finally come around to electric refrigeration. Wherever he can possibly justify it, he explained, he clings to the equipment of a bygone era; he will not tolerate mechanical contrivances like infrared grills and automatic rotisseries—"and neither will the staff," he added. Furthermore, he said, the waiters and sommeliers prefer to walk up and down stairs hundreds of times a day, between cellars and kitchen and dining rooms, rather than rely on anything as modern as a dumbwaiter, and his chefs cook practically everything on a big coal

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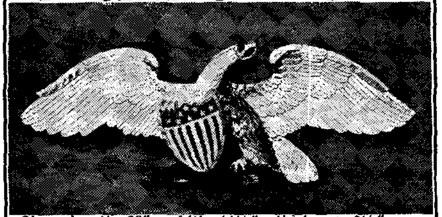

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range; the only concession to more up-to-date methods is a *salamandre*, a gas burner used for quick broiling and the preparation of *gratins*. "Of all kitchen fuels, coal is the most expensive and the greatest nuisance to handle," he said, "but only coal gives you really steady heat. Oh, a coal stove by all means! Come on, I'll show it to you."

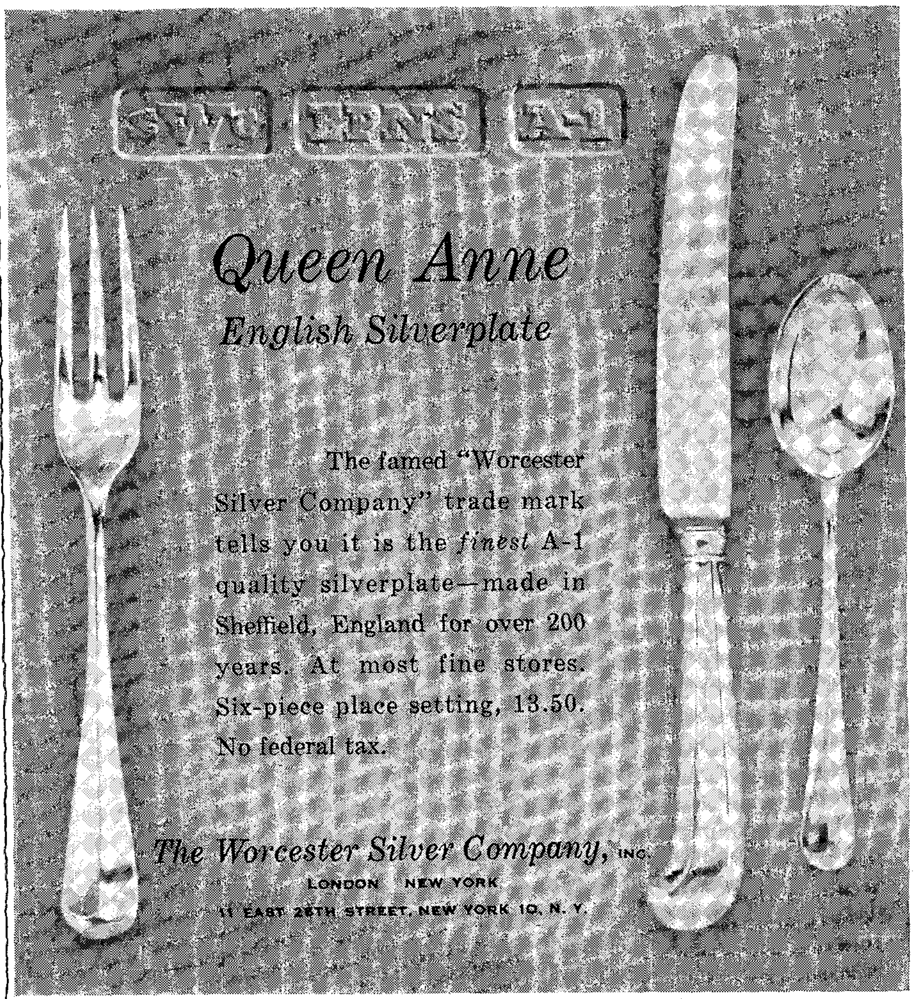
At the end of the hallway was the kitchen—a white-tiled, rectangular room, twenty-five feet by thirteen, with sawdust on the floor. Iron and copper pots, blackened by decades of daily use, were suspended from hooks in the ceiling, and in the center of the room, dominating everything else, was the big coal range. On it a few more blackened pots were bubbling away, but otherwise, although dinner was then being served and waiters kept coming in to give orders and pick up loaded trays, there was little evidence of food being prepared—always a sign of experienced help and good organization.

Topolinski introduced us to Charles Delorme, his *chef de cuisine*, and to Fernand Poisson, Delorme's deputy. These two men, with only four assistants, stand ready to fill the orders of as many as seventy-five guests at lunch and seventy-five at dinner, but the proprietor prefers to serve no more than sixty-five at either meal and to keep the daily total down to around a hundred. Delorme, a quiet, meditative middle-aged man who has been with Lapérouse for thirty years, comes from Charolles, the famous red-meat district in the Département de Saône-et-Loire. At the moment, he was pouring a sauce over an order of *escalopes de foie gras*. "A simple, delicious dish," Topolinski said, watching him. "Studded with raw truffles, seasoned, and sautéed in clarified butter. That sauce is M. Delorme's secret, but I suspect there's a little port in it." He swallowed hard, and added, "I'm getting hungry."

"*Le patron* is our best customer," Poisson told me. "He used to work in this kitchen himself."

"In my opinion, no restaurateur should be his own chef," Topolinski said. "Too much running back and forth, from the kitchen to out front. No time to concentrate. And what happens when he gets sick or wants to take a few days off? He must close the place. We can't afford that. We're closed only eight days a year—Sundays during July and August."

BACK in the little lobby, Topolinski filled our glasses again and announced that while my friend and I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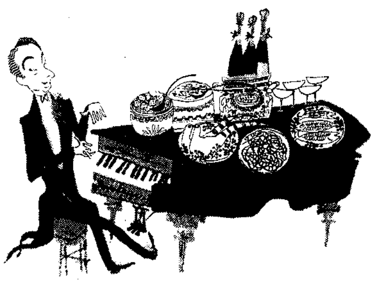

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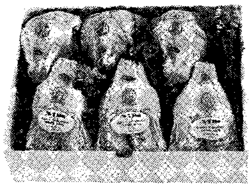

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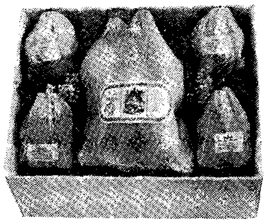

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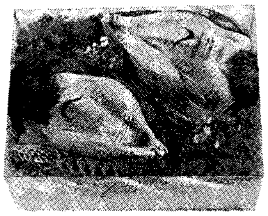

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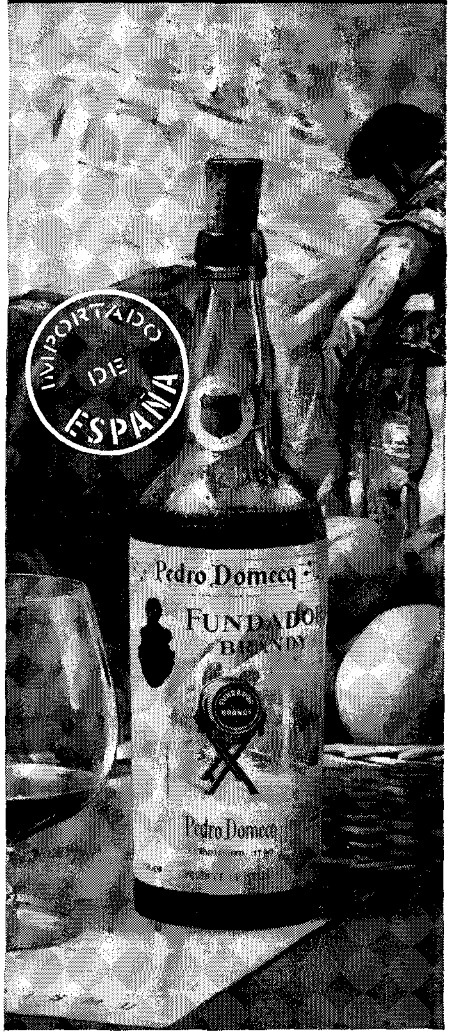

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may have had the notion of dining together, he had a better plan; we would dine with him. For one thing, he said, he didn't like to eat alone, and, for another, our company would give him an excuse for not dieting that night. "My daughter Marie-Jose will be along in a minute to take over the cash drawer, and then we are free," he said. "Let me fill your glasses while we wait."

"By the way, Topo," said my friend, "the last time I was here, you said you were going over to the *mairie* to look up the early history of this place. Any luck?"

"Not much," said Topolinski. "It seems that the building was once the residence of the Marquis de Bruillevert, who were Maîtres des Eaux et des Forêts under Louis XV. Next door, across the street, was the Monastery of the Grands-Augustins, but it was later torn down, and the site became the city's poultry market. At about the same time, a tavern was opened in this building, to pick up the trade of the poultry dealers, who would stop in here at around six in the morning for breakfast—a glass of white wine. Then, in 1768, the tavern-keeper, a M. Lefèvre, turned the place into a restaurant. Nearly a hundred years later, in 1850, it was taken over by Jules Louis Lapérouse, who was a well-known restaurateur of the day. He gave the place its name, though some people have the impression that it was named after Jean-François de Galaup, Comte de La Pérouse, an eighteenth-century French naval commander. No doubt you noticed the sign hanging outside—a man in white satin trousers with a wine bottle in his hand and a sailing vessel in the background. Maybe the man *is* the old commander, but I've no idea how the sign came to be hung there. All I do know is that the restaurant was named for Louis Lapérouse. Well, anyway, after Louis Lapérouse died the place was owned first by a man named Carish and later by a man named Lasson. Then Ferdinand Lacrose, my maternal grandfather, became its proprietor, and he was succeeded by my father, Marius Topolinski. The Topolinskis migrated from Poland to the Haute-Savoie toward the end of the eighteenth century. Our family cemetery is still in Saint-Julien-en-Genevois, in the mountains near Geneva. The family seems to have always had a talent for cooking and running restaurants. An uncle of mine, Louis Lavernoile, used to be in charge of Foyot—one of the most famous restaurants in Paris, you know, up

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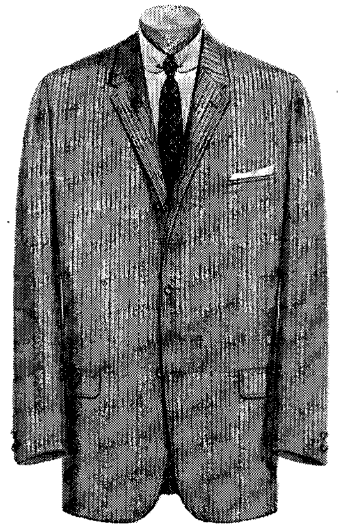
until it closed, in 1935. At one time, he had a young *saucier* in his kitchen named Fernand Point, who later ran the Pyramide, in Vienne, and became the greatest practitioner of *la grande cuisine* of our generation. Foyot was operated on an expense-be-damned policy, and when the depression hit France, that was that. Lapérouse never splurged that way. As a matter of fact, Lapérouse wasn't a well-known restaurant until my grandfather put it on the map. Grandfather was a huge man with a huge beard and a huge appetite."

"Just like his grandson," said my English friend.

"Well, I like to think so," Topolinski said. "Grandfather was a great chef, and invented some of our most successful recipes. He started out here with a tiny kitchen—*un peu de vin blanc, un peu de vin rouge, tout doucement*—and before he knew it he had so many customers that he had to expand. In the late nineties, he used to play cards with French President François-Félix Faure upstairs in the Salon des Singes. And my father was a great chef, too. For forty years he was a member of the Académie Culinaire and vice-president of the Cuisiniers de Paris. In 1924, he died suddenly, and my mother followed him three years later. And there I was, barely twenty, trying to run one of the great restaurants of Paris, fighting hard to stay on top in one of the most viciously competitive businesses in France."

Topolinski lapsed into a bleak silence, but it was soon broken by the arrival of a group of guests, whom he greeted and led to the spiral staircase. "*Le cinq, Salon Doré!*" he called out to someone on the floor above. When he rejoined us, he had brightened. "I'll let you in on a secret," he told us. "I was born on the Right Bank." Experimenting with English, he said "Very shock*ing*, yes? No?" and then continued, in French, "Place Voltaire, in the Eleventh Arrondissement, on May 11, 1905. But I practically grew up here in this house. I remember sliding around and around down the railing of that staircase over there when I was a little boy. I went to school at Les Francs Bourgeois, the Collège Stanislas, and the Lycée Henri IV, and started work as an apprentice at Foyot, where my uncle showed me the ropes. I began in the kitchen and later became a *commis* and a waiter, so at least I had a pretty good idea of what is was all about when I became *patron* of Lapérouse after my father's death. I'd been studying the violin quite seriously, and there



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RICH OXTAIL SOUP

GENERAL FOODS

GENERAL FOODS GOURMET FOODS

GOURMET FOODS

White Plains, New York

was a time while I was at Foyot when I thought of becoming a violin virtuoso. But then my father took me in hand. Maybe he was right. At least, the average restaurateur eats better than the average violinist. But he also has a much greater variety of worries. Running a restaurant in France these days is just one headache after another. Food, salaries, taxes, and social-security assessments are going up all the time, but we can't keep charging our customers more or we'll price ourselves out of business. Our social-security payments alone, for the thirty employees on our permanent staff, come to over half a million francs a month [about twelve hundred and fifty dollars], and that's almost half as much as our total payroll. And if running a restaurant anywhere in France is difficult, in Paris it's the next thing to impossible. Out in the provinces, they rely on a few regional dishes and a few *spécialités de la maison*. Furthermore, *they* tell *you* what to eat. They confront you with a menu, and you can take it or leave it. People on the road start thinking about dinner when they're still miles away from it, and by the time they arrive they're really hungry. A take-it-or-leave-it menu looks wonderful. But here in Paris we must have a little of everything on our menu, in addition to our specialties. Not only that, but we must be ready to prepare any other dish, within reason, that a guest may take it into his head to order. On the other hand, our guests haven't always got food on their minds when they arrive. People rush over here in the middle of a busy day and go right on talking business all through lunch. Or maybe they just try to rush, and then get stuck in traffic. In any case, when they get here they're still in a hurry. They want a fine meal and they want it right away. Of course, it can't be done. It puts us in an impossible situation."

Topolinski set his glass down with an angry bang. It looked to me like an onset of Polish temperament. "Lapérouse is not a snack bar!" he shouted, pounding the counter with his fist. "And it's not a food factory, either!" He rose, walked over to a window, and gazed for a while at the lights of the Cité. Then he came back and said, "I'm sorry. Sometimes, as you see, I lose patience. We try our best here, but it's far from easy. We want to stay the way we are, and not get bigger. The difficulty is how to feed a hundred guests a day the kind of food they've come to expect of us at prices that won't scare them away. *And* at the same

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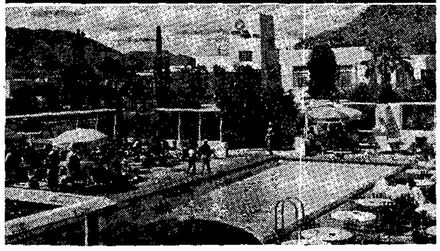

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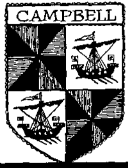

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time pay thirty employees and meet all our other expenses, and still clear enough profit to get by on. It's a tough nut to crack. And then, when our customers demand that we speed up in the kitchen, it sometimes seems more than we can take."

A maître d'hôtel came down the stairs carrying two or three sheets of paper scrawled with columns of figures, and handed them to Topolinski, who excused himself while he scanned them. When he had finished, he tucked them into his cash drawer, and went on, "Lapérouse has always been run on a family basis, and no matter what happens, I intend to keep it that way. I know the worries and hopes and problems of all my employees. They call me '*Patron*' and I call every one of them '*Monsieur*.' We maintain a code of respectful formality. When they're in trouble, I'm the one they turn to. No restaurant can be better than the people who work for it. The members of our staff are artists, so naturally quite a few of them are temperamental. Well, it's my job to keep them working together in harmony for the success of the restaurant. I think of Lapérouse as a symphony orchestra and of myself as its conductor. Ah, but did you ever hear of any symphony orchestra that could give two flawless performances every day, week after week, year after year? Suppose M. Delorme, our concertmaster, comes down with a cold? Suppose the oboist, M. Rigal, has a touch of liver? What then? I ask you, what then?" All at once, he subsided, and said calmly, "Things are bound to go wrong once in a while in any organization. It's inevitable." Then he blew up again. "The times are against us!" he shouted. "How long can we go on? Some people say that we will be the last of our kind. *Après—fini!* Canned food! Buffets! Snack bars! Meals compressed into pills!"

A TYPICAL representative of Topolinski's staff served us that night in the Salon La Fontaine, a private dining room for four or six, to which our host escorted us after Marie-Jose had taken over at the cash drawer. His name was Léon Giroux, he was sixty-eight, and he had been working at Lapérouse since September, 1909. The Salon La Fontaine was somewhat older. A musty chamber with dark-red plush draperies and cream-colored tulle curtains, it had on one wall an ancient mirror, on whose surface many generations of diners, using the diamonds in their rings, had scratched heart-encir-

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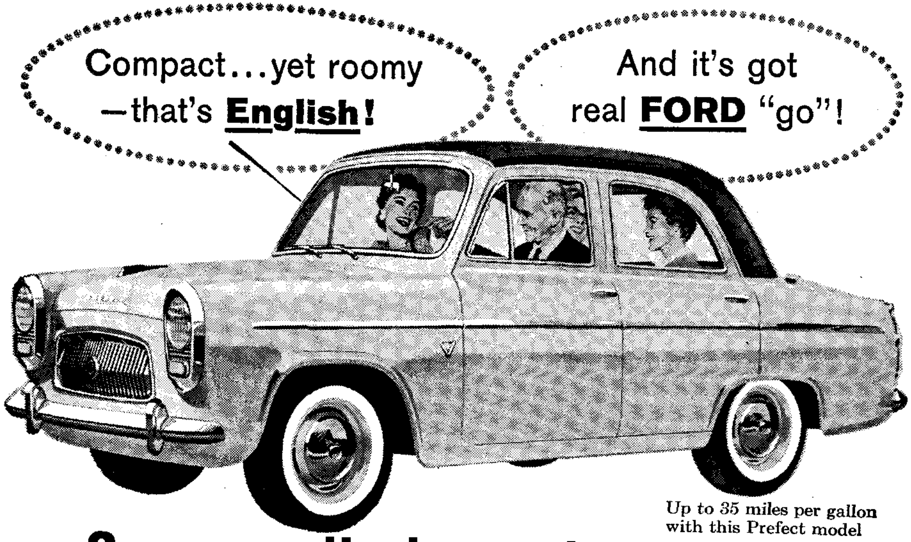
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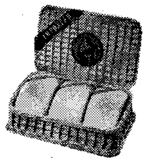

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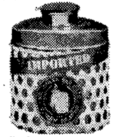

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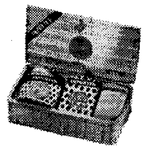

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cled pairs of initials. (This form of romantic art puts a considerable strain upon a ring's setting, a fact that was demonstrated a few years ago when artisans repairing another old mirror at Lapérouse found a few small diamonds lodged between the glass and the base of its frame.)

Our order was taken by Raymond Soreau, Topolinski's second-in-command, who acquired twenty years' experience as a cook—for a while he worked as *chef rôtisseur* under Henri Soulé at the French Pavilion at the New York World's Fair—before moving out to the dining room. "How about starting out with the *timbale* Lapérouse?" Soreau suggested, in a suave, maître-d'hôtel manner. "Lobster American style, that is, with poached fillets of sole and *quenelles de brochet*—a beautiful two-color creation."

"No," said Topolinski. "We're going to have something neither of you has ever had here before. Sole à la Nage. A perfect dinner dish—both light and delicious. First, though, we'll have a little *foie gras en gelée de rubis*. Braised in Madeira, truffled, cold. Ah! Ah! Ah! And afterward an *entrecôte* Lapérouse. For wine, to begin with, a Meursault Cuvée Goureau '54."

Soreau went off scribbling on his pad, and the sommelier brought the wine.

"I buy most of my wines myself," Topolinski said as he watched the sommelier draw the cork.

"Our list is especially strong in the field of white Burgundies, because the *patron* likes them," the sommelier remarked.

Twice a year, Topolinski said, he visits the vineyards of Burgundy and Bordeaux and brings back samples of wines that he considers promising. "I prefer to taste the wines right here—where people are going to drink them—before I make my final decisions about what to buy," he explained. In the old days, he used to get over to Les Halles by seven o'clock every morning to buy the day's supply of provisions for his restaurant—meat, sea food, vegetables, and dairy products—but since the war he has had middlemen deliver whatever he needs directly to the kitchen; he pays them a premium to make sure he gets the best, and reserves the right to return anything that fails to come up to his exacting standards. "Much more convenient," he said. "And it allows me to devote a little more time to my outside interests. But even so my job keeps me pretty busy. I usually arrive here shortly after noon, stay until around four, return at seven, and

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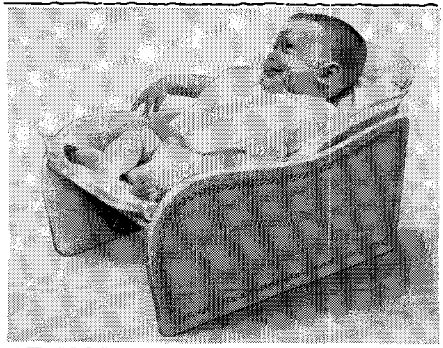

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never leave before midnight—sometimes not until two in the morning. Seven nights a week, I'm the one who closes up the place. I don't get a chance to see nearly as much of my wife and children as I'd like to."

I was rather surprised to learn that Topolinski doesn't own the building in which his restaurant is housed but merely rents whatever space he needs in it; this used to include an upstairs apartment, where he and his family made their home, but he now lives in another apartment in the neighborhood. He told us, with pride, that his three children—Michel, twenty-nine; Françoise, twenty-seven; and Marie-Jose, twenty-six—are all engaged in the restaurant business and are capable of carrying on in the Topolinski tradition. In 1955, Marie-Jose, to broaden her range of experience, got a job in New York as secretary to the vice-president in charge of catering at the Waldorf-Astoria. "She found it all a little overwhelming, by Paris standards," her father said. Topolinski's children are by his first wife, who died a few years ago. He has since married a handsome woman of Lorraine and Scottish ancestry, named Violette Davrainville. "Violette's maternal grandfather was a Mackenzie of Edinburgh, but she was born less than a hundred paces from here—in the large building on the quay that belongs to the French Mint," Topolinski said. "That's not as odd a place to be born as it may sound, since her father was the Director of the Mint."

By this time, the *foie gras en gelée* had arrived, and I must say it thoroughly justified Topolinski's prefatory "Ah"s. Now the ancient Giroux, flanked by two assistants, brought in the sole à la Nage, and it, too, proved to be of extraordinary delicacy, consisting of fillets of sole poached in Chablis with butter and finely sliced carrots and shallots and covered with a sauce so good that I instantly recognized the glorious necessity of the sauce spoon. I went to work with mine, and, thanks to its extremely shallow draft, I was able to salvage almost every drop. When I had finished, I looked up and saw Topolinski regarding me with the contented air of a man who has made a contribution, however small, to the art of civilized living.

While the table was being made ready for the next course, the sommelier handed Topolinski another bottle of wine. He sampled it and nodded, and the sommelier filled our glasses. "Saint-Emilion, Cuvée du Prieuré du Chapitre '50," Topolinski said. "I came across

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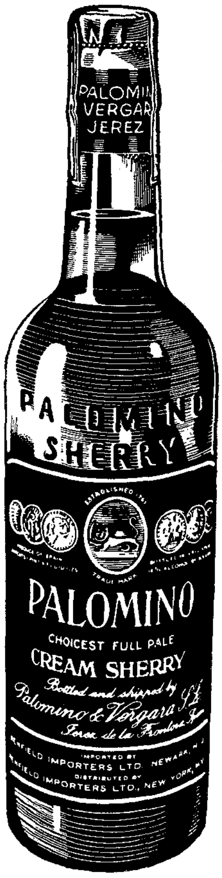

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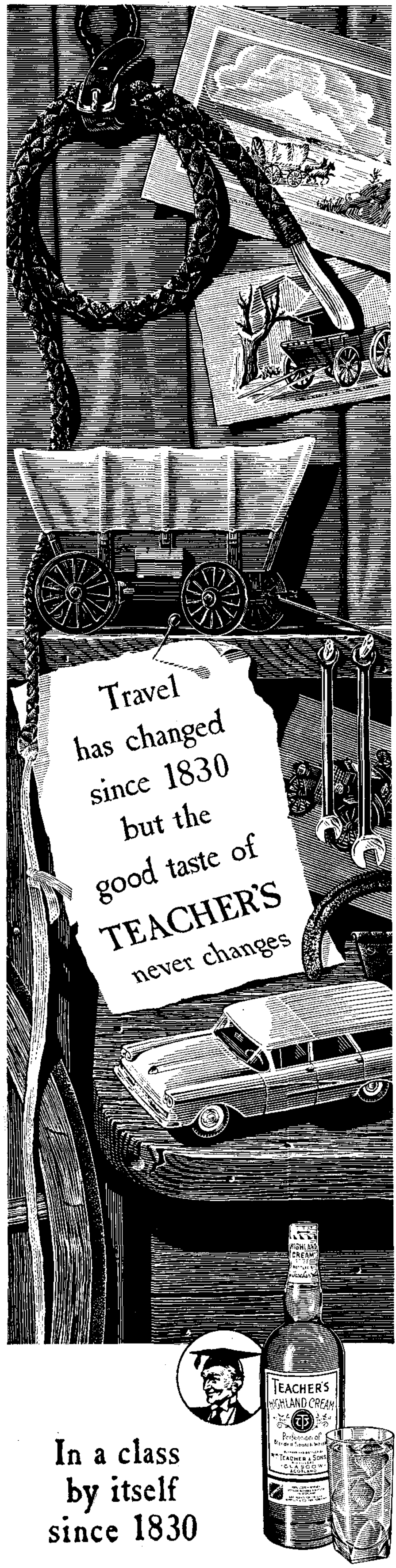
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it on my last trip down there." Presently, Giroux and his two aides returned and set the *entrecôte* Lapérouse before us—a superb dish, beautifully prepared, and again the sauce was a masterpiece. I wouldn't be surprised if no one ate better that night on the Left Bank of Paris, or, for that matter, on the Right Bank, and I said as much to Topolinski. His only response was an order. "Use your sauce spoon," he said.

The *entrecôte* was accompanied by another Lapérouse specialty, *pommes de terre à la crème*. "I love potatoes—mashed, boiled, *à la boulangère*, *château*, *soufflées*, *gratinées*," Topolinski said dreamily. "Ah, the things M. Delorme can do with potatoes!"

"I'd scarcely call potatoes a reducing dish, Topo," my friend said.

This brought on another gloomy spell, and Topolinski called on us to witness his vow to do something stringent about dieting, "starting tomorrow." His spirits soon revived, though, when something reminded him of an evening when he was working as a Lapérouse *commis*. "I remember the occasion distinctly, because the next morning I had to report for military service," he said. "We had a reservation for a big dinner party that night, and the guests were to be served twelve orders of Caneton de Colette. That's roast duckling, very underdone—only twenty-five minutes in the oven—with a sauce made from the pressed carcass and liver, port, and a *fine champagne*. Well, I was in charge of the duck press, and I suppose that the prospect of becoming a soldier the next day made me reckless. Anyway, instead of pressing the twelve carcasses, which would have been hard work, I took a single whole duckling and pressed *it*. The guests all claimed that the sauce was the best they'd ever tasted at Lapérouse. I imagine it was also the most expensive. But I was young and foolish, as they say." He stared thoughtfully into his wineglass, then raised it and exclaimed, in German, "*Lapérouse immer jung!*"

"*Immer jung!*" my friend and I chorused.

"That sole we had tonight was one of my father's creations," Topolinski said. "It was the favorite dish of the late King Gustaf the Fifth of Sweden. We served it to him during his final visit to Paris—back in 1950, I think it was. He couldn't come to Lapérouse, so Lapérouse went to him. We took a whole meal to his private railroad car at the Gare du Nord and served it there. And sole à la Nage was the last dish we ever served our friend Maurice-

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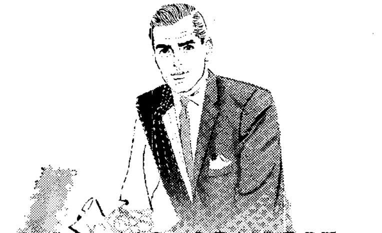

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Edmond Sailland, whom you may recall better under his journalistic nom de plume of Curnonsky, and who was also known as Prince des Gastronomes. He was eighty-one at the time, and he ate with a heartier appetite than most young people do. I dedicated a poem to that great defender of the French cuisine." And Topolinski leaned back and recited:

> "Dieu, que le réel est charmant!
> O Prince d'octante-et-un ans,
> J'incline bien bas ma barbouse—
> Ça se passe chez Lapérouse."

"Oh, very well put," my friend said. "Topo, old man, is it possible that there's another drop in that bottle?"

To top off our meal, we had an excellent Brie and, with it, a bottle of Vosne-Romanée '47, and Topolinski, having exhausted the subject of sole, turned to that of old violins. He had a moderately old one himself, he said, as well as a viola, and when I expressed interest in it he told the waiter to bring down his instrument case and the sommelier to bring up a good Bordeaux. "After you've passed the age of forty-six, it is prudent to stick to the lighter Bordeaux," he warned us gravely. Again he patted the trouble spot on the right side of his abdomen.

The sommelier brought up a magnum of Château Bouscaut '47 and, for good measure, one of Roederer champagne of the same vintage, and the waiter brought down the instrument case, in which were a Claude Victor Rambaux 1855 viola and a violin made in 1898 by the Parisian master Gustave Bernardel. During our conversation about violins, I had remarked that I had an old one myself, and now Topolinski insisted that he and I play a duet. There is a fairly extensive literature of duets for violin and viola—arrangements of works by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, among many others—but Topolinski said that the only ones he had were some by Antonio Bartolommeo Bruni, an eighteenth-century Italian composer, and he sent Giroux ambling off to fetch the music. While Giroux was gone, we tried the Bordeaux for taste and the instruments for sound. The music arrived, and, for lack of music stands, Topolinski propped the viola part of the first duet against the magnum of champagne and I propped the violin part against the now almost empty magnum of Bordeaux. Then we settled down to business. We brought off the first movement of the composition with immense enthusiasm and a modicum of finesse, and after the second movement there was even some scat-

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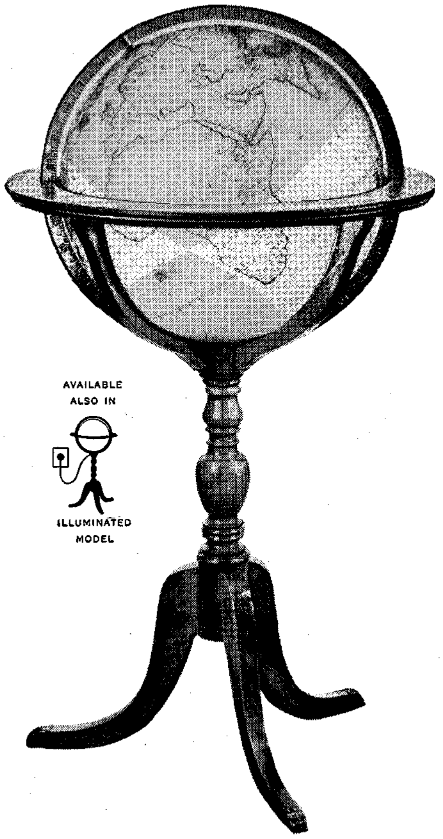

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tered applause from the corridor outside, where several members of the staff had congregated, but we broke down in the third movement, a fast one, and Topolinski put aside his viola, exclaiming, "*Ah, notre Bruni, il est un peu* hot!" So, by this time, was the champagne, which caused Topolinski to rail against "the eternal problem" of what he conservatively called "the second bottle of wine." As he said, it is "always either too warm, because it is opened prematurely, or too cold, because it is not brought up soon enough from the cellar."

The Salon La Fontaine was quite crowded now, for Mme. Topolinski had arrived to fetch her husband, Marie-Jose had come up after finishing her stint at the cash drawer, and Soreau had been invited to join us for a glass of the warm champagne. Topolinski said the newcomers were entitled to some music, so, Bruni having let us down, we played from memory a string quartet that we discovered we were both very fond of—Beethoven's Opus 59, No. 1. Topolinski played the viola part and sang the cello part—"da-da-da-da daah"—and I played the first-violin part. Nobody tried to sing or do anything else about the second-violin part, which was probably all for the best.

It was long past midnight when my friend and I took our leave. Topolinski accompanied us to the lobby, and there, at his urging, we had a glass of vichy water with him. Then, cheered by his assurances that our digestions were now in tiptop shape, we stepped out into the cool, damp night air drifting up from the Seine. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

His criminal record that included burglary resulted in his being classified as an alien not having good moral turpitude.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

PORTER, IND.—A bird was blamed for the death of Glenn L. Adams, 52 years old. He died of gas fumes while taking a bath.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

He Who Pays the Piper

ONE of the most striking developments in contemporary music over the past thirty years or so has been the emergence of something that might be called "foundation music"—music, that is, that has no meaning for audiences, and is not, in fact, designed to have any such meaning, but, on the contrary, has as its sole purpose the winning of prizes, scholarships, and grants-in-aid dispensed by various worthy and wealthy organizations. It is not a difficult phenomenon to account for, since it is obviously based on laws of economics. The young composer, except in rare instances, does not any longer look to the public as his chief means of support, and therefore cares very little whether it likes his music or not. He looks instead to the foundation—be it the Guggenheim, the Fromm, the Koussevitzky, or one of the others active in this field—and composes the kind of music that he thinks the foundation will approve of. Since the juries of advisers employed by the foundations usually consist—unfortunately, I think—of fellow-composers, he finds himself in the position of composing to suit the taste of his more powerful colleagues, with the result that his music is likely to be an academic exercise in technique, aimed at impressing other professional technicians, and to be devoid of any interest for the people who go to hear it performed.

Foundation music tends to be fashionable in style, containing all the latest tricks of angular thematic construction and atonal harmony of the kind ordinarily approved by the foundation's jurors. Keeping in line with so much composing during the past generation, it deftly steers clear of emotional meaning, because to convey such meaning might conceivably entail nineteenth-century clichés or other familiar trademarks of traditional musical thought, and these things are, of course, taboo among those who award the fellowships. When a bit of foundation music is included in a symphonic program, the audience usually bears its momentary burden with tolerance and good grace, and gives the young composer a tepid round of applause. But it is obvious that nobody has undergone any-

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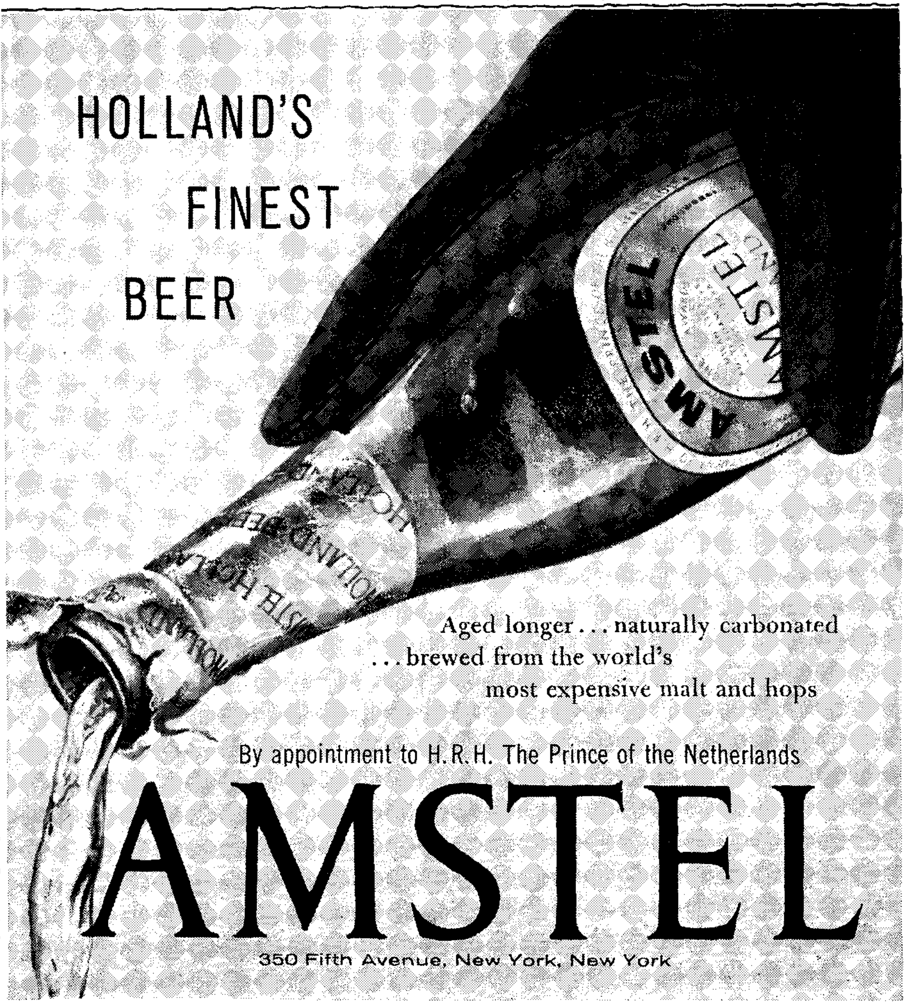

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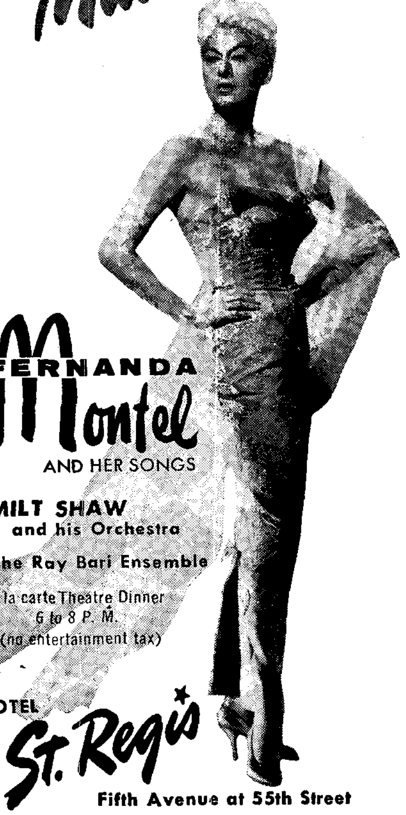
thing in the way of a genuine musical experience; the audience has simply done its duty (after all, there should be young composers, and one should, one supposes, encourage them, no matter what they write), and the whole social spectacle has an air of tedium, for, whatever foundation music may be from the technical standpoint, it is almost invariably monotonous, predictable, unoriginal, and uninspired.

When I read, in the announcements of the Boston Symphony's concert in Carnegie Hall last week, that a new symphony by Easley Blackwood was to be performed, and that Mr. Blackwood, a young American, had been studying with Nadia Boulanger, in Paris, I suspected that I was in for another dose of foundation music, since no other pedagogue in the world is quite as expert in coaching young composers in the foundation style as Mme. Boulanger. I was not mistaken. Mr. Blackwood's composition—his Symphony No. 1—turned out to be a perfect example of the species. He is an accomplished orchestrator, who knows how to set a couple of muted trumpets off against the strings, and how to provide the kettledrums with a thumping *ostinato* or two, but otherwise his symphony follows the customary pattern, carefully and fashionably avoiding any traditional musical meaning, and giving its audience nothing to hang on to except a few intricate technical devices and a succession of impressionistic sound effects. I was unable to discern from this work whether Mr. Blackwood has any real musical talent. Certainly the work showed no understanding whatever of the organic, propulsive continuity and the melodic eloquence that a good symphony must have. Mr. Blackwood is only twenty-five, and may perhaps someday forget his *boulangerie*, abandon the foundation style, and tackle the more serious problems of the symphonic form. But I cannot help thinking that he is off to a very bad start. The performance that the orchestra, under Charles Munch, gave the symphony was painstaking and, no doubt, as faithful to the composer's intentions as possible.

HERBERT VON KARAJAN took over the conductorship of the Philharmonic last week, introducing certain agreeable elements of suavity and poise into the playing of that much-guest-conducted ensemble. The program he presented on Friday afternoon was quite conventional by present-day standards, consisting, as it did, of Anton Webern's Five Movements for String Orchestra,



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Op. 5, Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, and Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," and thus one's interest tended to focus on the quality of Mr. von Karajan's interpretations rather than on the music itself. I have been listening to "Jupiter" Symphonies for something like forty years, and it is unlikely that any new performance of the work will ever reveal to me anything I haven't heard before, except for minor variations in a conductor's personal approach to it. Its finest interpreters, in my experience, have been Toscanini and Beecham, though there have been many other very good ones, including such renowned maestros as Mengelberg, Klemperer, and Koussevitzky. Mr. von Karajan's version of it was very much his own—elegant, well proportioned, and extremely refined—and I, for one, found it quite satisfying, and comparable to the better performances of the past. His "Ein Heldenleben" was equally refined; indeed, it was refined almost to a fault, for I missed in it the robustness and *brio* that this particular score demands. Still, there was a great deal to be said for the lucidity and polish with which he conducted it.

In regard to the Webern work, "interpretation" is an almost irrelevant term, since, like all Webern's compositions, it occupies a place entirely outside the main line of musical tradition, and demands only a meticulous reproduction of the curious, subtle, and rather disconnected aural adventures that the composer has indicated in his score. Its ideal interpreter would be some sort of impersonal and highly accurate mechanical device, possibly a Univac. I am not an unrestrained Webern admirer, and though his music is today enjoying a considerable vogue, I find that a little of it goes a long way, and that it does not survive frequent repetition very well. If I have to listen to it, however, I like to take it straight, and Mr. von Karajan's version of the Five Movements proved to be a bit too affectionate and romantic—too much of an "interpretation," that is—for my taste.

—Winthrop Sargeant

•

POPULAR RECORDS

Takeoffs

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abandoned his musical career a decade ago. There are a dozen numbers, all the work of one Irving Taylor, who may prove a more serious threat to Tin Pan Alley than rock 'n' roll could ever be. Mr. Taylor's natural enemy is the sentimental song, in its many guises and in its various hackneyed interpretations. For example, a sweepingly romantic ballad entitled "Myrtle" recalls not only a couple of moon-struck standards but a couple of fruity-voiced baritones who sing a little better—not much, just a little—than the artist heard here. A jaunty, lunatic duet called "I'll Never Forget Those Unforgettable Never to Be Forgotten Memories" provides a reminder of countless silly songs and countless boy-girl vocal combinations, while "Anywhere on Earth," an impassioned declaration of constancy, is delivered in the blurry style affected by some of our more successful crooners. The funniest thing on the record is probably "Pachalafaka," an inspired caricature of the popular song based on some foreign term of endearment. (This time, Turkey furnishes the catchword.) Although the lyrics would seem to be all-important in comic songs, the really good ones I can remember have gained their ultimate effect by melodic means, and I must say that Mr. Taylor invariably supports his lyrical notions with apt music. "We Did the Samba in Shamokin" could be accepted as an engagingly rhythmic Latin-American shakedown if it weren't for the squalling female trio that sings it, and "I'm Filled with That Empty Feeling" could pass for a dreamy beguine if it weren't for the burden of the contralto's song. A fine company of singers and instrumentalists, capable of all sorts of musical excesses, has been assembled to do the dirty work.

VICTOR's new "Damn Yankees" recording (the same firm put out the original-cast recording of the Broadway show a few years back) offers the musical sound track from the current film of that name. Although, happily, Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and some of the ballplayers from the stage production are on hand to line out some of the better Richard Adler-Jerry Ross pieces, the score has been tampered with, and the results are unfortunate. As you may recall, "Damn Yankees" was effective only in its broadly comic musical utterances, the sentimental numbers having been mere maudlin extravagances, with the possible exception of a halfway pretty ballad called "Near to You"—and that one is missing here. In this

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new job, one of the niftiest of the comedy songs, "The Game," is heard only as part of the overture (the screenwriter no doubt despaired of toning down its racy language), and Mr. Adler, whose partner died during the run of the show, has set out a fresh piece of taffy, called "There's Something About an Empty Chair," to take the place of "A Man Doesn't Know What He Has Until He Loses It." Moreover, "Whatever Lola Wants," Miss Verdon's dashing tango of seduction, turns up first as a throbbing instrumental more suitable to some mood-music album than to a musical-comedy run-through. What we have left are Miss Verdon's saucy renderings of "Whatever Lola Wants" and "A Little Brains, a Little Talent" (among other changes in the lyrics of the latter, "zambola" has been mysteriously substituted for "boffola" in the verse that originally went "Bring on that boy,/He'll be a toy to Lola;/Just one more case/She can erase/With that old boffola"); Mr. Walston chuckling his way evilly through "Those Were the Good Old Days;" the ballplayers' quartet giving a raucous account of "You've Got to Have Heart;" and a few other items, including the "Two Lost Souls" duet, in which Miss Verdon, who had Stephen Douglass by her side the first time out, now has Tab Hunter tagging along. Well, that's baseball.

LATELY, as usual, I have been confronted with a good many long-playing records devoted to the efforts of female singers, but, also as usual, I have been taken with only a few. Lena Horne, who seems to improve with the years, presents a varied recital to excellent effect on a Victor release called "Give the Lady What She Wants." Supported by fine band arrangements, most of them Ralph Burns', she brings all her considerable vocal art to bear on the Vernon Duke-John Latouche "Honey in the Honeycomb," "You'd Better Know It" (this was just about the only thing worth salvaging from last year's Duke Ellington hodgepodge "A Drum Is a Woman"), Herman Hupfeld's "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep," and a number of show tunes. Another singer I liked is Bernadine Read, who can be heard on an Epic record entitled "Bernadine." She has done quite a bit of singing on television, it seems, but this was my first encounter with her, and it was a pleasant surprise to discover a girl vocalist with an honest-to-goodness voice that is flexible, attractive, and graced by

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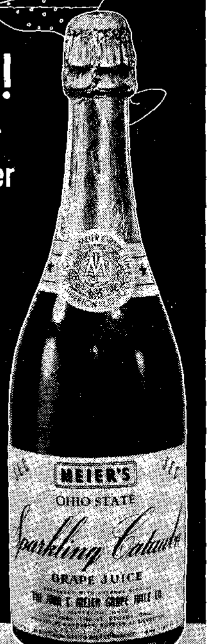

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impeccable phrasing. Generally speaking, her selections on the record, ably arranged and conducted by Nick Perito, are good, one exception being an amateurish bit called "Best of All." Right at the start, I was delighted to hear Miss Read sail through several choruses of a breezy Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz creation, "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," that isn't heard very often.

NOW for a brief mention of some other new long-playing recordings that may be of interest:

THEY SOLD . . . 20 MILLION!—With twelve vocalists re-creating performances of popular songs that became hits back in the days of the 78-r.p.m. single, this production comes perilously close to resembling the "Terribly Sophisticated Songs." For those who can conveniently overlook that aspect of the record, however, there may be a certain fascination, necrophilic or not, in once again hearing Jack Leonard and a few male supporters deliver the swingy version of "Marie;" Donald Novis's tenor floating through "Sweet and Lovely;" Martha Tilton and some vivacious trumpet work getting off "And the Angels Sing;" Skinnay Ennis in a quivering rendition of both choruses of "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan;" Helen Forrest declaring "I Don't Want to Walk Without You;" and so on. I don't know; you might reasonably flee from the whole enterprise, but I found a good deal of it enjoyable. (*Warner Brothers*)

THEATRE PARTY—André Kostelanetz and his orchestra. These medleys of tunes from four old shows ("Anything Goes," "Music in the Air," "The Count of Luxembourg," and "The Merry Widow") make up one of the more satisfying of the recent Kostelanetz releases. The arrangemenst, some of which sound familiar, are imaginative, and the playing is superior. (*Columbia*)

POLITELY!—Keely Smith, with Billy May's orchestra. Miss Smith sings old standards with enthusiasm and skill, and Mr. May, who also supplied the arrangements, lends adequate support. (*Capitol*)

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

As has been already observed by the late Lord Keynes, the Americans are prone to have uniform opinions and thus are more capable of being led by economic wizards. Thus, when Mr. Eisenhower advised them that in order to overcome recession they should buy (he did not say what), they started demonstrations in favour of more buying and in a few cases people were forced by terror to buy.—*Economic Bulletin, National Bank of Egypt.*

Hysterical women bought terrifying lampshades; a wave of frightfulness swept the notions counters; stocks rose steadily.

•

MOAB, UTAH, Oct. 23.—(UPI)—A stray rifle bullet, apparently fired by a deer hunter, missed hitting movie stars Henry Fonda and Delores Michaels by only seven feet Wednesday, officials of Twentieth-Century Fox studios said.

—*Denver (Colo.) Post.*

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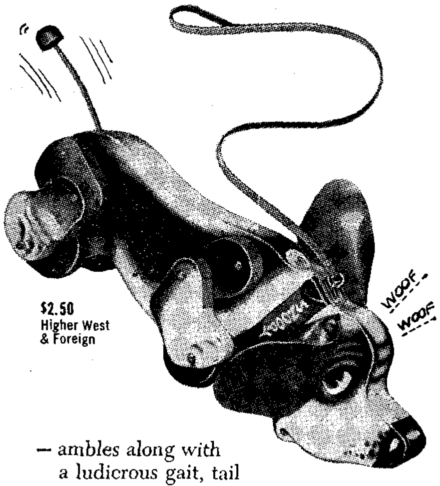

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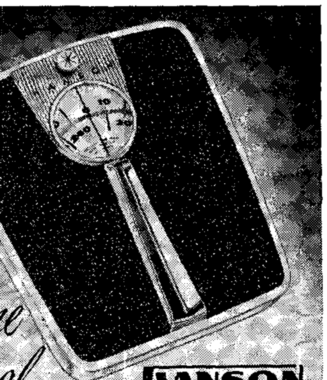

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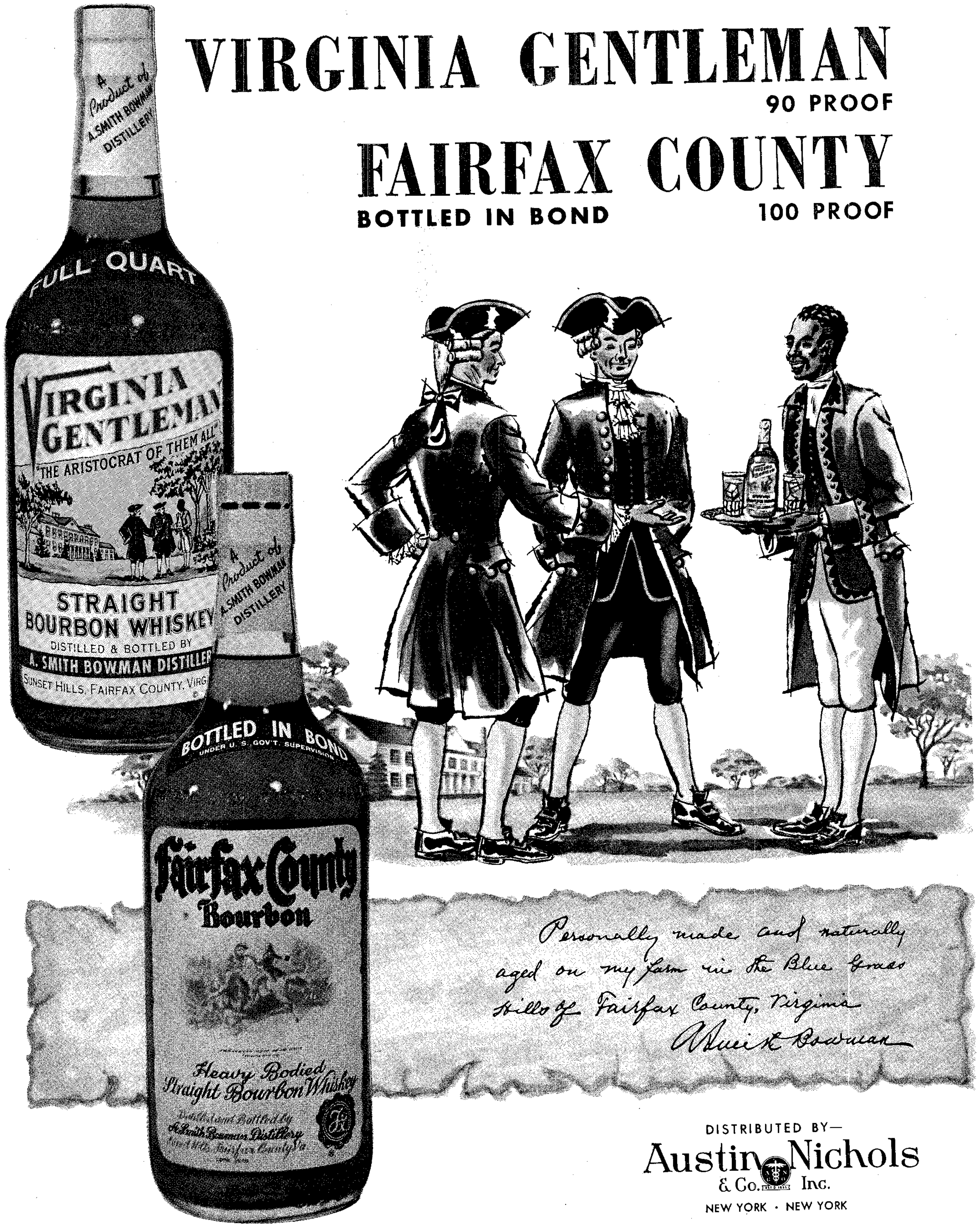
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THE LITTLE DRESSMAKERS OF VICENZA

I HAVE two daughters, and they live, as is natural, with my wife and me in our house here in America. One is almost six and the other is just three. Their names are Linda Lucia and Susi, and they seem quite perfect to me, but my sister and aunt, who live in Vicenza, know that there is a feminine vanity even in these perfect children. And so they enjoy sending them, from time to time, dresses, smocks, aprons, slippers, or other little things made according to the European taste, which have not only the special grace that seems to be an Italian prerogative but also, in my daughters' eyes, the merit of being different.

The other day, for example, a little package came from Italy containing two pinafore aprons of blue-and-white checked cotton. And though these were play dresses of little cost, made from quite ordinary gingham, they had the immeasurable distinction of having been cut and sewn, buttonholes and all, entirely by hand. They were adorned, moreover, with a border of blue, white, and red flowers, which gave rise in me, as soon as I saw them, to a cloud of images, as if the old trunks and cedar chests of my deceased mother had suddenly been opened and all the odds and ends they contained poured out before me. And I thought of my mother, and of the phalanx of little dressmakers and seamstresses who once passed through our house and did her bidding.

My girls, like all girls, insisted on wearing their new pinafores immediately, and they went out to play in the yard, on the swings that hang under our old, enormous oak tree. There's a swing for Linda Lucia and a lower one for Susi, and usually the girls swing themselves; but when they see me, or know that I'm around in the yard someplace, cutting or planting or watering, then they clamor to be pushed—"Push me, Papa! Push me!"—and they don't let up until I do.

THAT day, they saw me watching them from the door, so I had to push them, and as their blue-checked dresses with the gay floral borders flew through the air, I thought of old Rosanna, in Vicenza, who I knew had made them. And also through my thoughts there ran another floral border—a wide one, of faded green silk embroidered with field flowers and leaves, that had trimmed the sleeves and hem of the raw-silk dress my mother wore to be photographed with me on the occasion of my second birthday.

It was a masterpiece, that delicate border of silk. My mother kept it rolled up in tissue paper and spikes of lavender in the bottom of a deep trunk long after the dress it had trimmed was worn and outmoded. During all the years of her marriage and widowhood, she hoped to be able in some way to use the silk border again, if not for herself, at least for one of my sisters, Arcangela and Caterina. But it was no use. The time of wide silk borders on the sleeves and hems of dresses was past—definitely past. So the border came to light only periodically, when it was aired along with the other things that my mother tenaciously preserved.

Now, in my American garden, the old silk border was vivid in my mind, among all the images of the past and present that the pinafores had called up. And my children, dressed in these, seemed transported back with me to where the border, with a dim rustle and a scent of lavender, was unfolding again its length of faded flowers, and where I could almost hear the voices of my mother's dressmakers crying to her, "What pretty children, Signora Lucia! What darlings! How shall we dress these pretty little girls?"

MY mother's little dressmakers and seamstresses together constituted a whole separate clan of the conglomerate help we had in our house when I was a boy. One dressmaker, however, was outside this group. Her name was Roma. She was a big dressmaker—*una grande sarta*—and she didn't come to the house. One went to her, in her apartment at the edge of town.

My mother went to Roma very seldom, and only when it was absolutely necessary—that is, when she needed a dress for an important wedding or an official reception. There was, for instance, a reception given for the Prince of Piedmont when he came to Vicenza to inaugurate some public work. My mother was to participate in the affair as the representative of an association of war widows, and she needed a dress in keeping with her part: sober, modest, inexpensive, and yet definitely elegant and festive. In such a case, only Roma could provide an adequate solution. For

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a while, my mother even hoped to be able to use her famous silk border on the dress; in fact, she took it along with her to Roma's. But Roma looked at it and sighed, with tears in her eyes. "Beautiful, Signora! What fine old times—yes, wonderful times—it recalls! But how can you think of using it now? On the plain, ungarnished models that are the fashion today?" From her inflection, my mother understood that the chief fault lay not with the silk border but with the tyranny of a fashion of which she, Roma, was both high priestess and prisoner. Nor did my mother object to the faint tone of disparagement that Roma's voice had also carried, for Roma was the Cumaean sibyl in matters of dress on occasions of exceptional importance, and whatever she said was beyond dispute.

At the beginning of each visit, Roma inevitably gave way to tears while she reminisced about ladies who were dead. She knew everything about her clients—their lineage, beauty secrets, husband's age and profession, their love affairs, and their property holdings. And only when, each time, she had finished her reminiscences and her questions about my mother's business would she begin the official sitting.

Obviously, Roma was always my mother's touchstone for judging the art of the other dressmakers she hired. These were the little dressmakers and seamstresses—*le piccole sarte*—who came to the house, and who not only made new outfits but mended, repaired, and adjusted old ones. "You would like to give yourself the airs of a Roma," my mother would say to Angelina, who was first in rank of the *piccole.* "You don't even resemble her in the heels of your shoes!"

"I daresay!" Angelina would answer. "When you decide to avail yourself of Roma, there's new material, new trimmings, new linings, new models, and new money. When you want to use my services, there are rags, only rags—rags everywhere!" And at this she would throw about, with the greatest disdain, the old materials—cut-down dresses, ripped-up curtains, or whatever—that she had been called on to transform into something decent for my sisters.

"What pretensions!" my mother would retort. "You'd like fine stuffs to work with, as if there were no danger in merely letting you look at them! Let's see, for now, what you can do with the old. You've abundance here—as much as you want. Look—width enough here for a flare skirt. Imagina-

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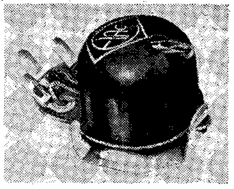

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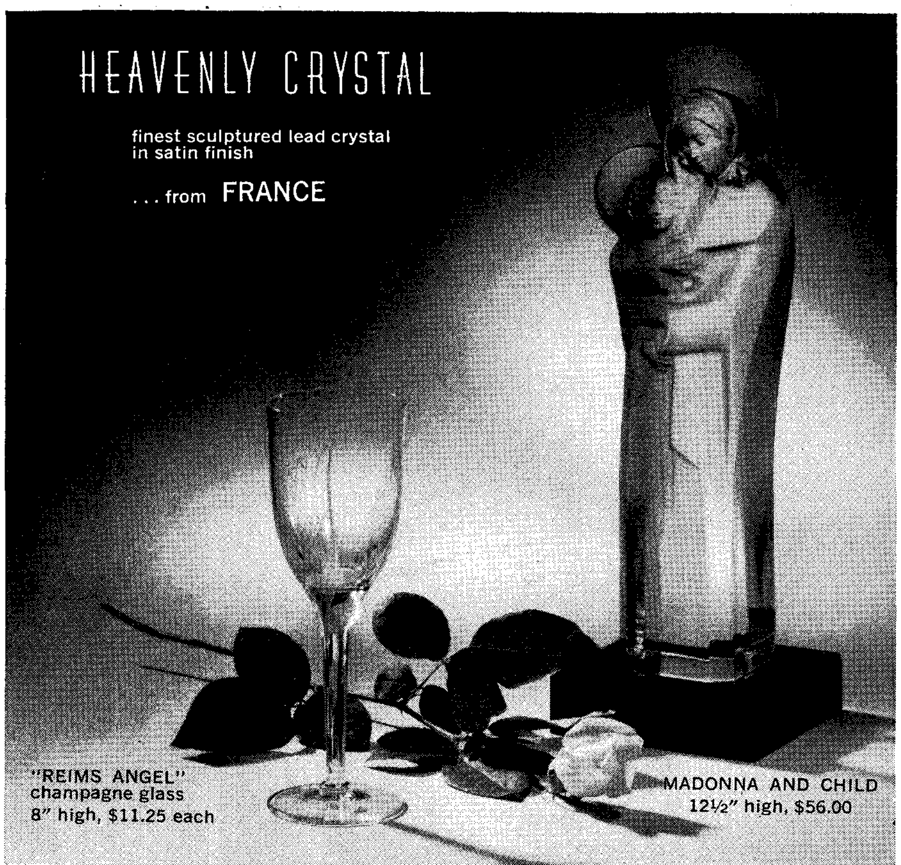
tion is what it takes, my child—imagination!"

Angelina came to us twice a week, on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and was concerned mainly with my sisters' wardrobes. She was a strange woman, patient and impatient at the same time, humble and stubborn. A little circle of short, shining curls garlanded her forehead and ears and the nape of her neck. Her hair was dyed excessively black, and she spent all she could afford to spend keeping it that way, saying she'd rather go hungry than have gray hair. Her face was sallow and lined, and never in repose, and her eyes shone like black beads in the depths of their sunken sockets. She was the daughter of a Socialist Democrat mason who had been dead for some years, and out of respect for his memory she retained his political beliefs. She was, therefore, against Mussolini, and after he came to power, she gave vent to her antagonism by growing geraniums. "At least *they* are red!" she would say.

She had an attic room at the top of a towerlike house, where she kept a pair of canaries for company, and, on a little balcony, cultivated her geraniums. Although she grumbled sometimes about having so many stairs to climb, and about the strong winds that occasionally disturbed her high up there, "Still," she would say to my mother, "the danger of drafts is less in my garret than in your house. Here you've got blasts of cold air from all sides." And she'd hurry about, angrily closing the doors that my sisters and I were always leaving open as we passed from one room to the next.

Spurred on by my mother, Angelina was capable of miracles. In the wing of our house where my mother worked with her seamstresses, there were three connecting rooms occupied by wardrobes, trunks, and big tables. It is not easy to describe the confusion when—as happened often enough—the wardrobes and trunks were opened and emptied in search of a specific piece of material that had to serve a particular purpose that very moment. "What do you think, Angelina?" my mother would say. "This silk dress is still in good condition. It was *zia* Marietta's, and she had time to wear it only once or twice before she died. It's quite a powerful green for Arcangela, but I think you could get a suit for her out of it, if you put your mind to it and I help you. Then she'll be all set for Easter without my having to spend anything. A touch of cream-colored silk at the neckline, like a jabot, and she will be quite elegant. The silk is beautiful. Where could



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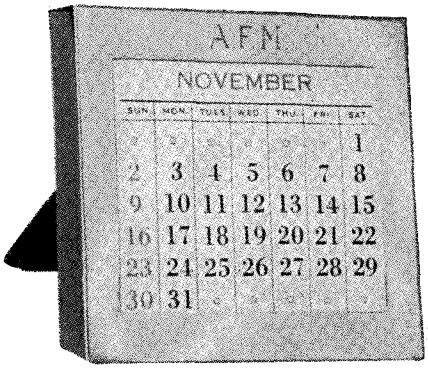

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"Oh, Mama!" my sister would say in horror. "Mama, this is to be just a morning outfit—one I could wear to school. The border is far too fine for it."

"Well, I suppose you're right," my mother would answer with disappointment.

"In any case, Signorina Arcangela looks best in blue," Angelina would say. "Green does not agree with her. I would dye the whole thing brown."

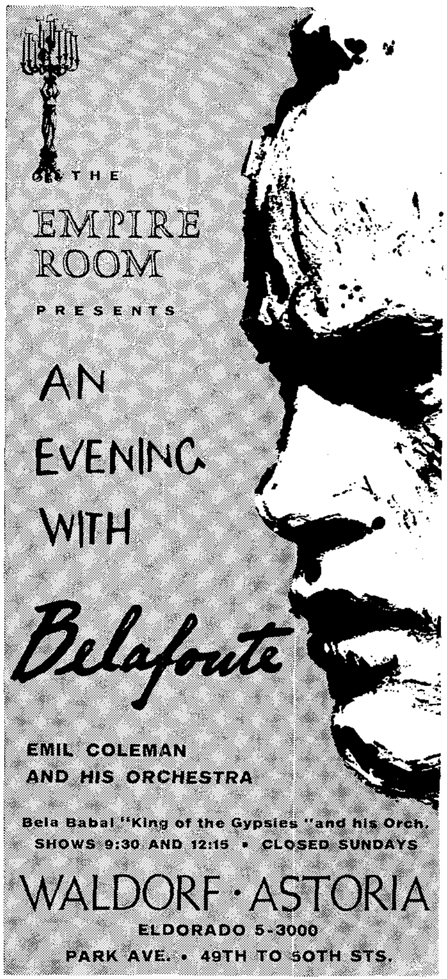
"Oh, you think so?" my mother would say sharply, forgetting that she herself had often remarked that my sister looked a fright in green. "That is *nothing* but a notion. I don't ever want to hear it said. The green dress will do splendidly."

Angelina dined with us on the days she came to sew, and she ate with dignity, like a fastidious goldfinch, pushing away with the tines of her fork whatever she didn't like. My mother called her *la Principessa de Merabalto*—a title applied, in our part of the country, to one who sets herself up only to fall down. This didn't bother Angelina at all, but it was a different story when anyone mistakenly addressed her as "*Signora.*" "If you please," she would say, clearly irritated, "I am only a *signorina*, and I'm proud of it."

Frequently, in the disorder of the sewing rooms, my mother would mislay something—scissors, eyeglasses, thimble, marking chalk, or measuring tape—and she would ask its whereabouts of the room at large. Then Angelina would bristle as if she had been accused of theft. "You think I've taken your scissors," she'd say. "I don't need anything of yours, Signora Lucia, because I never lose anything of mine. Here are *my* scissors." And she'd lift them from where they hung by a cord tied to her belt, and brandish them.

These scenes didn't in the least upset my mother. I saw and heard them dozens of times, and each time Angelina would threaten never to come again. Then my mother would say, good, she didn't need her anyway. But, of course, Angelina always did come back. She and my mother argued and bickered and pretended to drive each other wild, but they enjoyed themselves at it, and each was fond of the other. If Angelina wasn't well, my mother went at once to take her broth and help her.

The supreme moment of Angelina's career in our family came when she had made a summer dress from fresh, new material for my younger sister to



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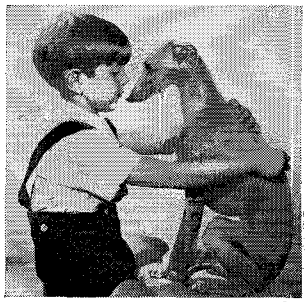

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wear to a garden party. Caterina was then at the happiest time of her young womanhood, and in that gay dress of ivory silk, patterned with delicate sprigs of flowers, she was radiant and lovely. She threw her arms around Angelina's neck and said, "How well you made it! *Brava!*"

My mother, who was watching, said warmly, "That is a dress worthy of one of Roma's best efforts."

And though Angelina's eyes glistened with tears of pride and pleasure, she answered curtly, "Let's not exaggerate!"

ROSANNA—the seamstress who made the two little pinafores for my daughters—was in charge of my mother's and sisters' intimate apparel. She was a spirited woman who knew her business, and she came every month or so to take orders for new garments or to mend the old. The only reason I remember her is that if I appeared in the sewing rooms when she was in the house, every garment in sight was hastily covered with the first thing that came to hand, and I was hurried out of the room, with Rosanna calling after me, "Excuse me, Signorino. I don't mean to act rudely, but we're working here on ladies' things, and you have no part in it." Then the door would be closed behind me.

PINA came to us on Monday afternoons, and specialized in my personal wardrobe. I was nine years old the first time I saw her—the day she appeared in our house and gave my mother an account of her troubles, then asked for work, any work at all.

"Well, well. Seven children," my mother repeated after her. "And the oldest without work, the youngest epileptic. And your husband crushed by a loading cart. But what do you know how to do, my child?"

Pina said, "I worked a few months in a men's tailoring shop when I was a young girl, and learned how to make buttonholes and sew on buttons."

"Would you know how to cut down men's jackets and trousers to fit my son here, and keep him neatly dressed, and all his things in order?"

"Well—" Pina began dubiously.

"Good. We'll try," my mother said.

I knew very well what she had in mind. Several of the trunks in the sewing rooms contained only the uniforms and other effects of my dead father, who had been an officer in the Italian Navy. There were thirty-six uniforms in all—blue serge ones for winter and white linen for summer. And the trunks were,

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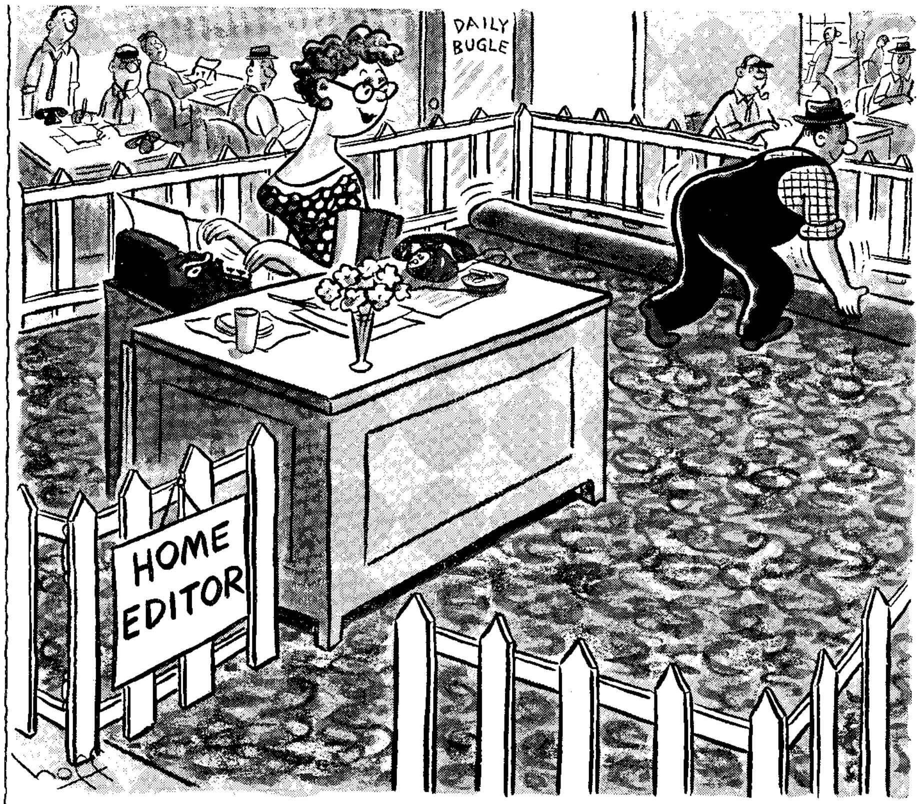

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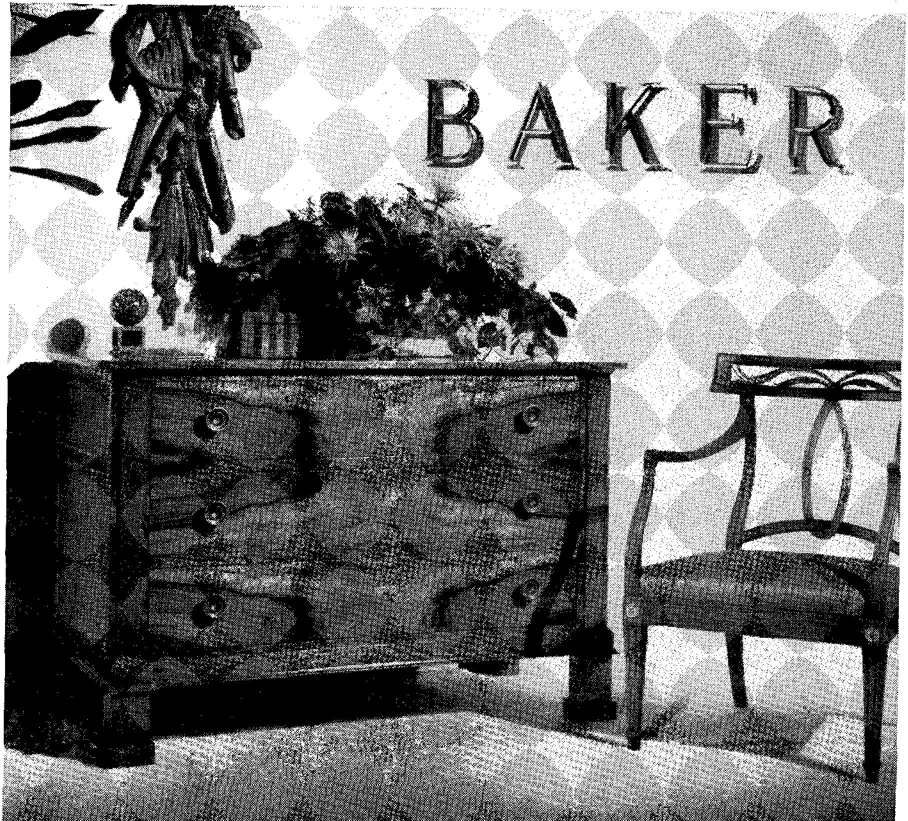

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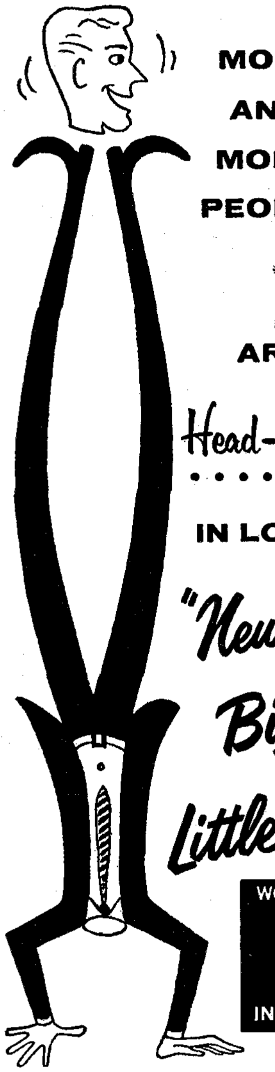
for my mother, a bottomless well from which all my clothing could be fished up—in ways that, as I think back on them today, seem nothing less than miraculous.

I must have given some sign of rebellion at the turn Pina's interview had taken, and my mother caught it quickly. "The little sir is protesting because he doesn't want to wear sailor suits," she said. "As if the material of his poor father's uniforms were not the very finest available! As if his schoolmates didn't wear things that can't even stand comparison! Never mind. It's a matter of getting two birds with one stone. It's giving work to a woman with seven children to raise, and it means salvaging a bit of the abundance of God that's there in mothballs waiting to be used."

Pina was an excellent person, and it was certainly not her fault that I detested her. I hated wasting my time on fittings, which I saw as a direct consequence of her having come to us, and she was the symbol of the sailor suits I was compelled to wear, and for which I was laughed at by my friends, especially in warm weather, when I wore all white. I don't think there's a person in the world, apart from my mother, who wouldn't consider it sheer folly to send a young boy to school dressed all in white. But it was my duty to use up the thirty-six uniforms.

Pina's head had the form, the color, the smoothness, and even the yellow markings of an ostrich egg. She was bald, as a result of diphtheria, and she wore a wig, made up of braids, that slipped backward or forward, to the right or to the left, but never fell completely off. She had also lost most of her teeth; this, she said, was from childbearing. She kept bread crusts in the pocket of her apron and gnawed at them delicately with her gums, like a ruminating cow. That strengthened her gums, she said, so that they could substitute in part for her teeth.

She couldn't do much of anything without supervision, and sometimes my mother had to wait until Wednesday to take counsel with Angelina before deciding on a new task for Pina when she came the following Monday. Angelina was ferociously jealous of all the work that took imagination and designing skill, but she was willing to let Pina finish off all the annoying details. In addition to making my sailor suits, Pina removed stains from old materials, sewed on buttons, repaired worn-out pocket linings, and basted hems. And it was she who helped my mother air out my father's things twice a year.



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When this event took place, not only uniforms but gold-fringed epaulets, a shotgun, a heavy revolver, a cocked hat, and a sword issued from the trunks. And there, swathed in tissue like a rare and sacred mummy, was my father's dress uniform, with its monogrammed gold buttons, its chevrons, and its swallow-tailed jacket lined with silk. Not once was that uniform taken out of the wrappings and camphor in which it rested that it wasn't carefully weighed in my mother's hand while she asked, "What do you say, Pina? Isn't there *really* anything we can do with this?"

Pina would shift her crust of bread to one side of her mouth and say slowly, "Nothing to do, Signora. Not even charity. It's only for a museum."

Then she'd open her arms in a wide gesture of resignation, which my mother would acknowledge, saying, "Very well—we'll put it away again. One never knows. Now, careful how you fold it."

AND as I stood there, pushing my daughters on their swings under the oak tree of our yard, so far from Vicenza, I could almost hear Pina add, "The stuff is good, all right, but believe me, Signora, no matter how long you keep it or how hard you try, you'll never do anything with it."

Then, as the girls shrieked with joy, I imagined for a moment that my father's dress uniform, with its gold braid and sword and cocked hat, had somehow followed me here, and had come to rest, finally, on the far side of my garden hedge, making a solemn and authoritative scarecrow for my neighbor's vegetable patch. That would be the only use I could put it to, now that I have outgrown sailor suits—and it was always too grand to be turned into one anyway. But actually, I suppose, it may still be in a trunk in Vicenza, for I cannot imagine that it, or the flowered silk border that my mother loved so much, could have disappeared in fact, any more than either has vanished from my thoughts.

—ANTONIO BAROLINI

•

GOOD NEWS FROM GOOD SCHOOLS

FROM: Community Service Office
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ALL SHOOK UP

Superintendent of Schools Lawrence C. Lobaugh suffered slight injuries last Thursday evening, when he was involved in a four car collision near Greenville, Penn.—*From a press release.*

Heaven knows, it might have been five cars.

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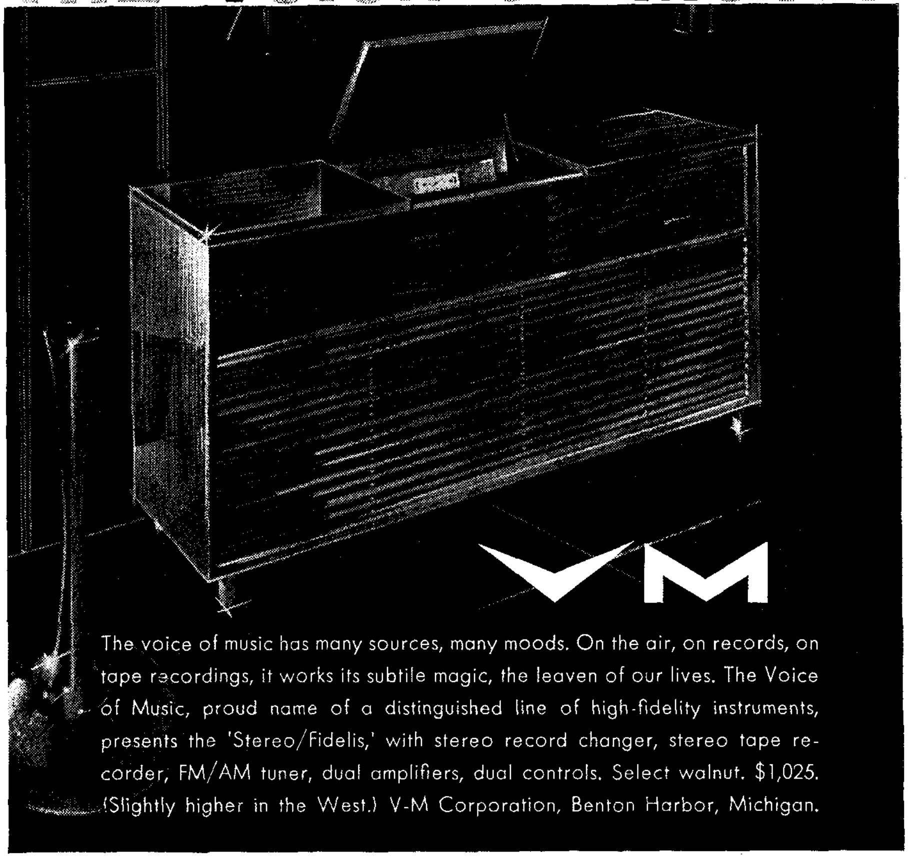

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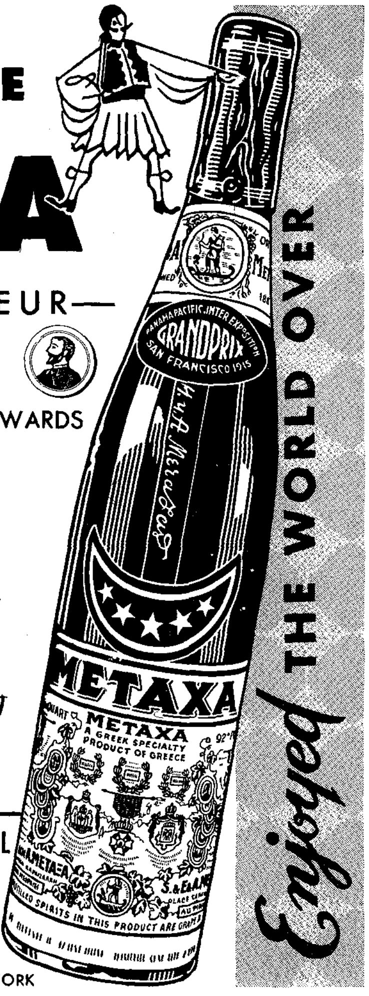

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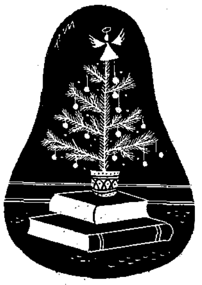
BOOKS

Christmas for Ages One and Upward



THE children's books this year seem to reflect the general American fear that the Russians are outclassing us in science. If you are a schoolchild and do not yet know the difference between a Clejan trough and a lub rack, or a pseudopod and a clepsydra, or wish to understand the mass spectrometer, there are books that will enlighten you. If you are two, and have a seesaw (or know someone who does), or a bubble pipe and a radiator, you can experiment (under the supervision of Munro Leaf) with leverage and satisfy yourself that hot air really does rise. In the interests of science, you are encouraged to let ice melt on the stove (under the supervision of your mother) and to collect ground beetles and rain. Nobody will deny that all this is to the good. Sometimes the information is slipped in sidewise or flavored with humor or imagination, but much of the time it is administered straight, as in that painful series published by Putnam: "Let's Go to a Supermarket," "Let's Go to the Telephone Company," "Let's Go to a School," "Let's Go to a Sanitation Department," "Let's Go to the Library"—who wants to read a book about going to the library? While pretending to be about the real world, these books show a tendency to disregard it altogether. No smells, no sounds, no emotion in anything, and no allowance for the differences in individual perception. Only the printed word, backed up by pictures in which neither the people nor the objects are of the slightest interest.

The fairy tale (an ancient way of learning about the world) is more respectable than it was a few years back. As a rule, only the good tales are published singly, and they are apt to be done quite beautifully. Again this review is avoiding the subject of fiction for older children, who can use libraries and read adult books, and are themselves the best judge of what they like in fiction. As for the age at which a book is right for a child, it is as difficult to arrive at this as it is to really know what children take in of the things that are read to them. My two-year-old daughter brought "Lazy Fox and Red Hen" (a ragged fifteen-cent edition no longer procurable) to me to read to her at bedtime. Doubtfully, thinking that she would be caught between her fear of barking dogs and her admiration of chickens, I read it to her. She stayed very still—too still—while the little red hen sewed the big stone into the sleeping fox's bag and the lazy fox woke up, threw the bag over his shoulder, and started off home to make a chicken dinner. At that point I said, "What's in the bag?," and she said, "Toys." The age recommendations below are meant merely to be helpful, and I suggest that you go more on your own knowledge of the child you are buying a book for.

To begin with the youngest—with readers, say, of from one to three—there is "Sleepy Book," by Charlotte Zolotow, with pictures by Bobri (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). This is a bedtime book (somewhat more appropriate than "Lazy Fox") in hushed colors against deep gray, showing how animals and birds and insects sleep. The insects are especially well drawn and well described, and full of wonder. The hand-cut block lettering adds to the peacefulness of the book. Charlotte Zolotow has done for Harper a second book, with pictures by Garth Williams—"Do You Know What I'll Do?" (ages three to five). A little girl makes her baby brother a series of promises ("Do you know what I'll do on my walk? I'll look at the clouds and tell you the shapes when I get home") that all express, indirectly, her tender feeling for him. The drawings, in ink and pale wash, are charming.

"Roland" (ages four to six), by Nelly Stéphane, and illustrated by André François (Harcourt, Brace), is about a little boy who has only to draw something—a tiger, a zebra—and say "Crack!" and it comes to life. It is snowing outside; he draws twenty fir trees, three brown bears, two chestnut bears, and a stream, and says "Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!," and the stream flows and the bears walk on the snow. In the brilliantly economical use of three colors—ultramarine, yellow ochre, and black wash—and in the intricate interior perspectives, involving elaborate tile and wallpaper patterns, and open doorways through which other open doors are seen, the illustrations owe something to Vuillard's lithographs, especially the famous one of the

Dana Fradon

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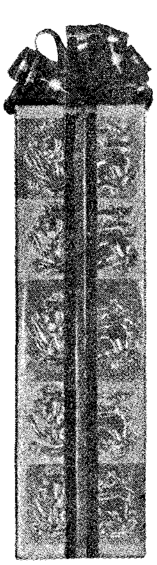

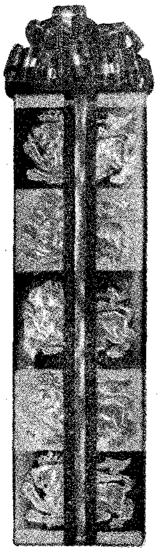

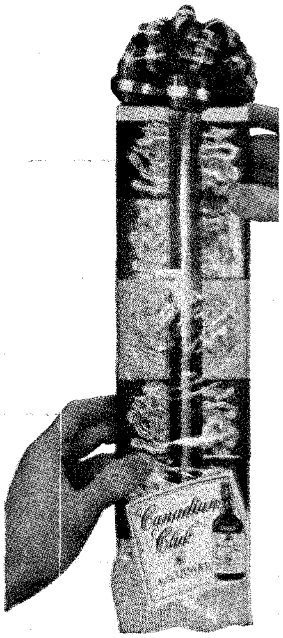

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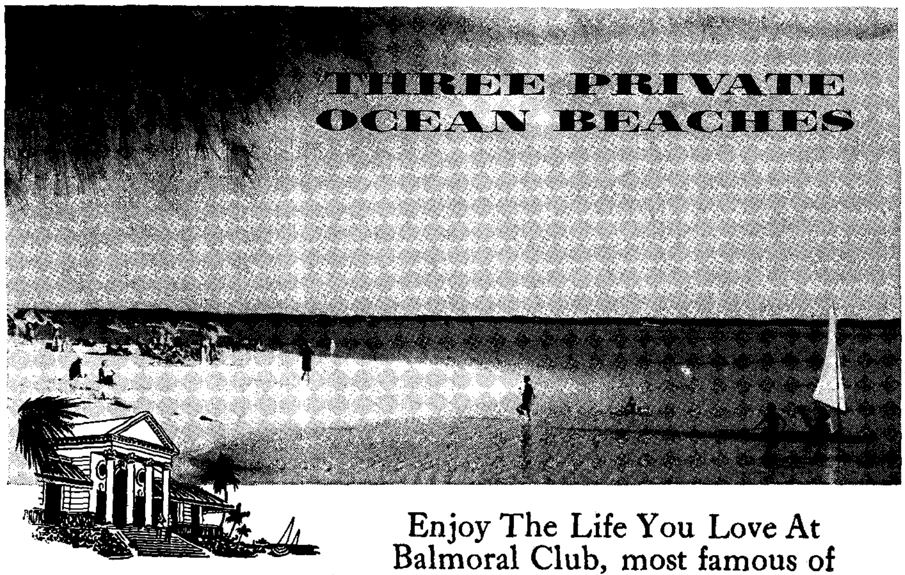
blue-and-white kitchen. They are just right for this dreamlike text, in which many of childhood's preoccupations figure, but with very little emotional coloring.

The children who last year learned their basic French, Spanish, Italian, and English nouns from Harcourt, Brace's quadrilingual book "See and Say," by Antonio Frasconi, this year can brush up on their French with his "The House That Jack Built" (ages four to eight). "Voici le Chat, Qui a tué le Rat, Qui a mangé le Malt, Qui se trouvait dans la Maison que Jacques a bâtie" is how the old nursery rhyme comes out in the language of diplomacy. The woodblock illustrations, in candy pink, yellow, and green, have an unwooden flow and humor and are extraordinary.

A small book one might easily overlook is "The Mouse Who Liked to Read in Bed" (ages four to eight), by Miriam Clark Potter, with pictures by Miriam and Zenas Potter (Lippincott). It is a suspense story about a young field mouse who gets into bed with pieces of print that he has chewed out of a newspaper and folded to look like magazines, pulls his quilt up, and reads far into the night. There is a continual suggestion of an unspecified threat outside; his mother and various neighbors—Big Beetle and Little Beetle, Snail, and Mr. Mole, with his seeing-eye glowworm—notice his lighted candle, and come in and point out to him that he has left his door open. The field mouse keeps meaning to do something about this, but is too comfortable. Suddenly there is a great big scratching noise, and a huge cat peers in at him through the door. The story ends cozily, with the door shut at last and the light out and the little field mouse asleep. The drawings are masterly in their treatment of the dark. Just the right size to fit into a Christmas stocking.

Another resourceful rodent is "Hamid of Aleppo" (ages five to ten), by Clive King, illustrated by Giovannetti (Macmillan). Hamid is a Syrian golden hamster whose burrow is in one of the buried cities of antiquity and who has a discriminating eye for relics, some of which he takes with him in his bandanna when he sets out to see the world. Like all passionate tourists, he meets with kindness everywhere, and when at last he does run into trouble, he tunnels right up through the floor of an archeological museum. Though it could so easily have been a cloakroom, it is the director's office; Hamid's specimens turn out to be important, and archeology, he discovers, is his



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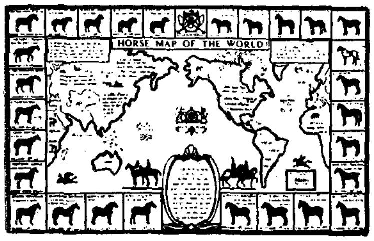

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"Chanticleer and the Fox" (ages four to eight), adapted from "The Canterbury Tales" by Barbara Cooney, and illustrated by her (Crowell), seems to me the most beautiful picture book this year. Miss Cooney uses Chaucer's wording (in Robert Mayer Lumiansky's translation) as far as possible, but has shortened and simplified "The Nun's Priest's Tale" so that even a four-year-old can follow it. The language is clear and glowing, like the illustrations, and has a pleasant rhythm for reading aloud. The details of medieval farm life—the pig trough, the beehives, the bare cottage with its thatched dome roof, the blue flags and great mullein growing in the farmyard, the brush fence with its pollarded willow post—suggest a world that any child would be happy in.

Four fairy tales (all for ages five to ten) that are done with style and that couldn't be more different from one another are "The Swineherd," illustrated, and translated from Andersen, by Erik Blegvad; "King Carlo of Capri," adapted by Warren Miller from a fairy tale by Perrault, and illustrated by Edward Sorel; "The Magic Feather Duster," by Will and Nicolas (all three Harcourt, Brace); and "The Nutcracker," adapted from E. T. A. Hoffmann's tale by Warren Chappell, who is also the illustrator (Knopf). Andersen's fairy tale is about a spoiled and frivolous princess who doesn't know enough to prefer a real nightingale to a mechanical one and is willing to kiss a swineherd (actually a prince in disguise) in exchange for a toy pot that plays "Ach, du lieber Augustin." Mr. Blegvad, who was born in Copenhagen, has lovingly portrayed the Danish countryside, with its roofs of tile and thatch, and here a nesting stork, there some pigs, and for a backdrop a castle and the sea and the gabled roofs of a town. "King Carlo of Capri" is a rather free adaptation from Perrault's "Riquet with the Tuft-of-Hair." The hero of this tale is so ugly that his father, the King, calls on a wizard to do what he can to help matters. The wizard, unable to alter an accomplished fact, arranges that Carlo shall have great wisdom and generosity of mind, and, what's more, that the woman he will someday love will be given the same generosity and largeness of mind, so that she cannot do otherwise than return his love. The illustrations are in dissonant colors and in an ornate and meandering style that makes one think of old playing

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cards. "The Magic Feather Duster" is, roughly speaking, a child's version of "The Brothers Karamazov." One brother is swift, one is strong, one is greedy, and only one—the youngest—is pure in heart. "Ah, you want my old webwinder," says the toothless old woman, obviously a witch, who lives with her cats in a house on stilts. "You shall have it . . . if you can win it. Just you bring me an apple from the crooked apple tree across the brook. But it must be the right apple, mind you." Choosing the wrong one, the three selfish brothers are changed into a rabbit, a mouse, and a bear. These explosive metamorphoses should probably be kept out of the reach of very young children. There is also a splendid supernatural frog, who croaks, "Give it to me, give it to me . . . I need it, I need it," referring to the apple but sounding exactly like a summer night. The gentle youngest brother, who might be but isn't called Alyosha, wins the old woman's "webwinder" and frees his brothers from the spell. "The Nutcracker" is a beautifully designed and illustrated book. It is the third in a distinguished series by Mr. Chappell, the two others being "Peter and the Wolf" and "Hansel and Gretel," and one hopes there will be more. The pictures of the nineteenth-century German toys cannot help pleasing children almost as much as they will please their parents. Themes from Tchaikovsky's music, interspersed with the text and used as end papers, suggest the idea of giving with the book Sir Thomas Beecham's recording of the "Nutcracker Suite."

"Tistou of the Green Thumbs" (ages eight and upward), by Maurice Druon, illustrated by Jacqueline Duhème and translated by Humphrey Hare (Scribner), is a satirical fantasy by the French novelist and playwright. It has as its target all manifestations of the accepted order of things. The hero

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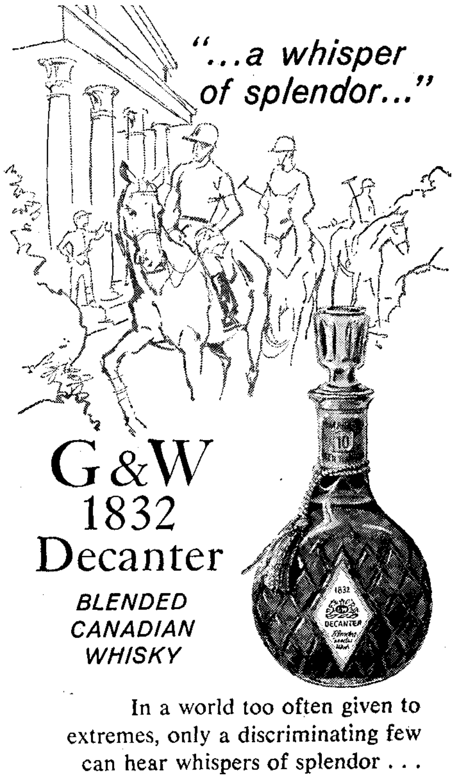
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is a little boy who can't stay awake in school but who has green thumbs and can make plants come to full growth in a few minutes. He also has a fresh eye and the habit of asking uncomfortable questions about matters that were all neatly disposed of a long time ago—such as why are hospitals and zoos and prisons all so sad, and why are wars? There's a war going on, and Tistou's father, a munitions lord, is supplying both sides with arms. The climax of the story is a scene, in the spirit of an old René Clair movie, wherein Tistou, using the gift in his thumbs, stops the war. Ivy, bryony, bindweed, and dodder are matted over the guns, burdock fastens itself to the tips of the bayonets, the engines of the armored cars are choked with exploding pods of balsam, the rifles shoot foxgloves and cornflowers, and eglantine and gorse block the turrets of the tanks. Although the story descends once or twice to the level of whimsey, it is often very funny. The Duhème drawings are exquisite.

THIS is an especially good year for American history, which seems to be the favorite reading of boys of ten and upward. (I don't like to think what, judging by the publishers' lists, little girls of that age prefer to read.) That Robert Penn Warren should have done the most famous episode in the history of Texas ("Remember the Alamo!," Random House) is something to be grateful for. His hard, accurate, unemphatic style and poet's imagination and pity are brilliantly suited to this story about a handful of men who had nothing in common but their own extraordinary bravery. If you are looking for a book to read aloud to the whole family, you could hardly do better.

Bruce Bliven, Jr.'s, "The American Revolution" (Random House) and Henrietta Buckmaster's "Flight to Freedom: The Story of the Underground Railroad" (Crowell) both give an exciting sense of America's existence as a country repeatedly hanging in the balance, the decisive weight having been exerted again and again by a small number of intellectual and courageous men of great endurance who had behind them, however, thousands of quite ordinary people to whom principle was as everyday a matter as bread. "Flight to Freedom" is a fresh, well-written narrative of the fight against slavery, of the heroism and humanity on the part of both races, of the most brutal inhumanity and degradation. It takes up the story of the Bill of

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Rights soon after its conception, and conveys very well the life-and-death importance that many men, humble and prominent, rich and poor, attached to its preservation. "The American Revolution" is an exciting account of our heroic, emotionally complex, and sometimes mystifying War of Independence. Waiting for the Lexington Avenue bus on a rainy night, it is moving to think of those Massachusetts fishermen who, in the teeth of a gale that kept the British Navy at anchor, rowed a collection of assorted boats and nine thousand five hundred men, with their equipment, guns, horses, and provisions, across the East River to the safety of the Manhattan shore. Some nice photographs.

Leonard Wibberley's "Wes Powell, Conqueror of the Grand Canyon" (Ariel) is an uneven book, extremely good in some respects. Wes Powell, explorer, geologist, and conservationist, was the son of an anti-slavery minister. In 1869 he led a group of men on a scientific expedition, in rowboats of his own design, down a thousand unexplored miles of the Green and the Colorado Rivers, through the Grand Canyon. This turned out to be an appalling stretch of almost continuous rapids such as none of them had ever seen or dreamed of. The trip took three and a half months and was often agonizing. When they couldn't run the rapids, they tied the boats together, with the supplies in them, and waded downriver, holding the boats back with ropes. Their hands were cut to ribbons. One day they made only half a mile. They suffered from the heat of the sun, reflected by the canyon walls. As soon as the sun disappeared behind the rim of the canyon, it grew dark and cold, and they were unable to keep warm in their wet clothes. They lost one boat and more than once came close to losing their lives. Supplies grew short. Their flour and beans were moldy and full of maggots. Yet whenever they made camp or stopped to repair the boats, Powell, who weighed only a hundred and ten pounds and had lost an arm in the Civil War, would climb the sides of the canyon looking for geological specimens and fossils. He also kept complete records and a journal of the trip. Not many excerpts from this journal are quoted, and they are sometimes disappointingly "literary." Mr. Wibberley, inclining toward hero worship, doesn't do much to offset this, but, even so, one feels great respect and love for Powell. He never carried a gun in all his explorations of the West, and he became, to-

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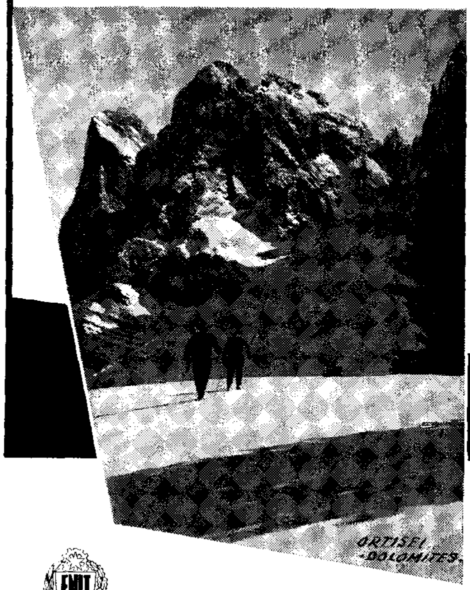

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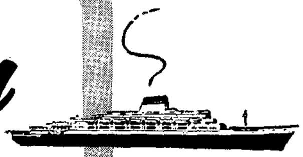

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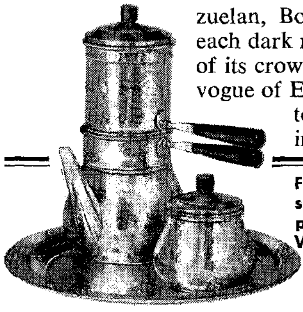

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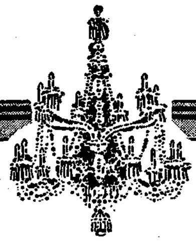

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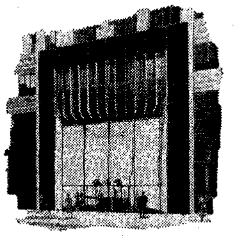
ward the end of his life, a passionate defender of the Indian's rights.

Two other readable biographies in American history are "The Marquis de Lafayette: Bright Sword for Freedom," by Hodding Carter, and "Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr: Their Lives, Their Times, Their Duel," by Anna and Russel Crouse (both Random House).

"The Story of the Paratroops," by George Weller (Random House), is a hair-raising account of the work of paratroopers in the Second World War. Mr. Weller, a foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, was an eyewitness to the Nazi paratroop invasion of Crete, and has done some jumping himself. His descriptions of parachute jumping affect the reader like a ride on a roller coaster.

AMONG a considerable number of big, gaudy "major" books devoted to exploring various fields of knowledge, only one is really distinguished—"The Wonderful World of Music" (ages ten and upward), by Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst (Garden City). This is very much a musician's history of music, as well as enjoyable reading for the uninitiated. Mr. Britten and Miss Holst, who is not only a musician but a daughter of the composer, take up, in turn, the evolution of the written language of music, harmonics, and the orchestra in Western culture. The text is helped by the many reproductions, mostly colored, of works of art in which music or musicians figure. There is, for example, a T'ang painting of a Chinese orchestra, a Japanese print of a woman playing a samisen, an example of the written music of ancient Greece, an Etruscan fresco of reed instruments played in pairs, a fifteenth-century French tapestry of amateur musicians with their instruments in a field of wild flowers, and an illuminated manuscript of a hymn of the same period.

I wish that when I was a child taking music lessons I had been given such a book as "Singing Strings" (ages eight to twelve), by Larry Kettelkamp (Morrow), so that I could have had some inkling of what was going on inside the family piano. Mr. Kettelkamp tells how our modern stringed instruments were developed, and gives instructions for making, out of everyday objects, a rudimentary harp, piano (a monochord), violin, bow, and banjo. "Art Is Everywhere—A Child's Guide to Drawing and Painting" (ages eight to twelve), by Leonard Kessler (Dodd,



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Mead), is a good book to help free a child from the constraints of coloring books and copying.

NOW for the American child's science education, as opposed to the Russian's. "Science Can Be Fun" (ages two to eight), by Munro Leaf (Lippincott), has cheerful illustrations by the author that make the familiar material of beginning science lively and easy to comprehend. Even very little children would enjoy doing some of the experiments with an older person's help. "Deep Treasure" (ages six to ten), by Elizabeth Olds, also illustrated by the author (Houghton Mifflin), is a picture book about the prehistoric origin and the discovery of oil deposits, and the imagination and work that must have gone into it show only in the pleasure and ease of reading it. The drawings, many of which are in color, have much more style than one would expect to find in a book of this kind. "See Through the Lake" (ages eight to twelve), by Millicent Selsam, with pleasant pictures by Winifred Lubell (Harper), is an exceptionally clear and well-organized study of a hypothetical lake. The reader is given a real sense of the interdependence of the swarming life under the surface of the water and of the importance of the lake to the surrounding land. "Science in Your Own Back Yard" (ages eight to twelve), by Elizabeth K. Cooper, illustrated by the author (Harcourt, Brace), might be called "1,001 Things to Do, Mostly When It Isn't Raining, for Children Who Are Not Confined to Their Beds." As much fun to read as a good cookbook, it covers everything from making a miniature model of a section of land, and then experimenting with erosion (using the garden hose), to making an instrument for measuring the wind. Most of the experiments are simple, and sound as if they might be just a beginning, and a good one. "How to Understand Animal Talk" (ages eight and upward), by Vinson Brown, with drawings by William D. Berry (Little, Brown), has a misleading

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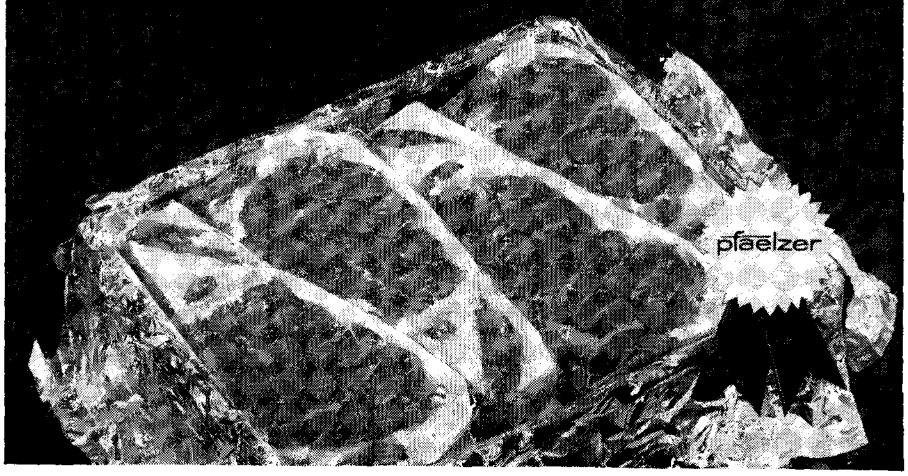

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title. This is an unsensational book of patient observation not merely of the way that birds, mammals, fish, reptiles, and amphibians communicate but also of their habits and characteristics. "Strange Plants and Their Ways" (ages ten and upward), by Ross E. Hutchins, with sixty photographs (Rand McNally), is not a collection of curiosities, as *its* title suggests, but an introduction to plant life, in the course of which certain ingenious or complex interrelations of nature are described. The photographs, all by Mr. Hutchins, are astonishing. Many of them are highly magnified closeups of, for example, a milkweed flower, showing the tiny pollen cases that snap onto the legs of visiting insects, or an ant caught in the interior chamber of the insectivorous parrot pitcher plant. The author's excitement makes this book seem fresher than others of its kind. "Plants of Woodland and Wayside" (ages ten and upward), by Su Zan Noguchi Swain (Garden City), is an attractive guide to the common ferns, mosses, and wild flowers, and a rather scholarly introduction to botany. There are pleasant colored illustrations by the author.

"Wildlife at Your Doorstep" (ages ten and upward), written and illustrated by Glen Rounds (Prentice-Hall), is a minute record, in the form of an almanac, of small wildlife—wasps, ants, spiders, birds, and so on—closely observed, sometimes for hours, sometimes at night, by flashlight. The author knows where every creature in his yard is and what it is up to—when the flying squirrel has returned to his winter quarters in the birdhouse, when the possum moves from the honeysuckle tangle across the street into a squirrel's abandoned nest, which is handier to some wild grapes and will shortly after this be occupied on cold nights by a flicker, because the possum has finished the grapes and gone back to his vacant lot. The author's drawings are very good, and the book itself is a challenge to what is for most of us an area of almost total unperceptiveness. One wishes this could be put into the hands of all people who organize spraying programs. "Wonders of the Hive" (ages ten and upward), by Sigmund A. Lavine (Dodd, Mead), is an entertaining history of beekeeping, with a description of the habits of social and solitary bees, their life cycles, social organization, sensory perception, and special talents. Many excellent photographs. "The Fascinating World of Butterflies" (ages ten and upward), by L. Hugh Newman (Hanover House),

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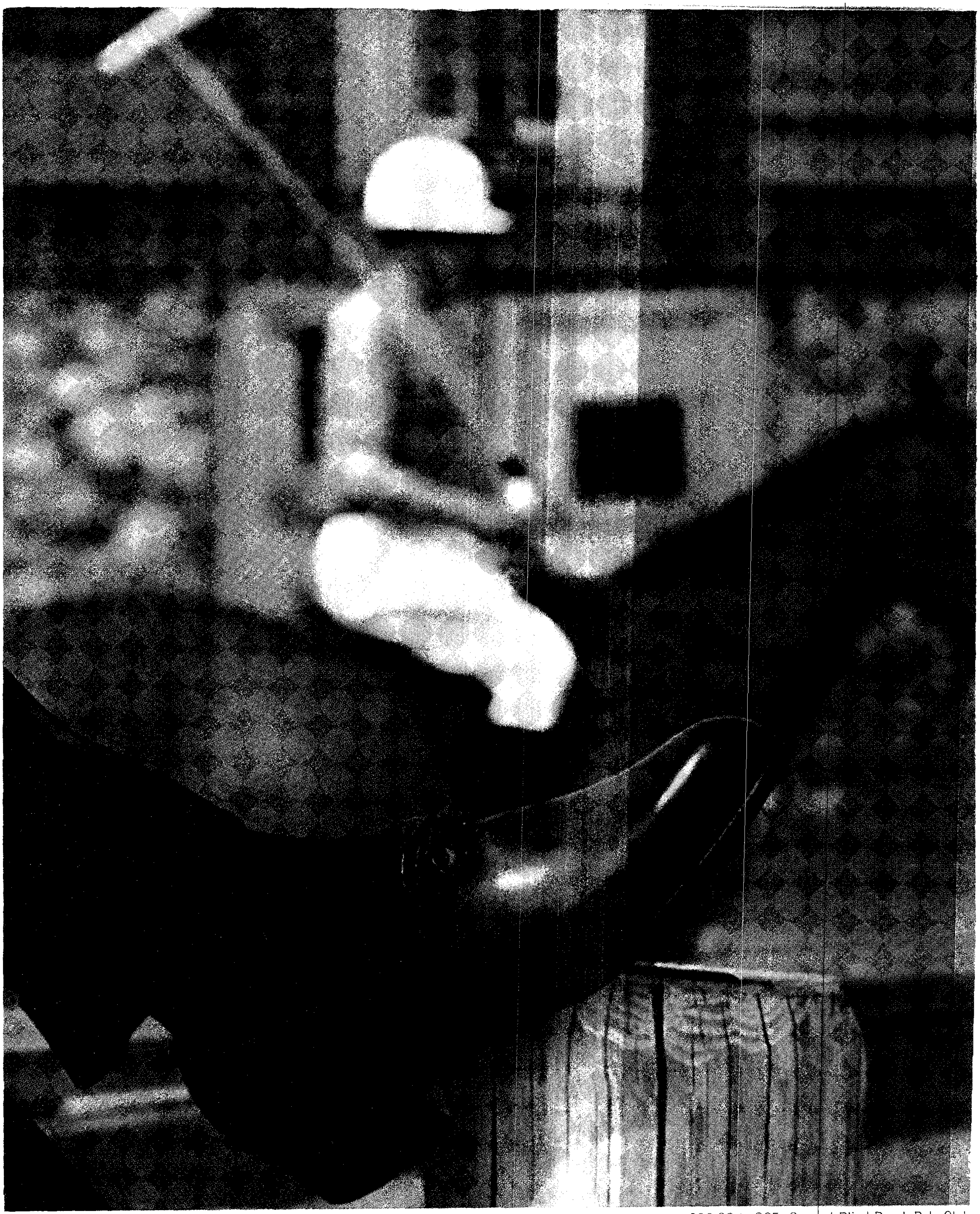

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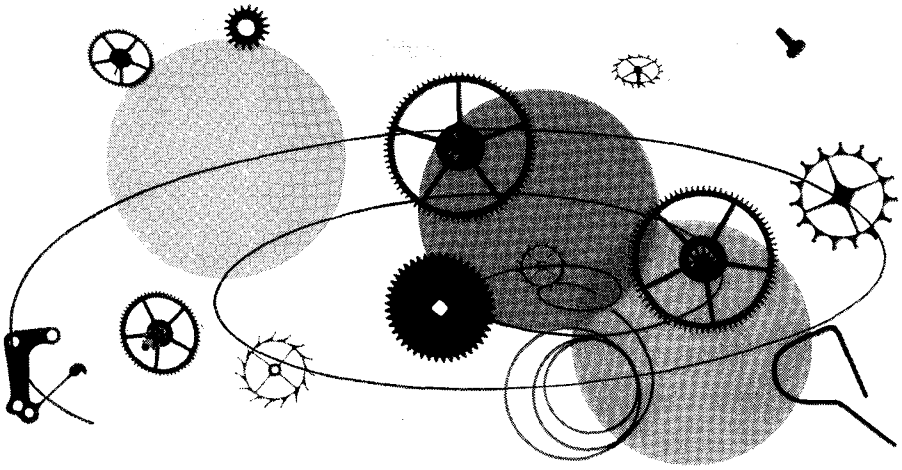
Division of General Shoe Corporation, 511 Main Street, Nashville 3, Tenn. *Design pat. per was adapted from a French book, "Les Plus Beaux Papillons," by Charles Ferdinand. The examples have been chosen on the basis of their color and design, and there are only two American species—the moon moth and the monarch butterfly. The black-and-white photographs of butterflies and moths and caterpillars leading their short, happy life among flowers and ferns are more beautiful than the color plates, which are almost entirely of mounted specimens. The text is brief—really little more than notes on the pictures. "Wonders of the Antarctic" (ages ten and upward), by Jacquelyn Berrill, with illustrations by the author (Dodd, Mead), tells how the emperor penguin carries first its egg and later its hatched baby chick on its big flat feet, and gives other fascinating information about the creatures of the white continent. Mrs. Berrill, by her charming, easy style and her imagination, makes the reader very much at home in Antarctica. "Living Birds of the World" (ages ten and upward), by E. Thomas Gilliard (Doubleday), is a large and handsome book by the Assistant Curator of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History. Fifteen hundred species are described, and there are four hundred illustrations, two hundred and seventeen in full color.

"Winter-Sleeping Wildlife" (ages ten and upward), by Will Barker, with drawings by Carl Burger (Harper), is about the hibernation of not only the usual mammals but also such unlikely forms of wildlife as the young queen bumblebee, the dragonfly, the white-throated poorwill, and the spring peeper. This is a subject that fascinates most children. Nice pencil drawings. "Engineers Did It!" (ages ten to fourteen), by Duane Bradley, illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss (Lippincott), is a book of stories about engineering triumphs, such as the Pyramid of Cheops and the gigantic Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was built on marshy ground and for which a method of construction was used similar to the one Frank Lloyd Wright employed for his earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel, in Tokyo, and how John Smeaton built on the difficult Eddystone Rocks a lighthouse that lasted until the sea cut away its rock base, and the laying of the first transatlantic cable, and the building of the first tunnel under the Thames. "Ballooning in the Space Age" (ages ten and upward), by Lynn Poole, and illustrated by Gustav Schrotter (Whittlesey House), is a history of ballooning, from the Montgolfier

it takes 3 days to assemble a fine watch . . .



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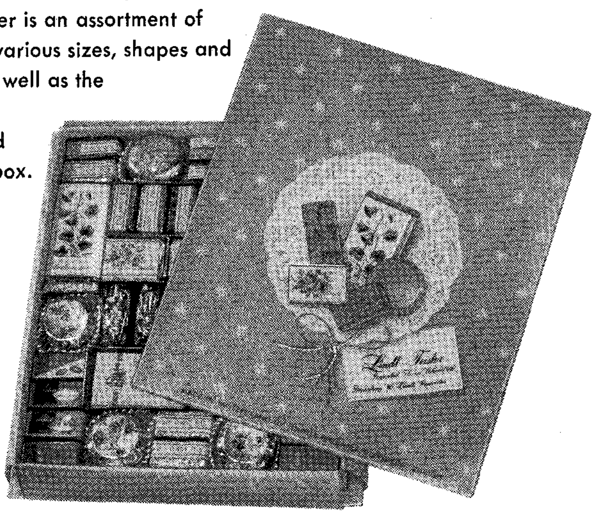

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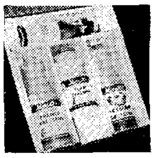

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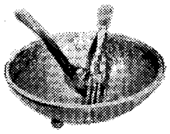

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brothers to the present-day plastic balloons that are used for geophysical research. "The Sun and Its Family" (ages ten and upward), by Irving Adler, and illustrated by Ruth Adler (John Day), is a historical approach to astronomy, instead of the straight scientific one, by a gifted expositor. "The Tools of Science: From Yardstick to Cyclotron" (ages fourteen and upward), also by Irving Adler, and illustrated by Ruth Adler (John Day), starts with the screw and the pendulum and ends with a clock controlled by ammonia molecules and accurate to within two parts in a billion. This book explains clearly the necessity for and functioning of many of the most important tools in use today. This is for a boy with a true scientific bent; it is, in fact, almost adult.

A QUESTION that has bothered me since I was a little girl and on Christmas mornings watched my older brothers unwrap wallets, paperweights, neckties, and bookends is what *can* aunts and uncles and grandparents give older boys for Christmas? Lying in the sand at the beach last summer, I asked a delightful fifteen-year-old boy this question, and he said instantly, "Good reference books." I thought of him as I was looking through "The Illustrated Library of the Natural Sciences," in four volumes, edited by Dr. Edward M. Weyer, Jr., and sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History (Simon & Schuster). There are over a hundred and fifty contributors, each a specialist in his field, and the aim of the work is to give up-to-date information on the natural sciences, taking special note of the mutual relationships of man and nature. It makes an extremely convenient and valuable family reference book, is a fascinating book for straight reading, and may well be habit-forming. Owing to the fact that many of the subjects are taken in their largest possible context, the indexing is very elaborate but correspondingly fruitful. Excellent bibliographies are supplied at the end of many of the articles. There are three thousand photographs, from many sources, and unfortunately not always very clear—this murkiness may be partly the fault of the paper—but, even so, they almost guarantee that if you're looking up spiders, you won't get there without being waylaid by stargazers, snakes emerging from their eggs, the greater five-lined skink, slime molds, and the relative speeds of scissor-tailed flycatchers, black-bellied plovers, patch-nosed snakes, chickens

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(running), jack rabbits, perch, salmon, and submarines (submerged). There are articles that explain how to make a seaweed collection, how to wind spider silk for commercial use, how to collect snowflakes or shells. There are thirteen pages on how to distinguish between edible and poisonous fungi, sixteen pages on shell photography, thirteen more on the growth and evolution of shells, and ten on the chewing-gum tree. —EMILY MAXWELL

•

Through a Glass, Darkly

"THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER," the fascinating eighteenth-century Chinese novel which is to its native literature very much what "The Brothers Karamazov" is to Russian and "Remembrance of Things Past" is to French literature, has, after long neglect, suddenly appeared in two separate and reasonably complete translations, published by Pantheon and by Twayne. Though the translations cover most of the novel's enormous extent and are clearly based on the same book, the approach of the translators is so at variance that it could be said that the publishers are offering essentially different works to the reader. Oddly, although the Pantheon version has been filtered through the German of Dr. Franz Kuhn by two ladies named Florence and Isabel McHugh, who do not seem to have any idea that English can be made pleasant to read, it is preferable to the Twayne version, which is taken directly from the Chinese by Professor Chi-Chen Wang, of Columbia. The Kuhn-McHugh version appears to be the less attractive of the two; its cover bleakly omits the name of the author and offers his work as "a Chinese novel of the early Ching period," on the bland assumption that it is common knowledge that the Ching period extended from 1644 to 1912. The expectations aroused by this approach are not disappointed; throughout, the attitude remains serious, history-conscious, and pedagogic, and few concessions, among them the inclusion of a charming set of illustrations (late late Ching) from a Chinese edition, are made to the general reader. The Twayne cover, on the other hand, does not stress the book's value as a historical document but simply declares that it is a novel by Tsao Hsueh Chin, translated by Chi-Chen Wang. Professor Wang belongs to the school of translators presided over by Arthur Waley, whose approach is personal, aesthetic, intuitive, and not without its

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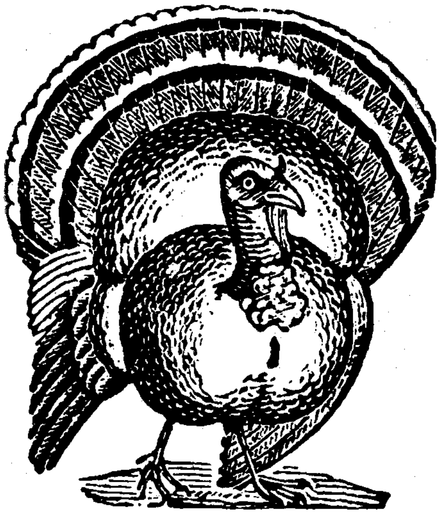

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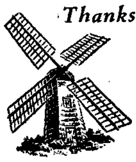

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dangers. There are Japanese critics who have been heard to say that when Arthur Waley had completed his supremely enjoyable version of Lady Murasaki's "Tale of Genji," Japan and the world were the richer by a new book from a great novelist who had been inspired to write it by reading the original. Professor Wang, as he candidly admits in a disarming preface, had strong feelings about "The Dream of the Red Chamber" a generation ago. He considered it a love story, and at that time he produced a volume, a quarter of the length of the book it was based on, that presented the love story with all the trivial details left out. To this simplification Arthur Waley contributed a preface in which he said that "it only remains to assure the reader that in Mr. Wang's hands he will be perfectly safe. The translation is singularly accurate, and the work of adaptation skillfully performed." But Professor Wang's feelings have changed, and he has come to think that the trivial details are the substance of the book. The love story, in his present version, has become only one of the many ingredients in a novel primarily about family life, which was designed by its author to give a full picture of what went on in those sprawling, villagelike compounds where the wealthy Chinese lived in huge groups that were more like clans than Western families.

If the book were no more than that, an equivalent of Nora Waln's "House of Exile," it would still be of considerable interest. The clan in question bears the family name Chia, and it has grown so rich and powerful that its senior members are qualified for the highest posts in the imperial government and its cadet branches are established all over China. The story concentrates on the clan headquarters, two sprawling collections—each covering as much ground as two or three city blocks—of houses, courtyards, detached pavilions, parks, and gardens, which face each other across a street in the northern Chinese city of Chinling. The Yungkuofu, the western compound, in which the novel's major figure, Chia Pao Yu, lives, has three hundred people living within its walls, and the Ningkuofu, the eastern compound, has the same number.

Because this kind of establishment, which managed to linger on through China's last century and a half of troubles and disorders and came to seem the one unchangeable thing in its life, is now rapidly being destroyed by the new regime, it has apparently be-

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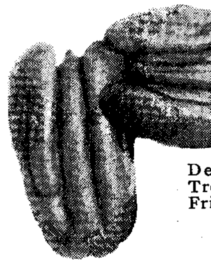

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come dear to Professor Wang. He appears to be even more entranced by the complexities and convolutions of its organization and day-to-day management than he is by the events in which Tsao Hsueh Chin involved the characters. Time and again he skips over or but briefly summarizes the actions of the principals so that he can get back to the fascinating business of their housekeeping. He also is fond of the elaborations of formal and informal address used in the enormous households.

Some of the difficulties this creates for the reader may be judged by the fact that Volume II of Aldrich's "Practical Chinese" offers a chapter on these forms, with the observation that a study of its list of ninety titles may be helpful to students who are reading "The Dream of the Red Chamber" and trying to keep track of who is saying or doing what. When one woman addresses another as *ku-niang* (literally, "daughter"), she may be a mother speaking to her daughter, a servant speaking to her employer's child as "Miss," one of the younger married set in the family speaking to an unmarried woman of her generation, or a young woman speaking to an intimate friend. It is not much easier to figure out who is involved even if the reader has a clear idea of the actual relationship of the speakers, since the titles change according to the degree of relationship. All direct-line relatives who carry the family name are *pen-chia*, all indirect relatives fall into the categories of *wai-ch'in*, *nei-ch'in*, and *ch'in-chi*, who use the same set of titles in slightly different ways, rarely the obvious ones. A wife speaks to all her husband's relatives as if she had become his sister at the marriage, and her husband acquires something like cousinship with all *her* relatives. The hero and heroine of this novel always address each other as brother and sister, although they are first cousins. This is only the beginning of the difficulty for the Western reader; the titles can be given a new look at any time by the addition of a numeral—Ta, Erh, San, Ssu, Wu, and so on—and by the addition of all or part of a person's name. Professor Wang kindly tells us, in an appendix, that a Chinese can be spoken of by his family name plus his title, as Mr. Chia or Chia Hsiung Ti; by his complete personal name, Chia Pao Yu; by his personal name, Pao Yu; by another, more intimate personal name, his "milk" name; by his *tzu* name, which makes some punning reference to his formal personal name; and by his *hao* name, which he gives himself, and

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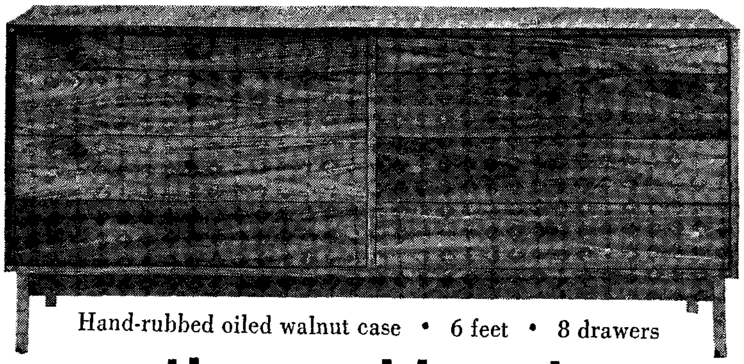

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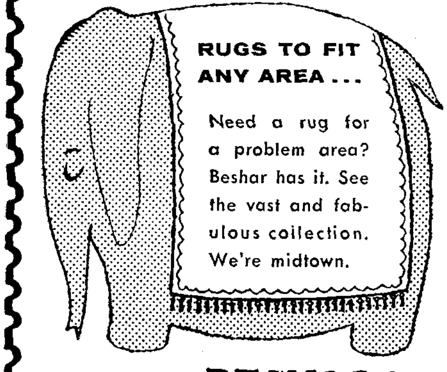

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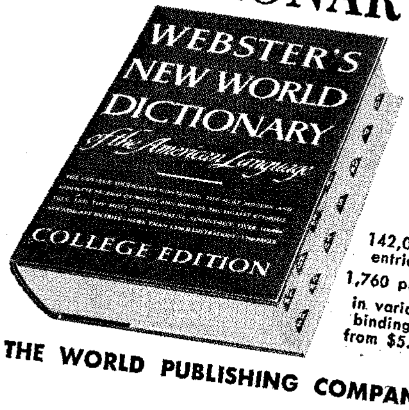

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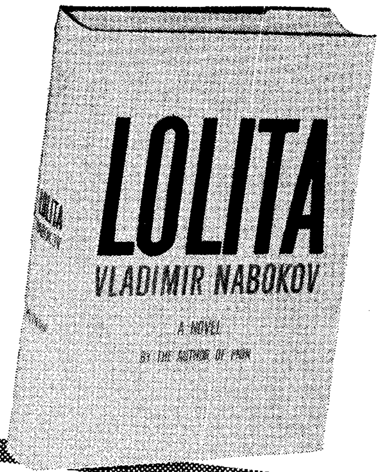
which he can change whenever he feels like it.

Professor Wang loves all this, and he adds a touch of his own by sometimes translating the names of the women characters into English. Thus, when the maidservant Bright Design complains of having caught a cold, Pao Yu, the hero, immediately asks a servant to arrange for the doctor to come to see Ching-wen, and when Pao Yu finds that Bright Design has been left alone by Musk Moon and Autumn Sky, the maids he has told to attend her, he asks her (forgetting his grammar in his concern), “Where is Sheh-yueh and Chiu-wen?” This device has the effect of doubling the number of people present in almost every scene. The only comfort the Westerner can draw from this is that it apparently worries the Chinese reader just as much. In his introduction, Professor Wang admits that he is not at all sure how many people exist in the Chinese original: “In my earlier introduction [to his first translation] I said that the novel names and describes in more or less detail no less than 421 individuals, 232 male, and 189 female. . . . I was echoing what others have said. . . . I suspect that the count includes duplications of the same characters who appear under different names, though, incidentally, another count raises the total to 448. I doubt if there are more than 150 characters in the book who have any sort of meaningful role.”

This offhand treatment of a problem to which a translator might be expected to give a fairly precise answer is indicative. Professor Wang does not seem to care nearly as much about what happens to Tsao Hsueh Chin’s characters as he cares about what happens in their vicinity. On page 451, a series of events is launched by the discovery of a purse embroidered with an indecent picture. The fourteen-year-old maid who finds it, not realizing what it is, shows it to one of the women of the compound’s older generation, who, profoundly shocked, hurries to the female head of the clan. The Matriarch, as Professor Wang calls her, has already been irritated. The night before, the compound has been in a state of alarm because of a rumor that an unknown man has climbed over its outer wall, and that morning she has learned that three trusted old family servants are running a floating gambling game, patronized by twenty of their younger colleagues, right under her nose. This leads, in turn, to the discovery that one of the three has, after a run of bad luck, pawned a ceremonial tiara filched from the family treasures. This causes a



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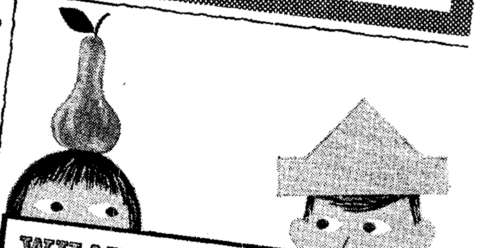

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fine to-do, and before it is over the old women have forced the younger ones to tighten up discipline in the family and among the servants. During the ensuing purge, Bright Design (Professor Wang's name for her; the Kuhn-McHugh version prefers Bright Cloud) is dismissed for being light, frivolous, and a bad influence on Pao Yu. After a while, he slips out of the compound to find her, and discovers her dying in a hovel not far from the back gate of the Yungkuofu. She entered the service of the Chia at the age of ten, and the brutality with which she has been turned out-of-doors has broken her heart. Professor Wang makes all this an interesting account of a crisis of demoralization in such a household and a revealing study of the principles of management involved. But, according to him, it is not much more than that.

When these incidents occur in the Kuhn-McHugh version, it is, as has been suggested, as if we were reading an altogether different novel. The chain of events is in this case set up for the obvious purpose of bringing Bright Design-Bright Cloud and Pao Yu together, and so of giving him a psychological blow that will take his character into another stage of its development. Pao Yu is under a strain, because he is working hard for the examinations that will qualify him for service in the imperial government. He is a pampered young man who has led a fantastically sequestered life, always seeking shelter among the women of the family during his father's outbursts of ill temper. He has never seen real poverty, and he is shaken when he finds someone he loves dying in misery. But his encounter with Bright Design on her deathbed is only a preparation for the next blow he is to receive—a truly Dostoevskian invention. The frowzy working-class woman who has given the girl a back room and a straw mat to die on makes a determined sexual assault upon him. Or at least that is what happens in the Kuhn-McHugh version. In Professor Wang's translation, the brutal shock of the disgusting attack is watered down to a rough hug and a bawdy joke—a romp in bad taste. The difference in the emphasis on this incident, and a similar divergence in other incidents, has a vital effect upon the nature of the story.

In effect, Professor Wang's Pao Yu is a young man who gets into and out of a number of scrapes in the course of attaining maturity, and his history is one to which the light tone of the comedy of manners is quite appropriate. The

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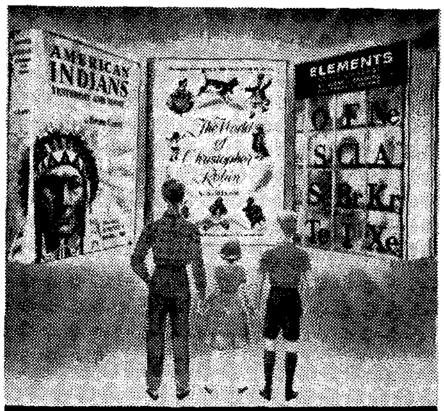
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Kuhn-McHugh Pao Yu is a blood brother to Dmitri Karamazov, and the huge structure of his family's life is merely a backdrop for the drama of his moral redemption—or, rather, it is a miniature of the world of sensuality and appearance upon which he will at last turn his back. Professor Wang has seen this spectre staring at him and has taken steps to ward it off. He points out that Tsao Hsueh Chin's novel, although it ran to eighty chapters, was still not complete when the author died, and that forty more chapters, developing the lines of the plot and the subplots to logical conclusions, were added by another writer forty years after the posthumous printing of the original. This, Professor Wang feels, entitles him to be offhand with the closing sections of the book and to summarize them rather than translate them. This may be a legitimate approach, but Professor Wang admits that Kao Ou, the writer who gave the book its final form, claimed that he had not written its final chapters and that all he had done was to edit the rough notes left by Tsao Hsueh Chin. And it is impossible not to feel when one is reading the Kuhn-McHugh version that the concluding chapters relate organically to the rest of the book and that the inexorable chain of logic connecting all its parts, which are in any case linked by an unbroken emotional tension, must have been created by a single mind. Visible behind the utterly undistinguished language of Kuhn-McHugh is one of the great monuments of the world's literature; visible behind Professor Wang's amiability and charm is a collection of enchanting anecdotes, flavored with nostalgia for a world in which things could be so formally and so prettily done.

The story has, in the Kuhn-McHugh version, two main strands—the account of the moral redemption of the Dmitri-like Pao Yu, and the account of the moral destruction, by the identical force, of a woman called Phoenix. The family organization is the force that operates on both of them, offering Pao Yu every inducement to be soft, vicious, lazy, insensitive, and insincere, and offering Phoenix every opportunity to be kind, generous, and honorable. This appears at first sight to be a contradiction, but it all hinges on the different kinds of responsibility with which Pao Yu and Phoenix are burdened. Pao Yu, as a man, is not required to think of anything but his career and his advancement in the government service; almost any hypocrisy, any dishonor will be tolerated as long as it is a private

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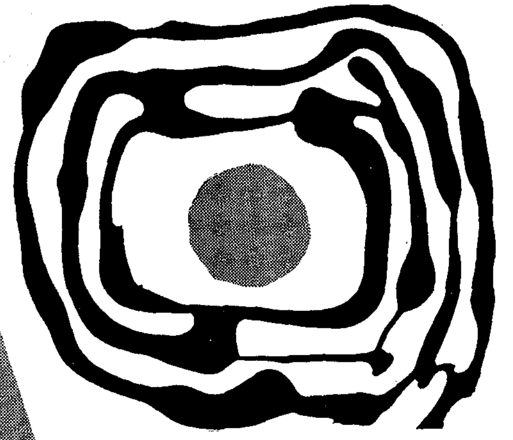
matter and cannot affect his public standing. His father, who detests him, bullies him remorselessly in an effort to turn him into a polished Confucian humbug, but his nature has been cast in another mold. So that the reader will have no doubt about what Pao Yu is supposed to become, a subplot tells the story of Chia Yu Tsun, a distant cousin who climbs the official ladder, in spite of many setbacks, by dint of maintaining a Confucian façade of probity in front of an extremely slippery and flexible character. Roaring moral slogans, Pao Yu's father tries to convert his son into another Yu Tsun, and because he resists he acquires a reputation for being untrustworthy and irresponsible. When he was very young, he had a mania, which all the family remember, for licking lipstick off women's lips; surely he was born to be bad.

Phoenix is another matter; under a demure manner she has managed to conceal a nature that is avaricious, secretive, and devoted to intrigue. As she is a practiced hypocrite, she is trusted wholeheartedly by the older generation, who make her to a large degree responsible for the administration and management of all that goes on inside the Yung-kuofu. This gives her power over her younger relatives, almost complete control of the lives of the servants, and the handling of a very considerable sum of housekeeping money. Her position makes it possible for her to thoroughly indulge her vices, and with indulgence they grow. Phoenix is a memorable example of the deteriorating character in fiction, and the stages of her downfall are beautifully measured. Meddling becomes a habit, then an obsession, and at last a sadism pursued to the point of never missing a chance to give pain or to cause trouble. The hardening of her heart and the narrowing of her fields of sympathy form a counterpoise to the developing awareness and sensibility of Pao Yu, and it is often the end product of some scheme of hers that contributes to his awakening.

The Kuhn-McHugh Pao Yu is by nature only mildly good. By instinct he is a sensualist, and his great pleasures are those he can enjoy with his concubines and the maids in his apartments. His goodness resides, at the outset, in an almost childishly innocent desire for his companions to share his happiness. This provides a third strand in the complicated fabric of the book—his relationship with his cousin Black Jade. When they are children, they form an attachment that grows on her side



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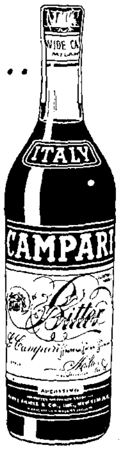

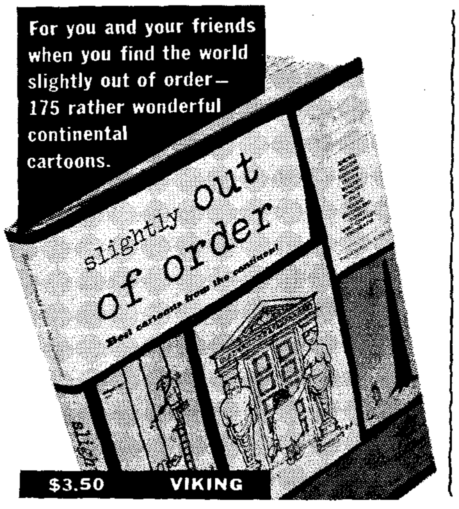
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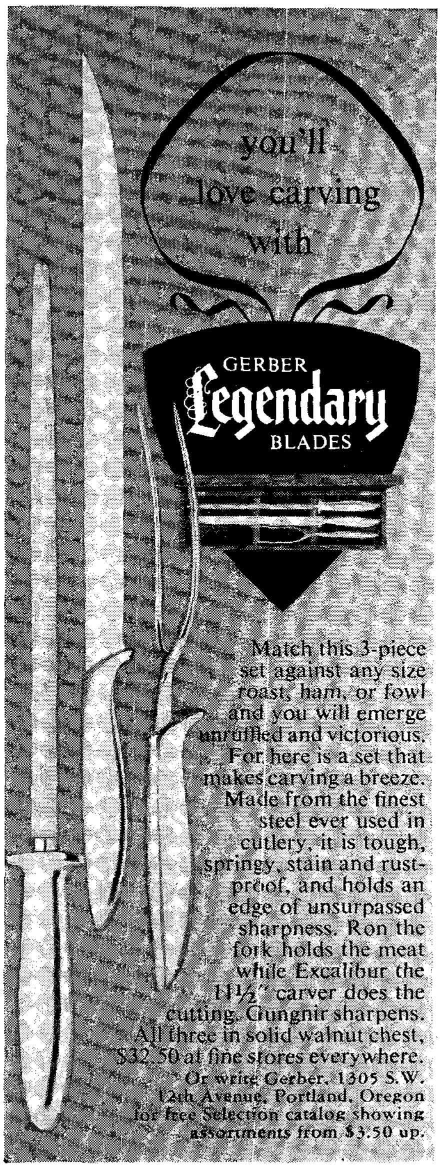
into passionate love, though it becomes obvious that the family has other plans for his marriage and that she is dying of tuberculosis. He develops much more slowly than she does, and much later, so his realization of the strength and the real nature of her feelings arrives only after their relationship has become hopeless, and he is left with the tragic knowledge that although she would have done anything for his happiness, he has done nothing for hers, and that it is now too late for him to do anything. Even if he wished to, the family would not let him, since it considers her only a sick girl who cannot contribute to its future. One episode after another at this stage of Pao Yu's life seems designed to show him that the great family machine, so attractive in its detail, is wholly callous toward people. The family, in spite of its superficial dedication to the Confucian proprieties, is profoundly immoral. It has all Phoenix's vices in an exaggerated form, and is even crueler than she is, selling its daughters, and buying women for its sons with an eye only to the material advantage to be derived from the political alliances or the hard cash of the dowries. In the end, Pao Yu turns his back on it and all its values, to lose himself in a mystic act of self-abnegation. In the background of his renunciation, doom, or a substantial foretaste of it, falls on the house of Chia. Imperial commissioners begin to investigate complaints of corruption, and the whole family comes under suspicion. Special police and investigators from the Ministry of Finance descend on the compounds, looting their treasure chests and arresting everyone who appears to have been guilty of misconduct.

At this point, the extent to which Tsao Hsueh Chin's book is planned along the lines of the classic Western novel, in anticipation of its development, becomes evident through any number of effective details. At the height of the trouble with the police, when they are ransacking everything, the oldest of the family's servants, whom we have not seen since Chapter VI, four hundred and eighty pages earlier in the Kuhn-McHugh edition, reappears. At his first showing he was drunk, and angry at being turned out of his warm quarters to escort a dinner guest back home. In his anger, he broke into a tirade against his masters, which got him trussed up and thrown into a stable to await punishment for endangering the reputation of the family. When he returns, during the crisis, he is in a curious mood, in which fury at the intruding po-



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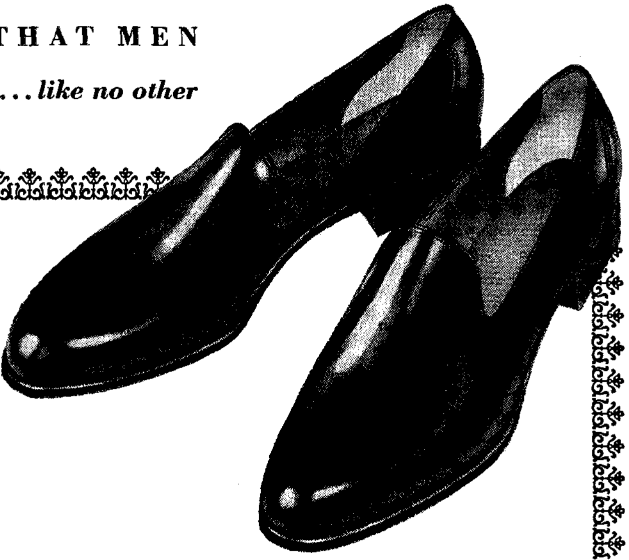
lice is mixed with something else. He comes to tell the worried people in the other compound what terrible things are happening to their kinsmen on the other side of the street. He had warned them, but in vain, he complains. "And now there's the devil to pay! Prince Chen and his son Chia Yung arrested and dragged away . . . the Princess and her women shut up in empty rooms by police officers! Ha! Ha! The whole fine company locked up like dogs and pigs! The furniture and fittings looted or smashed! Ha! Ha! They wanted to get hold of old Chiao Ta too."

It is hard not to feel that the servant, and the writer who invented him, are delighted that the family is engulfed in its own corruption. It becomes obvious when the author arranges a final disposition of the symbolic figure of the clan's official holy woman, Miao Yu, who has made a bogus renunciation of the world in order to live a parody of the religious life, with all home comforts, in a pavilion in one of the compounds. She appears early in the story, ordering a precious cup to be thrown away because a rough-mannered countrywoman has defiled it by drinking from it. Her fate is to be carried off and raped by thieves who break into the Yungkuofu at night to steal the remnants of its treasures after the imperial investigators have gone. As one such disaster in the nature of natural justice follows another, it becomes clear that Tsao Hsueh Chin is a moralist and that his novel is an attack on the Confucian family. He is making the path that so many Western writers have followed in novels that expose the cruelties inherent in the prevailing social order. In this case, the target is a bureaucratized despotism, and a parallel is deliberately drawn between the organization of the Chia clan and the imperial system of government. The imperial inquisitors who descend on the Chias simply repeat the actions of Phoenix at the time of the scandals of the embroidered purse and the gambling ring; there is even a question of some misappropriated imperial property to parallel the matter of the pawned tiara. This Chinese author of the eighteenth century is saying, with the same technique and with the same voice, what the great nineteenth-century Russians were to say—that the entire basis of our lives is corrupt, that life must be transformed from the bottom upward by a vast awakening of the spirit. This, though it makes his novel interesting, and an unexpected product of its time and culture,



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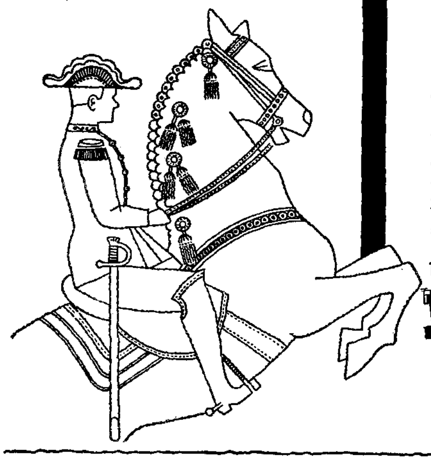

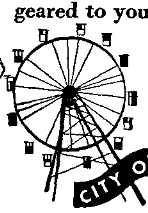

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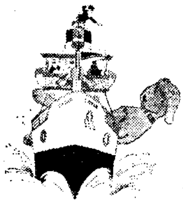

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does not affect its quality as literature; what demonstrates that is its richness of invention, both of incident and of character, and the authenticity of its psychological insights, insights that, though sometimes hard to recognize in their exotic trappings, are often thrilling in their penetration. By virtue of these aspects of its content, it is beyond question one of the great novels of all literature. Its greatness comes through despite Professor Wang's emphasis on its charming aspects, and it comes even more strongly through the undistinguished language of the Kuhn-McHugh version, which, whatever its other shortcomings, at least treats it with the seriousness and respect such a splendid work deserves.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown). Through its whole length, Mr. Marquand's wonderful novel moves very smoothly in the direction of its natural climax, which takes place on almost the last page. This climax, which is brought about by a meeting between the playwright Thomas Harrow and his first wife, Rhoda, occurs when Harrow confesses to Rhoda that he has always loved her and that he still loves her. He has great difficulty in saying what he is determined to say—in admitting his love—but once the words are out, he realizes that by putting his secret, a fairly open one, into speech, he has destroyed its value in his life. He has loved for a long time in silence, and now that he has shattered the silence, he is astonished and heartbroken to find the emotion that has governed his life and made it extraordinary reduced to a tiny heap of commonplace words. The banality of all that he has felt and said sickens him, and he sees clearly that he is witnessing a complete break in his life and in himself. His past has lost all comfort and is a forbidden land, his future is uncertain and unwelcoming, and his present is merely automatic movement—getting downstairs and into the car and away from the place where Rhoda is, the place where he stands in danger of the final ignominy of his own tears. At this moment, Harrow is over fifty and, in addition to everything else, has a severe financial crisis to consider, but it is the sudden total destruction of his il-

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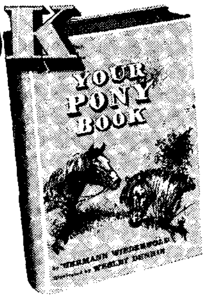

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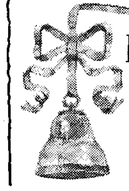

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lusion of himself, the final parting with his youth, that leaves him bereft. There is seldom a novel as fine as this one.

THE BELL, by Iris Murdoch (Viking). A long, groaning, and very dull English novel about several months in the lives of the occupants of a lay religious community, who include an aging homosexual, his former lover, a young boy, some unsteady and erratic women, and the like. Miss Murdoch laboriously muscles each of these people through some sort of growth or decline, and, in the process, soaks her story in a vaporous symbolism having to do with the installation of a new bell in a neighboring convent. The result is some sharp melodrama, a great deal of almost narcissistic self-analysis by the characters, and total puzzlement as to just what or whom the bell tolls for.

MRS. 'ARRIS GOES TO PARIS, by Paul Gallico (Doubleday). Ada Harris, an elderly London charwoman who is worn but not in the least bowed by a lifetime of hard work, flies to Paris to spend all her savings on her heart's desire—a dress from Dior. In Paris, sharp French eyes quickly discern the heroine in residence behind Mrs. Harris's shabby charwoman's clothes and crumpled charwoman's face, and she is welcomed with almost hysterical good will by the entire Dior staff, and also by a marquis she happens to meet. Mrs. Harris rises triumphantly to every occasion, and before leaving the city, with her dress under her arm, she has worked miracles of happiness for at least three of the people who have been kind to her. One paragraph more and this sentimental confection would have become sickening, but it is very short—a charming, sweetly scented fairy tale.

CRESCENDO, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan). The scene is the West Riding of Yorkshire. The people involved include some who are quite poor and some who are fairly rich, but the atmosphere is predominantly middle-class. The story centers on the chance action of a politically ambitious young clerk named Trahier, who leaves his desk in the County Treasurer's office two or three minutes before closing time and, by doing so, starts a chain of events that changes the lives of a number of people and has disastrous results for one of them. Writing rapidly and with good-humored matter-of-factness, Miss Bentley follows this chain to a

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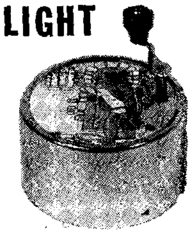

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neat, if not entirely logical or likely, conclusion. The time is the present.

GENERAL

At Home, by William Plomer (Noonday). A continuation of the author's autobiography, which began so splendidly a year or two ago with "Double Lives." We left him, the product of a South African birth and boyhood and an English public schooling, teaching English in Japan in the late twenties. He reappears here returning to England by way of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and the subject of this volume is his repatriation, his integration into the Bloomsbury group, and his leisurely rise to critical success as a writer during the thirties and early forties. In the course of his account of those years, he entertains us with a number of sparkling portraits (of Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Hugh Walpole), with some exquisite landscape studies (the road to Haworth parsonage, the countryside around Elizabeth Bowen's Bowen's Court, the region immortalized in "Kilvert's Diary"), and, best of all, with his reflections on writing, on the varied immensities of London, on the vagaries of the politico-military mind, and on England and the English. It is a treat to be in his polished and stimulating company once again.

Man and Crisis, by José Ortega y Gasset (Norton). This is the late Ortega y Gasset's most systematic study of the philosophy of history to appear since his famous "The Revolt of the Masses." Pursuing his lifelong humanistic theme—that men make history, rather than the other way around—the author investigates the historical process in unusual detail, stressing the interplay and conflict between different generations of men living in the same era, and showing how historical crises arise from disparity, rather than unity, of thought and are rarely recognized for what they are until they are past. His favorite crisis—a period he considers analogous to our own recent history—is the Renaissance; he regards it as a time of instability and disorientation from which, in the fifteenth century, modern man emerged, with a new and reasonably dependable set of values. This thesis, of course, runs contrary to a great deal of what is taught in conventional history books. But Ortega makes a very convincing case for it, and the book, written in his customary lucid

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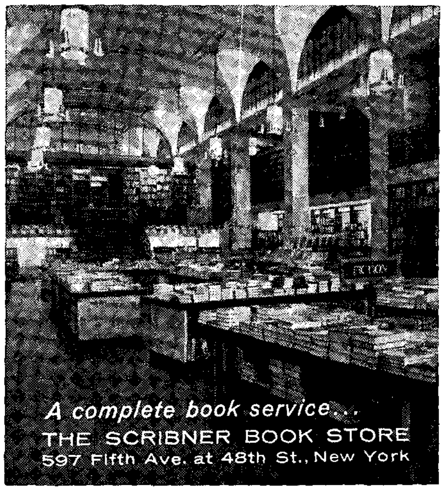

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and persuasive style, will be of enormous interest to those who like to ponder our present historical plight and possible ways out of it.

The Spirit of 'Seventy-Six: The Story of the American Revolution as Told by Participants, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris (Bobbs-Merrill). Two hefty volumes of historians' raw material—letters, speeches, diaries, and newspaper stories. The editors have written a useful connective commentary; the publishers have provided plenty of illustrations and maps; and the authors, who include Burke and Jefferson, Washington and George III, as well as an assortment of junior officers and privates, have supplied plenty of argument and action.

More in Anger, by Marya Mannes (Lippincott). In this collection of essays, some of which have appeared in the *Reporter*, the author lets fly at such targets as comic books, togetherness, American women, and American smugness. As her title makes clear, Miss Mannes writes as if she were angry; she also manages to be amusing, except when she gives her readers strict orders to be nonconformist.

My Life in Art, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Harper). This is an enchantingly episodic little chronicle of the author's attempts to learn to paint in oils and to find a place to do it in. It begins with a delightful childhood scene—apparently thrown in for good measure—featuring an eccentric father (himself an amateur artist), a villa on an Austrian lake, and a nursemaid called Gazelle; runs on through a fairly disastrous effort to remodel an old house on the Ile de la Cité; and ends, contentedly, in a garden studio in the Corot country, outside Paris. The text is generously illustrated with ink drawings, all done with Mr. Bemelmans' usual swift, crisp assurance, and there are also some thirty reproductions of his paintings to date—the latter, unfortunately, not quite so assured.

Mosaics of St. Mark's, by Pietro Toesca and Ferdinando Forlati (New York Graphic Society). This is the first book ever to present all the mosaics of St. Mark's in full color, and a lavish and handsome volume it is. The text is a divided effort, Mr. Forlati chronicling the long and occasionally controversial history of the church (it was founded in 830 A.D., after a couple of Venetian

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traders had stolen the body of St. Mark from his tomb in Alexandria) and Mr. Toesca discussing the iconography of the mosaics themselves. Both essays, though brief, are informative. It is the reproductions, however, that give the book its main value—forty-one in number and full folio page in size. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

THE OFFICIAL ATLAS OF THE CIVIL WAR (Yoseloff). A reissue in one mammoth volume of a work—long out of print and practically unobtainable—compiled by Captain Calvin D. Cowles (U.S.A.), under the direction of the War Department, and originally published between 1891 and 1895, in a set of fifty unbound paper folders, as a supplement to "The Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." It contains more than a thousand maps, each of which clearly indicates the disposition of the opposing forces and all relevant topographical data, and it covers all major battles, the more important engagements, and many small but, for one reason or another, significant skirmishes. It also includes maps of each of the Confederate States, of the border states, and of the United States as a whole, and diagrams of fortifications, photographs of battlefields and encampments, sketches of equipment, weapons, and insignia, and colored drawings of uniforms. For this edition, Henry Steele Commager has written a short but most instructive essay on the state of mapmaking at the time of the Civil War. The book is excellently printed and beautifully and durably bound. It measures 14½ by 17½ by 2 inches, and weighs nearly eleven pounds. Forty dollars.

NOTE: "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year," a collection of light verse by Phyllis McGinley, with decorations by Ilonka Karasz, has been published by Viking. Of the seventeen poems in the book, nine first appeared in this magazine.

•

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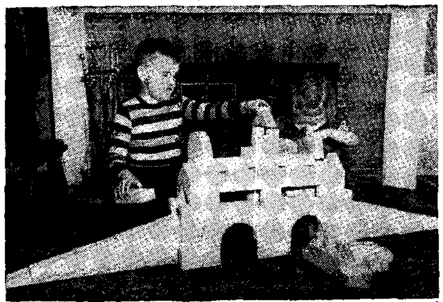

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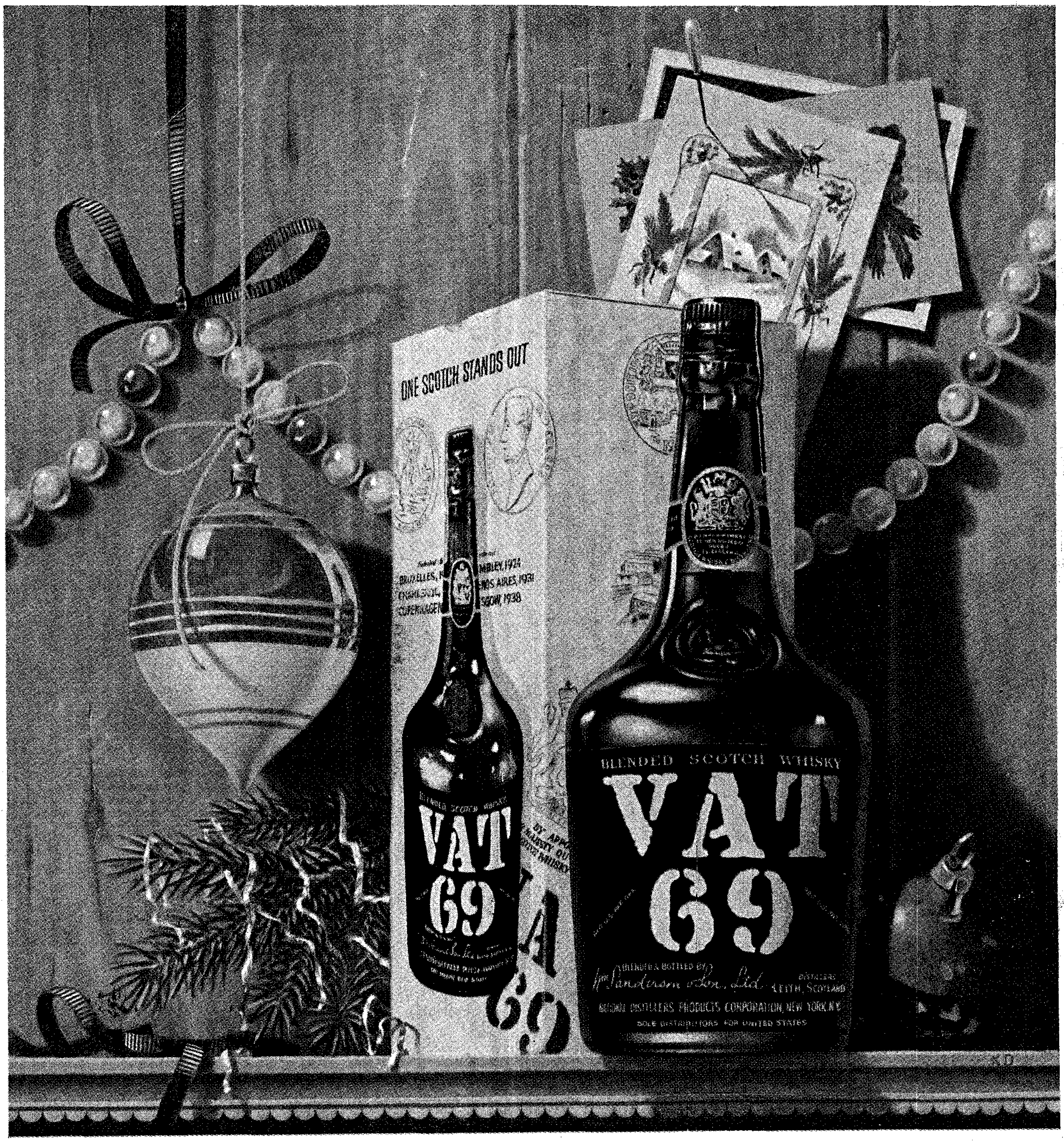
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